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# SARTOR RESARTUS

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS  
OF  
HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH

BY  
THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
BY  
J. A. S. BARRETT, M.A.

THE EDITION, WITH ADDENDA

Mein Verstand nimmt mich weit und breit!  
Die Zeit ist mein Durst, der mich in der Alter ist die Zeit  
Goethe



A. & C. BLACK, LTD.

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1916

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“Was nützt, ist nur ein Teil des Bedeutenden ; um einen Gegenstand ganz zu besitzen, zu beherrschen, muss man ihn um sein selbst willen studieren.”—GOETHE.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And were there an artist of a right spirit; a man of wisdom, conscious of his high vocation, of whom we could know beforehand that he had not written without purpose and earnest meditation, that he knew what he had written, and had embodied in it, more or less, the creations of a deep and noble soul, —should we not draw near to him reverently, as disciples to a master; and what task could there be more profitable than to read him as we have described, to study him even to his minutest meanings? For, were not this to think as he had thought, to see with his gifted eyes, to make the very mood and feeling of his great and rich mind the mood also of our poor and little one?” - CARLYLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The prophets used much by metaphors  
To set forth truth: yea, who so considers  
Christ, his apostles too, shall plainly see,  
That truth to this day in such mantles be.

Come, truth, although in swaddling cloths, I find,  
Informs the judgment, rectifies the mind,  
Pleases the understanding, makes the will  
Submit, the memory too it doth fill  
With what doth our imaginations please;  
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.

• • • • •  
Art thou for something rare and profitable?  
Or, wouldst thou see a truth within a fable?

• • • • •  
Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?  
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?

• • • • •  
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?  
Or, wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?

• • • • •  
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,  
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,  
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,  
And lay my book, thy head and heart together.’

BUNYAN.

\* \* \* \* \*



## PREFACE

THE additional matter incorporated in this edition of *Sartor Resartus* represents an attempt to remove some of the difficulties which obstruct the path of junior students of Carlyle's most characteristic, most comprehensive, and most condensed work. It is believed that the book will prove in this form at once more intelligible and more interesting to such readers as may desire not only to 'taste,' but also to 'digest,' its contents.

The Introduction (which professes to be little more than a compilation from Carlyle's writings) supplies a statement of the practical and speculative conditions under which the book was originally written, together with an exposition of the views contained in it.

An endeavour is made in the Notes, to trace or explain the multifarious quotations and allusions; to interpret the biographical portions by reference to Carlyle's own history; to connect the ideas contained in germ in *Sartor*, with the more expanded statement of these in the author's other works.

The educational value of *Sartor* (were it but successfully interpreted), in the departments of Philosophy, Religion, History, Politics and German Literature, or as a 'criticism of life,' can hardly be estimated too highly. It

is an idyllic picture of a Scottish student's career through the more important phases of early manhood: the *Journal Intime* of a deep-thinking and intensely earnest spirit. On account of the number and interest of its allusions to leaders of thought in many departments, and of the striking ideas it contains, it is fitted to be a class-book of the greatest usefulness to junior students, stimulating to their thought and formative of their character. To the more serious student it becomes, in many cases, a guide, philosopher and friend, directing him to the wisdom of Goethe and the beauties of Jean Paul, and proving itself the wine as well as the food of life. As Carlyle's views suffered little alteration after 1831, and as the metaphors in which he clothed his ideas are, to a large extent, similar in all his writings, the *Sartor* forms a suitable hand-book for the ready interpretation of his other works.

For the biographical *data* I have availed myself of the various Biographies of Carlyle by Froude, Shepherd, Garnett, Nichol, Wylie and others. Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories* contains the fullest account of Carlyle's University career, with many particulars of his life during the years 1809-28. The various volumes of *Letters*, and the *Reminiscences* (Macmillan and Co., 1887), edited by Norton, should also be consulted. Mr. Alexander Carlyle, to whom the copyright of these interesting volumes belongs, has kindly permitted me to give extracts from them. In the matter of quotations and dates, I have followed Norton in preference to Froude.

Among the more important expository or critical Essays on Carlyle's opinions and writings, are those by Taine, Sterling, Masson, Mazzini, Dowden and Caird; Seeley's little volume on Goethe, and Professor Jones's study on Browning (chaps. iii. iv.) contain suggestive statements

regarding Carlyle. And while Carlyle's own Essays, 'Signs of the Times' and 'Characteristics,' should be read in connection with *Sartor*, his earlier didactic novel, entitled *Wotton Reinfred*, is largely a first study for the more important work; and in his Translations from Jean Paul a large proportion of his metaphors will be found in their original setting.

I have had the advantage of reading the Notes appended to T. A. Fischer's German translation of *Sartor* (Leipzig, 1882), as also those in *The Carlyle Reader*, Parts I. and II. (Edinburgh, 1894-95), edited by the Rev. James Wood. My thanks are due to many friends who supplied information on various points of difficulty; also to Mr. Thomas Kirkup, who read the Introduction and Notes; and I desire very gratefully to express my deep obligation to Dr. David Patrick, who also read these, and to whose generous kindness I am indebted for the substance of a considerable number of the Notes, as well as for much encouragement and advice. The MS. had also the good fortune to be read by Dr. David Masson, whose valuable comments and additional references I gratefully acknowledge.

With much diffidence, and a hope that the errors of omission and commission may be forgiven a 'prentice han,' I tender this little volume to all admirers of Carlyle. 'Möchte es (this 'Sartor,' *resartus*) auch im Britischen Boden gedeihen!'

EDINBURGH: May, 1897.



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ESSAYS = Carlyle's *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*. 7 vols.

TRANSLATIONS = Carlyle's *Translations from Musæus, Tieck, and Richter*. 2 vols.

GOETHE'S *Wilhelm Meister* = Carlyle's *Translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*. 3 vols.

The references to these, and to Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, *Lectures on Heroes*, etc. etc., are in all cases to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "People's Edition," the paging of which is similar to that of the "Shilling Edition."

## INTRODUCTION

### 1

#### THE GENESIS OF *SARTOR*: A CHAPTER OF BIOGRAPHY

THE history of the book now named *Sartor Resartus* is connected with an interesting and extremely critical period of its Author's life. At the time of its inception in 1830, Carlyle was living remote in a Dumfriesshire farm, and was known to the reading public as a Translator, and brilliant, but whimsical, Essayist; a man whose talents were devoted to the diffusion of German Literature, and whose earnest, but arrogant and peculiar disposition was calculated to exclude him from co-operation with other men. When it appeared in book-form in 1838, Carlyle had found a home and disciples in London, and both in this country and in America was acknowledged to be an original and commanding genius who had a message to his generation.

The “desperate hope,” the noble earnestness and resolute endeavour which were so notable in his life during the intervening period,—a genuine *via dolorosa*—must be taken into consideration, in order that the sentiments expressed in *Sartor* and the conditions under which it was written, may be fully understood. “No Life-Philosophy (says our author), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character, and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen.”

In the beginning of the year 1830, Carlyle said he felt himself too deeply to be a ‘dismembered limb,’ a man with little or no hold on the world, whom promotion would never

Additional notes to this edition will be found in the Addenda at page 349.

reach. Nevertheless, he was resolved to persevere in literature (that "haven of expatriated spiritualisms") which, for him at that time, meant the work of introducing German authors to English readers. This work, which he viewed as at once a privilege and a national duty, had been his main achievement in the preceding years. He had written a *Life of Schiller* (1823-24), and a translation of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* (1824), besides essays on 'Faust,' 'Richter,' and the 'State of German Literature.' But the seed thus planted on foreign soil was of slow growth, notwithstanding its early promise, and the time of fruit was not yet. The book of translations called *German Romance* (1827), though it contained 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels,' together with brilliant critical notices of Goethe, Richter, Musæus and others, was not a financial success. The 'great Jeffrey' predicted, "with full and calm assurance," that England would never admire, nor even endure, the German divinities; and Carlyle was compelled to see that talent in that direction would not be immediately saleable. In 1829 his essays on 'Voltaire,' 'Novalis,' 'Signs of the Times,' and 'German Playwrights,' appeared; and in the following year his chief labour was on a projected 'History of German Literature.' For this latter, no publisher would offer; hence his finances became extremely low, owing to the interruption of his connection with Magazines during that year. "I look confidently forward," he wrote in August 1830, "to a life of poverty, toil, and dispiritment, so long as I remain on this earth, and hope only that God will grant me patience and strength to struggle onwards through the midst of it, working out his will as I best can in this lonely clay-pit where I am set to dig. . . . The Dunscore Patmos is simply the place where . . . I can live *cheapest*, which, in the case of a man living by literature, with little saleable talent, and who would very fain not prove a liar and a scoundrel, is a momentous point. . . . If my writing cannot be sold, it shall at least have been written out of my own heart. Also, henceforth I will endeavour to be my own editor, having now arrived at the years for it."

In September he learned that his project of cutting up that thrice-wretched 'History of German Literature' into review articles, and so realising *something* for his year's work, would not take effect. "The 'course of Providence' (nay, sometimes I almost feel that there *is* such a thing even for *me*) seems

guiding my steps into new regions. . . . Canst thou, there as thou art, accomplish aught good and true? . . . The want of money is a comparatively insignificant affair; were I doing well otherwise, I could most readily consent to go destitute, and suffer all sorts of things."

In the latter part of the same month, September 1830, the book now called *Sartor Resartus* was commenced as a Magazine article: "a very singular piece," said Carlyle, "it glances from Heaven to Earth, and back again, in a strange satirical frenzy." As a Magazine article of fully fifty pages, entitled 'Teufelsdreck: Thoughts on Clothes,' it was sent to Fraser in the end of October, as Carlyle could not afford to make a book of it. "Hang them!" he wrote in December, "I *have* a Book in me that will cause ears to tingle; and one day out it must, and will, issue. . . . In the valley of the shadow of Magazine Editors, we shall not always linger. Courage!"

To his brother John, he wrote in the following January: "Will you go to Fraser, and get from him by all means my long paper. . . . I have taken a notion that I can make rather a good *Book*, and one, above all, likely to produce some desirable impression on the world even now. . . . I can devise some more biography for *Teufelsdreck*; give a second deeper part, in the same vein, leading through Religion, and the nature of Society, and Lord knows what. . . . I fear perfect *anonymity* is now out of the question; however swear everyone to secrecy, for I mean to speak fearlessly if at all." A review of Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, also an essay on the 'Nibelungen Lied' (part of that "thrice-wretched 'History of German Literature'") and other writings, may have helped Carlyle *financially* while he laboured at 'Teufelsdreck.' But his resources were very low. Thus, in February he notes: "N.B. *I have some five pounds to front the world with*—and expect no more for months." Similarly, in March: "I will not leave literature. Nay, had I but two potatoes in the world, and one true idea, I should hold it my duty to part with one potato for paper and ink, and live upon the other till I got it written. To such extremities may a *mere* man of letters be brought in Britain at present."

In July he was able to say: "I now see through Teufel, write at him literally night and day. . . . Sometimes I think it goodish, at other times bad; at most times, the best I can

make it here. A strange book all men will admit it to be. Partially intended to be a true book I know it to be. It shall be printed if there is a possibility. . . . I think the world will nowise be enraptured with this (medicinal) *Devil's-Dung*; that the critical republic will cackle vituperatively, or perhaps maintain total silence:—*à la bonne heure!* It was the best I had in me; what God had given me, what the Devil shall not take away."

In the first days of August 1831, Dreck was completed; and Mrs. Carlyle, after reading the MS., pronounced it 'a work of genius.' With a loan from Jeffrey to meet the expenses of the journey, Carlyle set out for London, sailing from Glencaple Quay to Liverpool, and travelling thence by coach to the metropolis. His main object was, doubtless, the publishing of Dreck and of the remaining parts of the stranded 'Literary History.' But even at that early period he had entertained a notion of delivering lectures in London, in his "own Annandale accent," and with his "own God-created brain and heart"; and he also hoped to get a Clerkship in Excise Offices, or some 'place under Government,' through the mediation of Jeffrey who was then Lord Advocate. His extreme hurry in finishing Dreck, and the marks of haste which, in later attempts, he could never wholly eliminate, were apparently due to the circumstance that, with these objects in view, he was minded to reach London before the end of the Parliamentary Session. Having arrived in London, he at once set himself to find a publisher. "Little money, I think," he wrote in the end of August, "will be had for my work, but I will have it printed if there be a man in London that will do it, even without payment to myself. If there be no such man, why then what is to be done but tie a piece of good *skeenyie* about my papers, stick the whole in my pocket, and march home again with it." Jeffrey, who had "honestly read" twenty-eight pages of 'Teufelsdreck,' very much admired the scene of the sleeping city, but thought the book "too much of the nature of a rhapsody to command success or respectful attention."

Nevertheless, he gave the author a letter of commendation to Murray the publisher, as also Napier did to Longman and Rees. Carlyle himself considered that the book contained teaching suited to the times: "Everybody I see participates in the feeling that Society is nigh done; that she is a Phœnix

perhaps not so many conjecture. . . . The doctrine of the Phoenix, of Natural Supernaturalism, and the whole Clothes Philosophy (be it but well stated), is exactly what all intelligent men are wanting." What he afterwards termed "the beggarly history of poor *Sartor* among the Blockheadisms" may be briefly narrated. James Fraser, the bookseller, offered to publish it for £150! 'I think you had better wait a little,' said an Edinburgh advocate. 'Yes,' replied Carlyle, 'it is my purpose to wait to the end of eternity for it.' Messrs. Longman and Rees declined the MS.; Colburn and Bentley explained the difference between talent and popularity; Murray, after many delays, agreed to print an edition of 750 copies on the half-profit system, after which the sole copyright was to be the author's. With that understanding, Carlyle wrote to his mother: "The Giver of all Good has enabled me to write the thing, and also to do *without* any pay for it: the pay would have wasted away, and flitted out of the bit as other pay does; but if there stand any truth recorded there, *it* will not 'flit.' Nay, if there be even no truth, . . . yet it was the nearest approach to such that I could make; and so in God's name let it take its fortune in the world, and sink or swim as the All-disposer orders. True remains forever the maxim, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him.'"

When Dreck was already in the printer's hands, Murray, having learned that Longman, 'the greatest publishers in London,' had declined the MS., asked to be released from the bargain, that he might have the MS. read by his literary adviser—the 'Bookseller's Taster'—whose critical reply Carlyle subsequently appended to *Sartor*. In short, by October 1831, Dreck "after various perplexed destinies" had returned to its author, who thereupon "locked *it* away into sixity of silence for the present, and his *Murray* into ditto for ever." Carlyle's hopes of preferment were likewise disappointed; and in lecturing it was "clear there could no profitable audience be had as yet." Nevertheless, his journey to London was not without result. He had gained the friendship of J. S. Mill and many others; Magazine Editors had been forced to recognise his abilities and, for a time, made offers for contributions from him; also, during that visit, he had written 'Characteristics,' 'Biography,' and a review of Croker's *Boswell's Johnson*.

In April 1832 he returned to his 'whinstone Craig,' and wrote essays on the "venerable, dear Goethe" whose message had, in the preceding month, "mingled with the ever-pealing tone of ancient Eternity."

In regard to the question why no publisher would print Dreck at "an epoch when Satan Montgomery ran, or seemed to run, through thirteen editions," Carlyle had his own ideas, and refused to accept the alleged 'decease of bookselling,' which was partly due to the Reform Bill agitation, as the ultimate explanation. Nevertheless he chafed under the severe disappointment: "Homer's *Iliad* (he wrote in his Journal) would have brought the author, had he offered it to Mr. Murray on the half-profit system, say five-and-twenty guineas. . . . To speak of paying the writer of a true book, is, on the whole, delirium. The thing is unpayable. Could the whole world induce him, by fee or reward, to write it otherwise,—opposite wise? Then is he no writer, only a deplorable, despicable scribbler, waiting till the besom of destruction sweep him away. Authors are martyrs—witnesses for the truth—or else nothing. . . . They are made or unmade, commanded and held back, by God Almighty alone, whose inspiration it is that giveth them understanding."

The early months of 1833 were spent in Edinburgh, where Carlyle read voraciously on the French Revolution, which was beginning to interest him; of this labour, 'Cagliostro' and 'The Diamond Necklace' were the first-fruits. But no hope dawned for the stranded 'Teufelsdreck.' Carlyle's thoughts, it would appear, returned to it frequently; but his resources would not permit him to publish it at his own expense. Nor was any encouragement to be met with in Edinburgh, where the publishers, mindful doubtless of his unsuccessful *German Romance*, and perceiving that his obstinate worship of the German divinities still continued, had taken it for granted that he was, "economically speaking, but a lost man." "No great error there, perhaps (wrote Carlyle in his Note-book at that time); but if it is added by my friends themselves that therefore I am spiritually lost? One's ears are bewildered by the inane chatter of the people; one's heart is for hours and days overcast by the sad feeling: 'There is none then, not one, that will believe in me!' . . . Meanwhile, continue to believe

in *thyself*. . . . Wait thou on the bounties of thy unseen Taskmaster, on the hests of thy inward *Demon*. Sow the seed field of Time. What if thou see no fruit of it? another will. Be not weak. Neither fear thou that this thy great message of the Natural *being* the Supernatural, will wholly perish unuttered. One way or other it will and shall be uttered—write it down on paper any way; speak it from thee—so shall thy painful, destitute existence not have been in vain. Oh, in vain? Hadst thou, even thou, a message from the Eternal, and thou grudgeth the travail of thine embassy? O thou of little faith!"

In May, after he had returned to Dumfriesshire, he decided to cut 'Teufelsdreck' into slips for *Fraser's Magazine*, and thus to cast his bread on the waters where only the "general law of destiny" should decide its fate. The name Teufelsdreck had been altered to Teufelsdröckh in the preceding February,<sup>1</sup> the whole title then being: 'Thoughts on Clothes; or Life and Opinions of Herr D. Teufelsdröckh, D.U.J.' It is (he wrote to Fraser) in the form of a Didactic Novel, "but, indeed, properly *like* nothing yet extant: I used to characterise it briefly as a kind of "Satirical Extravaganza on Things in General"; it contains more of my opinions on Art, Politics, Religion, Heaven, Earth and Air, than all the things I have yet written. The Creed promulgated on all these things, as you may judge, is *mine*, and firmly *believed*. . . . The ultimate result . . . is a deep, religious speculative-radicalism. . . . My own conjecture is that *Teufelsdröckh*, whenever published, will astonish most that read it, be wholly understood by very few; but, to the astonishment of some, will add touches of (almost the deepest) spiritual interest, with others quite the opposite feeling." Fraser bargained that it should appear in ten sheets, in ten successive numbers of his Magazine, the pay being twelve guineas<sup>2</sup> a sheet; and Carlyle, adding his final corrections in the autumn, then named the whole *Sartor Resartus*.<sup>3</sup>

When it was accordingly published in *Fraser's Magazine*

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of Carlyle* (Norton), vol. ii. p. 104.

<sup>2</sup> Froude, *Carlyle's Early Life*, vol. ii. chap. xv. But Carlyle mentions £82: 1s. as the whole amount. *Letters of Carlyle* (Norton), vol. ii. p. 210.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. "The tailor done over": said to be the title of an old Scottish song.

between November 1833<sup>1</sup> and August 1834 (with intermissions), the verdict of the 'critical republic' was one of "unqualified disapprobation." The morning papers, said Carlyle, sang together in mere discord over such a creation. The *Sun* Newspaper pronounced it 'a heap of clotted nonsense.' An oldest subscriber said to Fraser: 'If there is any more of that d---d stuff, I will---.' On the other hand, a letter from "some nameless Irishman [Father O'Shea] in Cork" contained, said Carlyle, "a *true*, and one of the friendliest possible recognitions of me. One mortal then says I am *not* utterly wrong. Blessings on him for it." American Emerson expressed his admiration in a letter, "sincere, not baseless, of most exaggerated estimation." J. S. Mill read it with "enthusiastic admiration, and the keenest delight."

"You ask (wrote Carlyle to a friend) why the leading minds of the country have given the Clothes philosophy no response? My good friend, not one of them has had the happiness of seeing it! It issued through one of the main *cloacas* of periodical literature, where no 'leading mind,' I fancy, looks if he can help it. . . . Meanwhile, do not suppose the poor book has not been responded to; for the historical fact is, I could show very curious response to it here, not ungratifying, and fully three times as much as I counted on, or as the wretched farrago itself deserved." On the other hand a disappointment came to him from the 'Nameless' city in the North. Fraser had given him 58 copies of *Sartor* in the form of pamphlets of 107 pages, printed from the Magazine types; six of these Carlyle sent to six Edinburgh Literary Friends, from none of whom came "the smallest whisper even of receipt. . . . The *Plebs* of Literature might be divided in their verdicts . . . ; but the Conscript Fathers declined to vote at all."

In May 1834, Carlyle's lonely imprisonment came to an end, and he went to live in London. But for several years his prospects still continued dark; his name, after the appearance of *Sartor*, had become an abomination to publishers. "Nothing can exceed the *gravity* of my situation here (he wrote in July). 'Do or die' seems the word; and alas! what to do? . . . No periodical editor wants me: no man will give me

<sup>1</sup> Browning's *Pauline* appeared in that year, and was fiercely criticised in *Fraser*.

money for my work. . . . Despicablest fears of coming to absolute beggary . . . besiege me."

In America, where people are less hampered by traditional modes of thought, and are consequently more open to new forms of expression, they 'ordered these matters better.' Emerson, who was affectionately beckoning Carlyle to lecture in America, announced to him in October 1835 that *Sartor* had won many admirers, and was being preached from some of the best pulpits and lecture-rooms. An American edition of 500 copies, which was issued in the following year, was quickly sold; and in 1837 a second edition was published, of which twenty-five copies were ordered for England! But not until 1838, after Carlyle's *French Revolution* had brought him fame, and his London lectures (as Mrs. Carlyle affirmed) had 'carried conviction to the public heart that he was a real man of genius, and worth being kept alive at a moderate rate,' could it venture forth in book-form in England. Three years previously Fraser had 'shricked' at the idea of republishing the *Sartor*, and even in 1838 would not agree to Carlyle's modest demand about terms.

Carlyle therefore, 'after long higgling,' quitted him 'for his old *scream's* sake,' and gave the 'privilege of printing 500 copies of "Teufelsdröckh"' on the half-profit system to Saunders and Otley, computing privately that the result of the bargain would be only an 'equal partition of the oyster-shells and a net result of zero.' "A certain fair critic long ago, among the peat bogs (wrote Carlyle), declared *Sartor* to be 'a work of genius'; and such it is, and shall continue, though no copy of it should sell these hundred years."

## II

## THE PLAN OF SARTOR: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Author, after lamenting the stunted condition of pure moral Science in practical England, announces the arrival of an extensive volume, *Die Kleider*, on this very subject, from a friend in learned, deep-thinking Germany. He then gives his reminiscences and the characteristics of the German sage, and of their common friend, Hofrat Heuschrecke, who had undertaken to send the needed biographical particulars of the sage's

life, without which his opinions could not be successfully interpreted or communicated. The Descriptive-Historical sections of the book, *Die Kleider*, given in Book I. chaps. v. vi. vii., are followed in the next four chapters by the Speculative-Philosophical portions which treat of the *influence* of Clothes. The expected communications from Hofrat Heuschrecke arrive, and are found to be a chaotic mixture of speculation and biography; these, the English editor attempts to collate with the remaining portions of the volume *Die Kleider*. He feels himself to be undertaking a task like that of the "first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death" (p. 121); his bridge is as yet no firm arch, but only, as it were, a series of floating rafts leading from the outmost Clothings of man—his wondrous Flesh-Garments and Social-Vestures—to the innermost constitution of his Mind and Soul: in short, from the actual domain of sense to that "new promised country" (p. 307), where, in a reconstituted Society, all Social-Vestures, Church-Clothes and Soul-Tissues, will be recognised to be the "living Garment of God," and veritable *Civitas Dei*. A second volume, dealing with the retexture of spiritual tissues, is promised; at present, only some 'Organic Filaments' can be pointed out.

Or, briefly, Book I. introduces the reader to the significance which underlies external appearance: Book II., enveloping truth in a tale, exhibits the generic history of a man pre-appointed for looking through the shows of things; and thus, as Carlyle finely said of Goethe's Mignon, much that were otherwise addressed only to the head, makes appeal also to the heart: Book III. applies the ideas so gained to Religion, Politics, Society, History and Science.

The strange names, when examined, appear significant enough; they are but the earliest garments which the Clothes-philosopher wraps round his ideas. *Diogenes Teufelsdreck*,<sup>1</sup> or *Teufelsdröckh*, refers primarily to Carlyle's own circumstances. Literature, he frequently affirmed, had only supported him in poverty *à la Diogenes*, round whose inverted tub no fit audience had as yet gathered; and the barren loneliness of Craigenputtock was alluded to as the 'Devil's Den.' The

<sup>1</sup> **Teufelsdreck**, i.e. 'Devil's-Dung,' a common name for the unsavoury drug *asafætida* which, as medicinally used, is a powerful antispasmodic.

name, however, when abstractly considered, may reasonably be taken to imply *God-born* Reason, the higher principle in man, buffeted by the world and *cast out by the devil*. A Faust and Mephistopheles; Faith and ‘der Geist, der stäts verneint’; Idealism and Empiricism; Freedom and ‘the force of circumstances’;—are here represented in one individual, in whom there is waged a perpetual conflict, as of “sunbeams and miry clay.” “The speculative Mystery of Life (says Teufelsdröckh) grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out.” ‘What can you say of Carlyle,’ asked Ruskin, ‘but that he was *born in the clouds and struck by the lightning?*’

Further, *Teufelsdrück* is, said Carlyle, medicinal *asafatida*: an antispasmodic drug, given to the British Public at a time when the higher enthusiasm of man’s nature was without exponent and tentatively embodied itself in strange shapes of Superstition and Fanaticism (p. 314), Saint Simonian Societies, Irving’s ‘Tongues,’ and other starry Will-o’-the-wisps. Like Jaques, the author exclaims:

‘Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.’

The ‘motley’ in which the English Romanticist, a lineal descendant of Novalis, invested himself was the pseudonym and rôle of a German Professor. In this way, Carlyle—the English prophet who endeavoured to ‘paint to the sensual eye what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man’s Soul’ (p. 226)—not only suitably acknowledged the German origin of his ideas, but also secured anonymity<sup>1</sup> for himself at a time when the deepest matters required to be “either barbarously spoken of, or wholly omitted,” and when the pseudonym assumed by the Hebrew prophets had become antiquated.

Similarly, *Weissnichtwo* (like the “Pedagogic Utopia” of *Wilhelm Meister* rather than the “Kennaquahair” of *The Monastery*) was a city of the German “empire of the air,” and

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle adopts the same method in *Past and Present*, p. 185; *Essays*, iv. 135, etc.

as such, contained the only University in which Carlyle could profess any subject. For,

“Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,  
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place  
Of Roman, Grecian ; draws the patched gown close,  
Dreams, ‘Thus should I fight, save or rule the world !’—  
Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes  
To the old solitary nothingness,”<sup>1</sup>

so Carlyle who, during his student days, had dwelt in a “wondrous Nowhere” (vide *Wotton Reinfred*) of youthful anticipations, had awaked in later life to find that he could be Professor only in the same ‘wondrous Nowhere’—‘Weissnichtwo’: a Professorship nowise endowed, so that “Teufelsdröckh, ‘recommended by the highest Names,’ had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.” “Dr. Cook (wrote Carlyle, of his candidature for a chair at St. Andrews University) will be Professor there, . . . and I—shall be Professor nowhere.” Or again, while occupied with *Sartor*, he wrote: “Providence seems saying to me: ‘Thou wilt never find Pulpit, were it but a Rhetoric Chair, provided for thee: invert thy Tub, and speak, if thou have aught to say !’”

The strange plan of adopting the symbols of the “Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at *Libra*,” to distinguish the Paper-Bags, seems to suggest that Carlyle had in view the eccentric *Selection from the Papers of the Devil*, or the *Dog-post-days* of Jean Paul, ‘the Unique.’ But the significance of the use of these Signs is not exhausted by such explanation; and this is especially the case with reference to Carlyle’s allusions to *Libra*. Numerous quotations from Milton, and the oft-mentioned simile of the Bridge, justify the idea that the author of ‘Teufelsdröckh’ had frequently in mind the illustrious hero of Milton’s epic.<sup>2</sup> “Continual gloom and grimness, as of a man set too nakedly *versus* the Devil and all men; . . . always heavy-laden, grim of mood; sometimes with a feeling not rebellious or impious against God Most

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *The Ring and the Book*.

<sup>2</sup> “Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows”; but these feelings were not peculiar to Carlyle. “I have bought a pocket Milton (wrote Burns), which I carry perpetually about with me, in order to study the sentiments, the dauntless magnanimity, the intrepid unyielding independence, the desperate daring, and noble defiance of hardship, in that great personage Satan.”

High, but otherwise too similar to Satan's stepping the burning marble": such is Carlyle's account of his own state at various periods. And similarly, *Teufelsdröckh* (having in mind Schlegel's definition of Life) describes a Titanic strife: a warfare of human Freewill against material Necessity, "the ring of Necessity whereby we are all begirt"; even in his childhood "Freewill often came in (*sic*) painful collision with Necessity." And "as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment," what could be more significant than the statement that *Teufelsdröckh's* 'Public Entry' in this Planet occurred when "the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible, and radiant, along the celestial Balance"? This was to declare that when his 'hard life-battle' with the Time-spirit commenced, the issue of the conflict was already determined, could a glimpse of the 'upper Azure Home' have revealed it. Thus Carlyle, *mutatis mutandis*, alludes probably to a striking passage in which Milton, adopting the classical usage (*Iliad*, viii. 69; xxii. 209), speaks of Satan's intended conflict against Heaven; a conflict in which "the starry cope of Heaven perhaps, . . . had gone to wrack, . . . had not soon

"The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astraea and the Scorpion sign,

Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend:—  
'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,  
Neither our own, but given; what folly then  
To boast what arms can do! since thine no more  
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire. For proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign.'"<sup>1</sup>

Further, we may take it that the significance which Carlyle attaches to the symbols of the other Zodiacal Signs is likewise referable to the comparison of *Teufelsdröckh*, the 'Wanderer,' with the "wandering" Satan. The latter, after an adventurous journey from Chaos to seek this Earth, alights first on the bare convex of the Cosmos; and, from the lower steps of Heaven's stair, takes a bird's-eye view of the whole stellar Universe:

<sup>1</sup> Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 996 ff.

"Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point  
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole  
 He views in breadth, — and, without longer pause,  
 Down right into the World's first region throws  
 His flight precipitant. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

Even so, Carlyle, in regard to his own experience, to his book, and to his doctrines, confesses himself to be as a "Wanderer" from Chaos to a "new discovered country." No "solar Luminary" guides him, and the "airy Limbo" well-nigh receives him. Nevertheless, in the chapter significantly named "Prospective," he perceives that the Six Bags ("treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it") "hover round" him as guides to his further progress. Immediately, in the next chapter, he plunges *in medias res*, and straightway conducts us, if not at once to the true "new discovered country," at least to the actual dwelling-place of Man.

### III

#### CARLYLE'S LITERARY STYLE: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND CHARACTERISTICS

Could we imagine a 'Cause-and-Effect Philosopher' sitting down in a quiet hour to criticise the style of *Sartor*, he would probably affirm: "Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Uncommon expressions, strong flashes of wit, pointed similes, and epigrammatic turns, especially when they recur too frequently, are a disfigurement rather than any embellishment of discourse." So wrote David Hume, whose style was the admiration of Gibbon, and whose opinion on 'Refinement in Writing' was long regarded as the best 'Standard of Taste' and the criterion of English authors.

How was it, we may ask, that Carlyle, who admired Hume's Essays and recognised Gibbon's 'grand power of grouping and narrating,' should himself have a "piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing" in which all manner of

<sup>1</sup> Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 555 ff.

allusions and 'quaint tricksy turns,' with 'Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,' baffle the reader's progress and tend to conceal the author's deeper meaning?

Was it, as he says, that "the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity"? Or, was Carlyle so exasperated by previous failures, that in *Sartor* he "at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint Foam"? Or, finally, was the peculiarity of Carlyle's unique style due, neither to the influence of German authors, nor to the embarrassed state of his own circumstances, but primarily to the 'unparalleled psychical mechanism of Teufelsdröckh'?

That Carlyle, even in his student days, was recognised to be a writer of remarkable power, is evident from his early correspondence. Thus his friend Murray wrote to him in 1814: "I have had the pleasure of receiving . . . your very humorous and friendly letter, a letter remarkable for vivacity, a Shandean turn of expression, and an affectionate pathos, which indicate a peculiar turn of mind, make sincerity doubly striking, and wit doubly poignant. . . . A happy flow of language, either for pathos, description, or humour, and an easy, graceful current of ideas appropriate to every subject, characterise your style; . . . and the time, I hope, will come, . . . when the name of Carlyle at least will be inseparably connected with the Literary History of the Nineteenth Century."

The change, which afterwards came over the "easy, graceful current" of Carlyle's ideas, can hardly have been due, in any great extent, to his study of the heterogeneous and unparalleled prose-fancies of Jean Paul, *der Einzige*; though, doubtless, he thereby learned to extend the range of his metaphors and allusions, and adopted a certain Germanism of style, which, as John Sterling remarked, consists chiefly in the use of composite words and inverted sentences.

Why should it be supposed that the writings of Jean Paul, whom he read "always with something of secret disappointment," should have influenced his style more than did the calm and luminous prose of Goethe, whom he considered to be "the only living model of a great writer"? And why should the peculiarity of his style, if it was indeed due to Richter's influence, have assumed its most extreme form only

in the *French Revolution*, i.e. in 1837, and not in the Essays of the previous years while he was studying Jean Paul?

In a note of considerable interest, Carlyle himself affirmed that his style was acquired, not in the study, but in his father's house in Annandale: "My first favourite books had been *Hudibras* and *Tristram Shandy*. Everybody was proclaiming it such a feat for a man to have wit, to have humour above all. There was always a small secret something of affectation, which is not now secret to me, in that part of my affairs. As to my poor style, Edward Irving [who had "real affection"], and his admiration of the old Puritans and Elizabethans, . . . played a much more important part than Jean Paul upon it. And the most important by far was that of nature, you would perhaps say, if you had ever heard my father<sup>1</sup> speak, or my mother, and her inborn melodies of heart and voice."

The probability is that in the years following 1819, Carlyle's spontaneous flow of language, which had already been influenced by his reading of Swift, Sterne and Butler, and by his friend Edward Irving, was disturbed and altered as a result of his spiritual perplexities and of the dyspepsia consequent upon these. Thus in 1823 he writes: "I sweat and toil and keep tedious vigil, and at last there runs out from the tortured melting-pot an ingot—of solid pewter." Or again, in 1824, while his *Schiller* was appearing, he confesses in his Journal: "Certainly no one ever wrote with such tremendous difficulty as I do." Or again in later years: "That of style gives me great uneasiness. . . . I seldom read in any . . . novel, or

<sup>1</sup> Of his father, whose power of delineation he thought superior to Wordsworth's, and his natural faculty equal to that of Burns, Carlyle wrote in the *Reminiscences*: "None of us will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored Soul; full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was), with all manner of potent words (which he appropriated and applied with a *surprising* accuracy, you often could not guess whence); brief, energetic; . . . Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visible, which did not become almost ocularly so. Never shall we again hear such speech as that was: the whole district knew of it; and laughed joyfully over it, not knowing how otherwise to express the feeling it gave them. . . . The fault was that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherit); yet only in description, and for the sake chiefly of *humorous* effect: he was a man of rigid, even scrupulous veracity. . . . In a few sentences he would sketch you off an entire Biography, an entire Object or Transaction: keen, clear, rugged, genuine, completely rounded in."—*Reminiscences* (Norton), vol. i. pp. 5, 9.

the like, where the writing seems to flow along like talk, . . . without a certain pain, a certain envy. . . . Truly I feel like one that was bursting with meaning, that had no utterance for it, that would and must get one."

The fact is that the author of *Sartor*, who, like Montaigne or old Burton with his 'mosaic brain,' had culled ideas and allusions during years of laborious reading, and had stored these in a memory of extraordinary tenacity, was unable to give utterance to the thoughts which oppressed him, except when his nerves were worked up into "a kind of blaze," or "paroxysm of clairvoyance." If his ideas rushed out as in a molten state, with 'fiery, poetic emphasis,' from the tortured melting-pot of a wild imagination, it was because, like the Sibyl, he was agitated by an inner daemon, and could give expression to the divine message only in "fancies that broke through language and escaped." He had gazed at the great *Fact of Existence* in this 'Divine-Infernal' Universe, till his very disposition was shaken with "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls"; and then, with dimmed vision, like a literary Impressionist, he *secretly desired* (he said) *to compensate for laxity of feeling by intenseness of describing*. He had perceived with wonder and with awe that Earth is but the shadow of Heaven ("All visible things are emblems; . . . Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth"), and had then set himself, like Milton, the "sad task and hard" to "unfold the secrets of another world" and to "relate to human sense the invisible exploits" of his own warring Spirit. And in order to do this in a way that should affect the minds of listless men, he strove to describe in terms of Actuality; he thought as an Idealist, yet wrote as a Realist.<sup>1</sup> His Works are like the weighty packs of the 'most learned and wise' professors in Laputa who, considering that 'words are only names for things,' preferred to carry with them a bundle of the *things* themselves! "He embodies all his ideas (says M. Taine); he must touch forms. . . . He is besieged and haunted by sparkling or gloomy visions. . . . He cannot reason, he must paint."<sup>2</sup>

His sentences not only throb with actuality; they are the pure essence of his own soul, 'the precious life-blood of a

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Garnett's *Carlyle*, p. 70.

<sup>2</sup> Van Laun's Translation of Taine's *English Literature*, vol. ii. p. 427.

master spirit.' In order to speak to the heart, he speaks from the heart. This Clothes-philosopher throws off the trappings of conventional reserve, and like a spiritual Rousseau or modern Isaiah, goes forth in a state of intellectual nudity, 'for a Sign' to the men of his generation. Subjective experiences and objective impressions, deep-seated beliefs and fitful visions—all the elements of his own intensest life—this man must unveil and transcribe, glowing, vivid, from his inmost soul :

"I must not think, lest this new impulse die  
 In which I trust ; . . .  
 So, I will sing on fast as fancies come ;  
 Rudely, the verse being as the mood it paints."<sup>1</sup>

Carlyle's power of 'painting' (to which M. Taine alludes) is likewise very remarkable. Indeed, if Hogarth was said to *write* with the brush, with equal truth Carlyle may be said to *paint* with the pen. His faculty of rendering well-nigh visible distant objects or past events, the graphic portraiture with which he delineated a Coleridge, a Sterling, or a Teufelsdröckh, or on a larger canvas 'reproduced' a French Revolution, depended on his 'stereoscopic' imagination and clear insight into the essence of a subject, and was aided by an abnormally retentive memory. His verbal memory, which enabled him to quote the *ipsissima verba* of Shakespeare and Milton, Swift and Sterne, Goethe and Jean Paul, 'old Arnauld' and Novalis, was not more extraordinary than the visual memory which enabled him to portray the 'life-circulation' of Weissnichtwo, or the quiet village of Entepfuhl lying "in trustful derangement among the woody slopes."

In 1866 Carlyle had still a "fair recollection" of Gibbon, whose twelve volumes he had read fifty years previously with "greedy *velocity*," at the rate of a volume a day. In the same year, as a man of seventy, he could mentally conjure up the scenes of his early days, and in the 'moonlight of memory' could revisit the "poor Temple" of his childhood : "Strangely vivid to me some twelve or twenty of those old faces whom I used to see every Sunday ; whose names . . . I never knew ; but whose portraits are yet clear to me as in a mirror,—their heavy-laden, patient, ever-attentive faces." Again, in his

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *Pauline*.

Journal of 1854, he wrote: "I find nothing sublime in the act of dreaming, nor even anything very strange. Shut your eyes at any time, there will a phantasmagory of thoughts and images begin parading in unbroken series through your head. To sleep is but to shut your eyes and outer senses a little better." Truly Teufelsdröckh was the possessor of a 'perhaps unparalleled psychical mechanism.'

Another notable characteristic of Carlyle's writings is their humour. It resembles the finest sentiment of Sterne and the iridescent pathos of Jean Paul, as well as the grim satire of Swift. It is a means and not an end in itself; a light steeped in affection, illuminating, not withering; the product of 'a genial sympathy with the under side,' as Carlyle himself defined it; the rebound of the strained feelings of a melancholy man who, in order to relieve his own sense of sadness, lights up his pictures with playful touches, and "like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic."

The world, it has been said, is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel. And 'in Teufelsdröckh there is ever the strangest dualism.' The leather and prunello of Earth's accredited Greatness are to him but as moth-eaten garments; yet in the commonplace he perceives Mystery, and everywhere exalts Spirit, in even the meanest shapes, to the very heavens. He thirsts for Truth, yet jeers at the patient industry of 'Cause-and-Effect' philosophers. He pines for sympathy; yet is he an alien in the city. He desires infinitely, but renounces happiness. Pompous drawing-rooms are to him but sections of Infinite Space; in Nature's mother-bosom he is at home. When he mourns over the poor, who perish like 'foundered Draught-Cattle,' he parodies the *Modest Proposal* of Swift. When he perceives 'once-sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants,' he takes us to the old-clothes market to worship *there*.

It is however in that 'stupendous Section,' entitled "Natural Supernaturalism," that the Professor's eloquence has its finest expression. Here he has at last penetrated the secret of Vicissitude, and first becomes a Seer. In the fierce glow of his poetic imagination, his thoughts are fused, and issue in 'fit, burning words.' The conscious effort of the artist is concealed; the activity of his faculties becomes, in Schiller's

phrase, *sport*. Here the Clothes-metaphor, yielding its secret meaning, is found to contain “a simple scientific *fact*”: the generations of mysterious Mankind are declared to be but a Shadow-system wherein the Divine Essence is revealed in the Flesh. In this passage, Carlyle, as if ‘stung by the splendour’ of his thought, seems to burst the bonds of prose, and writes with fervid emphasis as in an artist’s ecstasy. It may be fitly placed with Shakespeare’s vision of “the solemn temples, the great globe itself” dissolving into air; but to seek its true parallel we must go to the Hebrew Bible. The ‘self-secure’ and irresponsible Shakespeare sees an insubstantial pageant. The intense and devout Carlyle distinguishes in the self-same vision the weird gleam of a “light that never was, on sea or land.” The actors in the drama which he witnesses are spirits too, but spirits of another sort; a God-created Spirit-host issuing from God, and returning, destiny-laden, to God. In this chapter he takes us near (as he somewhere says of Music) to the edge of the Infinite, physical and moral, and lets us for moments gaze into *that*. It is an epitome of human Existence on this ‘narrow isthmus’ between two great Deeps: from God, to God;—‘*the rest is silence*.’ Sublimity, says Coleridge, is Hebrew by birth.

Thus we have endeavoured to show that the ‘apoplectic’ fulness of Carlyle’s style, its wealth of imagery, its pervading sublimity, and likewise its occasional abruptness, are the natural product of the depth and fervour of his religious convictions, and of his mental constitution. But it must be admitted that, in addition to these characteristics, his style exhibits an occasional “strain o’ the stuff” and “warpings past the aim”; a certain deliberate preference for the grotesque and the startling, in matter and in manner. His intense earnestness leads him to adopt a style of glowing oratory, rather than the calm repose of Art. For the sake of rousing his readers he will write, if need be, in “barbaric wise” (p. 331). He is not content to employ epigrams and antitheses, strange metaphors and uncommon allusions, but mixes together the humorous and the pathetic, the sublime and the ridiculous, with all “the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination.” Hence the Professor’s method “is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other.” Rather he

moves in unconfined freedom from subject to subject. His style is not that of mere dictionary style, and is not intended to be such. Genius, in Literature as in Morality, is a law to itself.

In 1835 John Sterling, having read *Sartor* "twice, with care," wrote a letter to Carlyle in which he stated his objections to the style, and to the occasionally "positively barbarous" language of the book. "Your objections as to phraseology and style," wrote the author in reply, "have good grounds to stand on. Many of them are considerations to which I myself was not blind. . . . A man has but a certain strength; imperfections cling to him, which if he wait till he have brushed off entirely, he will spin forever on his axis, advancing nowhither. Know thy thought—believe it—front heaven and earth with it, in whatsoever words nature and art have made readiest for thee. If one has thoughts not hitherto uttered in English books, I see nothing for it but you must use words *not* found there, must *make* words, with moderation and discretion of course. That I have not always done it *so*, proves only that I was not strong enough, an accusation to which I, for one, will never plead not guilty. . . . But, finally, do you reckon this really a time for purism of style, or that style (mere dictionary style) has much to do with the worth or unworth of a book? I do not." "The poor people," he wrote elsewhere, "seem to think a style can be put off or put on, not like a skin, but like a coat. Is not a skin verily a product and close kinsfellow of all that lies under it, exact type of the nature of the beast, not to be plucked off, without flaying and death?"

With reference to the reception of his *Essay*, 'Characteristics,' he wrote: "Let a million voices cry out, 'How clever!' it is still nothing; let one voice cry out, 'How true!' it lends us quite a new force and encouragement."

## IV

CARLYLE'S VOCABULARY IN *SARTOR*

It has been estimated that Carlyle's Vocabulary in *Sartor* alone, comprises about 7500 distinct words, or nearly as many as Milton's in his poetry, and about half that of Shakespeare.

The words, or expressions, contained in *Sartor*, which about 1831 were uncommon, or even novel, in the sense in which they were used by Carlyle, include<sup>1</sup> :—

æsthetic (p. 168, *note*) ; aftershine ; amaurosis ; antipedagogic ; anywhen (p. 300, *note*) ; apelike ; apoplectic ; Assessorship ; Auscultator ; Auscultatorship ; Autobiographical ; Baphometric ; bebooted, beribanded, strapped, etc. ; Brotherkin ; Calenture (De Foe) ; complected ; complicity ; compressively ; Dandiacial ; Dandyising ; Descendentalism ; Diogenic ; draped ; Drudgical ; environed (Milton) ; environment (John Sterling objected to this word, which is used, not without good authority, some eight times in *Sartor*) ; Gracefuls ; habilable ; habitory (*Pelham*) ; hulls ; Ideologist ; Ideopraxist ; irresuscitably (Coleridge) ; *Kerndenutschit* ; Kingcraft (King James) ; Nescience ; oien's (*i.e.* pearls) ; Philistine (p. 184, *note*) ; Philistinism (*ibid.*) ; Programs (*ñ*) ; riancy ; stertorous ; Tailored ("Tailors and Tailored") ; talented (p. 162, *note*) ; untalented ; vestural ; Virtuosity ; visualised (Coleridge) ; Whereabout (*Macbeth*).

Strange composite words as :—

Air-maiden ; angel-plumage ; Animal-sort ; bottom-fringes ; life-tackle ; light-sparkles ; mother-idea ; snow-and-rosebloom ; valley-folds ; voice-of-destiny ; choke-up ; gurgled-out ; pictured-out ; sprawl-out ; swathed-in.

Such constructions as :—

almost his very worst ; any deepest scientific individuals ; clutch into ; not without ; oftener laugher ; other the like phenomena ; to insure both of entire misapprehension ; his whole other Tissues ; etc.

## V

### THE 'COURSE OF ACTION': INFLUENCE OF HUME, KANT, GOETHE, ETC.

In regard to *Wilhelm Meister*, Goethe said: "This work is one of the most incalculable productions; I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. . . . Then they come and ask, 'What idea I meant to embody in my *Faust*?' as if I knew, myself, and could inform them. *From heaven, through the*

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. viii. 264; also John Sterling's letter, quoted in Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, p. 95 ff.; etc.

*world, to hell*, would indeed be something ; but this is no idea, only a course of action. . . . It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified a life as I have brought to view in *Faust*, upon the slender string of one pervading idea.”<sup>1</sup> In a similar way, the reader of *Sartor* may be disappointed in the search for ‘central points,’ and be inclined to exclaim with the author : “ Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words !” It is necessary to recollect, however, that Carlyle did not desire to narrate a story, or to present a clear logical statement, but rather by successive glimpses to stimulate the reader’s feelings and reflection. “ The good of a book,” he affirmed, “ is not the facts that can be got out of it, but the kind of resonance that it awakens in our own minds.” What the ‘resonance’<sup>2</sup> was, which the ‘Life and Opinions of Teufelsdröckh’ were intended to awaken, we may discover by reflecting on the ‘course of action’ and the ‘opinions’ which Carlyle has vaguely suggested rather than clearly portrayed. *Sartor* has been fitly called “ the most original, the most characteristic, the deepest and most lyrical of Carlyle’s productions.” It is the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* of his own previous history ; it is also, in great measure, his *Journal Intime*, and contains the essence of all his ethical teaching. Again, when viewed abstractly, it may be called the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’<sup>3</sup> of the Nineteenth Century ; on its pages, the ‘obstinate questionings,’ the doubts and the hard-won beliefs, are characteristically recorded. It may be more definitely described as the ‘Progress’ of a Soul from the Empiricism of Hume to the Idealism of Kant and Fichte ; or,

<sup>1</sup> Eckermann’s *Conversations of Goethe* (Bohn).

<sup>2</sup> When the spirits of the author and of the reader approximate, there is, said Jean Paul, *Resonance*,—not an *Echo* !

<sup>3</sup> In various passages of *Sartor*, Carlyle appears to invite the comparison of Teufelsdröckh with Prometheus, Faust, Milton’s Satan, and Bunyan’s Pilgrim. In the case of the last named, the points of resemblance are especially numerous. The Slough of Despair, Old Adam, and Vanity Fair, are named. The ‘Wahngasse’ is surely a ‘waking vision.’ The ‘Wanderer’ endeavouring to ‘escape from his own Shadow,’ is verily a Pilgrim ‘clothed with rags’ and bearing ‘a great burden upon his back.’ Nor is it difficult to recognise Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Giant Despair, the Valley of Humiliation where Apollyon was worsted. Evangelist, or the Shepherds whose names still are ‘Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere.’

from the sorrowful indignation of Byron to the harmonious activity of Goethe. David Hume,—whose influence, said Carlyle, could be felt in the Senate and the Market, in the Pulpit and the Press, as virtual Pontiff of the world,—looms vaguely in the background as the chief exponent of ‘the infamous thing’ which Carlyle endeavours to ‘crush.’ Hume had sought to find out God by searching in the laboratory of the Understanding, instead of in the secret Holy-of-Holies of Man’s Soul. Desiring to account for everything, he reduced the mysterious complexity of experience to unrelated impressions and flitting ideas,—the product of the six senses and blind Custom. ‘Stumbling ever on some *particular*,’ and having little reverent recognition of the infinite mystery that encompasses life, he could find no place for God, Freedom, Immortality. Hume’s Phenomenalism and sceptical inquiries seemed to Carlyle to result in a widespread Naturalism. The Upper Powers were dethroned by the Time-Spirit: Man’s higher nature languished in neglect. In morals, the doctrine of Bentham—‘the Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number’ is the true standard of right conduct—held sway. In matters of religion, men refused to revere the spirit of Christianity, through recognition of the inconsistencies of the letter. In commerce and society, Man, the ‘Vulture,’ disregarded the wants of his fellows, and forgot that without religion (the “cement of *Society*”) men were gregarious not social. History appeared to be synonymous with a tabulated series of events, wherein the spirit of a man and the sentiment of an age were alike forgotten. The biography of an individual meant only a ‘bead-roll of facts,’ in which his deeds were partly computed, while his true *character*—the spirit in which he worked, the unknown “what’s resisted”—was left out of account.

In that ‘Mechanical’ Age, Science might flourish, Herschel’s telescopes survey the heavens, and the newly-invented steam-engine become man’s obedient slave. But to the devout Carlyle, who did not want “cheaper cotton, swifter railways,” it seemed that men had forgotten God and had sought out many inventions. If the Upper Powers were dethroned, what then were the vaunted inventions of Science, nay, even the ‘Progress of the Species’ itself, but component parts of a “frightful Machine of Death”? The Formalism of

the period constituted a departure from Reality, wherein the higher nature of man was unable to find satisfaction, and in which those who desired something more enduring than pleasure, more binding than custom, more unitive than self-interests in conflict, felt outcast and alien. A Byron ‘melodiously cursing his day,’ *trailed* through Europe “the pageant of his bleeding heart”; a Shelley uttered his “inarticulate wail, like the infinite, inarticulate grief and weeping of forsaken infants”; a Schlegel, as Newman afterwards did, “fled back to Catholicism, as a child might to its slain mother’s bosom”; a Napoleon, the ‘armed Soldier’ of a down-trodden and exasperated democracy, preached ‘through the cannon’s throat’ the doctrine of Force,—death to political simulacra.

Carlyle too, in early life, bore the curse of his time. Under the influence of Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire, his early beliefs crumbled away. The ‘penal fire’ of honest doubt, and the practical difficulties which that entailed, drove him forth a lonely Wanderer, not like Teufelsdröckh to strange countries and savage deserts, the banks of the Amur and the sands of the Sahara, but more prosaically over the streets of Edinburgh and the moors of Dumfriesshire. “For a pure moral nature (p. 202), the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything”; his soul’s genial “life-warmth” had been withdrawn, until nothing remained but, like Caponsacchi, the ‘soldier-saint,’ to

“. . . wait God’s instant men call years;  
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,  
Do out the duty!”<sup>1</sup>

By the advice of a friend, he was led to study German Literature, to which attention had been directed in England by the publication of Madame de Staël’s *De l’Allemagne*. There he found the old Religion in a new vehicle: the elemental constituents of Consciousness analysed with an insight greater than Hume’s, History interpreted with more reverence than Gibbon possessed, Religion accredited otherwise than by miracles, another bond of Society than self-interests in conflict.

The philosopher Kant, starting from Hume’s attribution of the idea of Causality to mere customary sequence, had re-examined the constituents of Mind, and had found Hume’s

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *The Ring and the Book*.

Empiricism to be incomplete, in that it ignored certain *a priori* notions, certain necessary assumptions of Reason, belonging to man as a rational being.

In Kant's Idealistic system, the unrelated phenomena on which Hume had laid stress were viewed as combined in the *experience* of a self-conscious person ; Duty, the obligation to act from pure reverence for the moral law, was again acknowledged to be supreme ; and man, as containing in himself the authentic oracle of God, was seen to be worthy of reverence, worthy of worship. Not only were men thus enabled to "hope hard in the subtle thing that's spirit," but Nature, too, shared in the "rediscovery of this divine element." Externally, it was recognised to be the 'living garment of God,' or, as Carlyle says, "God Almighty's own Theatre of Immensity, the Infinite made palpable and visible" to every open soul ; internally, as man's passions and desires, it was regarded as constituting the condition out of which moral harmony must be recreated : a "dance of plastic circumstance, . . .

Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent."<sup>1</sup>

The idea of the old Numen, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, was by Kant delivered from all sceptical attacks of the Understanding, as a necessary postulate of Reason, or in popular language, "an unutterable sigh lying in the depths of the soul."

But it was to the literary, rather than to the philosophic, pioneers of German thought, that Carlyle was mainly indebted. "I never cease (he wrote) to thank Heaven for such men as Richter, Schiller, Goethe. The latter, especially, was my evangelist. His works, if you study them with due earnestness, are as the day-spring visiting us in the dark night." Carlyle revered Goethe, not as the great dramatist to whom Scott and Byron paid homage, nor as the scientist and artist,<sup>2</sup> but rather as one who, sharing in the liberty and enlightenment of the period which Kant, 'the Luther of Philosophy,' had inaugurated, concretely represented the new tendencies in his

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

<sup>2</sup> "One is tired to death with his [Schiller's] and Goethe's *palabra* about the nature of the fine arts" (T.C. 1823).

own life. Thus the moral maxims, scattered through *Wilhelm Meister* 'like flowers on the Alps,' came to Carlyle as messages from a living brother-man who experimentally proved the truth of his doctrines; one who, having ceased to 'think about thinking,' had devoted his energies to the harmonious development of his own individuality. Goethe, having abandoned the attitude of indignant complaint, resolved to live and *to live with cheerfulness*, and then gave his *Sorrows of Werther* to the world, as one gives away an out-grown coat. He closed his *Rousseau* and became riveted by the calm disinterestedness of Spinoza. Carlyle seeks similarly to close his *Byron* and to open his *Goethe*. "As to Goethe (he said), no other man whatever . . . has yet ascertained what Christianity is to us, and what Paganity is, . . . and been alive at all points in his own year of grace, with the life appropriate to that. . . . The sight of such a man was to me a Gospel of Gospels, and did literally, I believe, save me from destruction outward and inward." It is natural to feel surprise that the 'great Pagan' Goethe, the poet, artist, and scientist, a man who drew inspiration from the "beloved Ancients" and the 'atheist' Spinoza, should have so influenced the Puritan Carlyle. The clear fact, however, is that the stormful unrest of Carlyle's spirit, and the very strength of his innate tendency to speculation, led him to revere the calm serenity and the harmonious activity of the 'strong, much-toiling sage' at Weimar. Nay, he not only reveres, but with impassioned earnestness counsels the English public to wash in German streams, that so their Byronism may be cleansed. He repeats to half the world the *dictum* of Napoleon: 'Voilà un homme!' "And knowest thou no Prophet (asks the Professor) even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; . . . in whose inspired melody, . . . Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe."

By contemporary writers,<sup>1</sup> as Coleridge, Wilson, De Quincey, Emerson, Irving, and Sterling, Goethe was viewed with qualified

<sup>1</sup> Even in 1840 Carlyle decided *not* to include Goethe in his chapter on 'The Hero as Man of Letters,' preferring to leave him to future times.

approval, as an intellectual giant—but a heathen. To Carlyle, whose insight restored Cromwell to a place among English heroes, belongs the honour of having first emphatically proclaimed the intrinsic nobility of Goethe's character, the greatness of the German 'empire of the air,' as also (in his *Frederick*) the coming greatness of the German empire of the land.

And, perhaps, the best proof that Carlyle's admiration of Goethe's moral earnestness was not visionary or misplaced is to be found just in the fact that Goethe appreciated and reciprocated it. "It is admirable in Carlyle (said Goethe) that, in his judgment of our German authors, he has especially in view the mental and moral core as that which is really influential. Carlyle is a moral force of great importance. . . . It is pleasant to see how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. . . . When I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German Literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better. . . . The temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is! and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than ourselves."<sup>1</sup>

## VI

THE CLOTHES-PHILOSOPHY: ITS SOURCE, IMPORT, AND  
RELATION TO CARLYLE'S LATER WRITINGS

The 'Opinions of Teufelsdröckh' exhibit, in unusual combination, the moral energy of the Puritan and the profundity of the German,—the sentiment of actuality and of the sublime, as M. Taine terms them. The former, the 'gospel of work,' connects itself naturally with the energetic independence of Carlyle's Annandale ancestry, and is sublimated and spiritualised by the influence of Goethe; the latter, the mystical Clothes-philosophy, harmonises with the Idealism of Kant and Fichte, and the religious Mysticism of Novalis. In the one, Carlyle proclaims: 'Act, act in the living present!' In the other he appears as a man of large discourse, who, 'looking before

<sup>1</sup> Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe* (Bohn).

and after,' and asking the Whence and the Whither of all things, pronounces a sad *memento mori* on a world whose fashion 'passeth away,' and is, while it lasts, but the fabric of the mental vision. It may be questioned, however, whether Carlyle owed much to German Idealism. His study of Kant and Fichte doubtless enabled him to re-think and re-state his experience in a clearer and more extended form; and Goethe certainly had travelled the rough way before him. But the essential points emphasised in *Sartor*,—the insubstantiality of the sensuous concrete, and the Divine nature of duty—these were habitually present to him from his earliest years, and may even be traced to the influences of his home at Ecclefechan. "Time is on the wing, and flies swiftly. Seek God with all your heart": such is the oft-repeated message of his pious though unlettered mother; and *Teufelsdröckh*, early in life, sought to penetrate the 'secret of Vicissitude,' the illusion of Time. Indeed, his dominant and oppressive Time-sense is the true source of these "well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes" (p. 145). With pleased surprise he found similar sentiments in Job and in Shakespeare; he had analysed the mysterious time-sense with Kant; history, to his imagination, had peopled past periods with generations, each as tumultuous and noisy as his own; and the cumulative effect was a sense of unreality and of change, oppressive in its intensity. The 'living flood' pouring through the streets of Weissnichtwo is declared to consist of "Apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them." Or again, take this passage, a roll-call of the Dead: "Where now is Alexander<sup>1</sup> of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt;

<sup>1</sup> The Time-sense, and even this illustration of it, was characteristic of Shakespeare too. Vide *Hamlet*, V. i. 224; and read Masson's *The Three Devils*, p. 85 ff.

which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?" Such passages are not mere rhetoric; they accurately depict Carlyle's habitual feelings. The fact is, that as the cynical Swift, with his *sæva indignatio*, critically dissected all things and perceived Houyhnhnms and stripped beaux, so the dyspeptic Carlyle, examining things with intense devoutness, *sub specie aeternitatis*, saw—Ghosts, "real spiritual *Apparitions*." A few quotations will show how dominant was this feeling with him.

"What am I but a sort of Ghost?<sup>1</sup> Men rise as apparitions from the bosom of night, and after grinning, squeaking, gibbering some space, return thither. The earth they stand on is bottomless; the vault of their sky is infinitude; the lifetime is encompassed with eternity. O wonder! And they buy cattle or seats in Parliament, and drink coarser or finer fermented liquors, as if all this were a city that had foundations" (Journal, 1830).

"'This little life-boat of a world, with its noisy crew of a mankind,' vanishing 'like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All.' How that thought besieges me, elevating and annihilating" (Journal, 1833).

"Oh Time! Time! how it brings forth and devours! And the roaring flood of existence rushes on, for ever similar, for ever changing! . . . Unhappy they that have no footing in eternity; for here in time, all is but cloud, and the baseless fabric of a vision!" (Letter, 1834).

"The world looks often quite spectral to me; sometimes, as in Regent Street the other night, . . . quite hideous, discordant, almost infernal. . . . To me through these thin cobwebs Death and Eternity sate glaring" (1835).

"Verily, this whole world grows magical . . . to me: death written on all, yet everlasting life also written on all. How Homers, and Mahomets, and Bulwers . . . , and all people and things that sojourned on earth, go marching, marching, towards the Inane, till, as your boys say, Flop! they are not. . . . Very spectral I am every way" (Letter, 1837).

After the death of his mother he wrote: "They are gone now vanished all; their poor bits of thrifty clothes, more precious

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Amiel's *Journal*: entry of 9th Sept. 1880.

to me than Queen's or King's expensive trappings, their pious struggling effort, their 'little life,' it is all away. It has all melted into the still sea ; it was 'rounded with a sleep.' . . . All-devouring Time ! This thought, '*Exeunt omnes*,' and how the generations are like crops of grass, *temporary*, very, and all *vanishes*, as it (*sic*) were an apparition and a ghost ; these things, though half a century old in me, possess my mind as they never did before."

If to Carlyle many a "true-hearted little rhyme" in the *Xenien* seemed like a continuation of the Hebrew Scriptures, surely the expression of his own Clothes-philosophy, whether in *Sartor* or in his private Journal, is comparable to the Psalms of David : "Surely every man walketh in a vain shew : . . . I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more." "I am like a being (wrote Carlyle) thrown from another planet on this terrestrial ball, an alien, a pilgrim among its possessors." Students of philosophy, said Socrates, study only dying and death. Such was the malady of the ideal of this Clothes-philosopher, who saw himself and all men as *naked animals* 'standing in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities.'

That, like Bunyan, he should present his truth "in swaddling clouts" was only natural. What, so well as the clothes metaphor, symbolises the endless vicissitude of things ? Philosophers from Plato to Fichte,<sup>1</sup> had represented the sensible universe as the garment of the Invisible. The Psalmist had praised the God who should still be the same when the heavens and the foundations of the earth should wax old like a garment and be changed as a vesture. Lucian,<sup>2</sup> the 'Voltaire of Antiquity,' had perceived the significance of clothes, and had stripped even the philosophers. Swift had called the Universe a large suit of clothes, which invests everything, and the globe of earth, a very complete and fashionable dress.

These writers, doubtless, yielded suggestions ; but to none of them does Carlyle ascribe the origin of *Sartor*.

"If I consider it well (he wrote in his Journal of 1833), there is hardly any book in the world that has sunk so deep into me as *Reinecke Fuchs*. It co-operates with other tendencies.

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Adamson's *Fichte*, p. 79.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, No. X.

Perhaps my whole speculation about 'Clothes' arose out of that. It now absolutely haunts me, often very painfully, and in shapes that I will not write even here. Yet, again, how beautiful, how true, is this other: 'Man is an incarnate word.' Both these I habitually feel." This then was the source of Carlyle's speculations on the beast-godhood, divine-infernal, pageant of existence. *Reinecke Fuchs* was his 'Orbis Pictus,' in which, as in a wondrous life-vision or 'World-Saturnalia,' human passions in the guise of animals made strange masquerade.

Having thus adopted the metaphor, Carlyle expands it, and applies it in endless variety of detail to the circumstances of human life; 'the whole too, in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live.' With *Paulinus* he discusses the 'palpable Woollen Hulls' of Man, and finds that the significance of such vestures is—ornament. With playful railing he describes the 'Flesh-Garments,' and discerns in the Dread Potentate, only a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus. With insight he interprets the Social Garnitures, and declares that the whole military and police establishment is a huge, scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened apron; that all poets and teachers are but a species of metaphorical tailors; the steam-engine (that noisy shuttle in the loom of Commerce), only a Scottish Brassmith's *Idea* made visible; and even the highest sensible phenomena, but fresh or faded raiment. Then, with remarkable precision, he 'shears down into the true centre of the matter,' and discovers that the mind of man has also its thought-forms and soul-tissues. "Deepest of all illusory Appearances, . . . are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, . . . lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through." This so relentless Descendent-alism is, with Carlyle, only an artifice, a means of introducing a higher Transcendentalism. That all sensible phenomena are insubstantial and transitory, like clothes, is a half-truth. Carlyle's real purpose is to assert that all material things are

but a 'Picture of the Sense,' and to disclose in poetic grandeur the Reality which is by them enveloped. As Plato taught that external appearance is an embodiment of the invisible Good, which is the substance and source of all beauty, and the sun of the spiritual world ; or as Spenser wrote :

"The hearts of men, which fondly here admire  
Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,  
Transported with celestial desire  
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,  
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,  
Th' Eternal Fountain of that heavenly Beauty,"

even so, with poetic imagery rather than philosophic method, Carlyle declares that "the thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, . . . is but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible."

Further, if "all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself," much more so is Man himself a revelation of God and 'true Shekinah.' "Yes, it is even so : this is no vain phrase ; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven ; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? . . . *We* are the miracle of miracles,—the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it ; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so."

In fact, as the chaos of the Paper Bags was found to contain the life-history of a man, so Carlyle's relentless Clothes-philosophy contains the exposition of his own conviction that God reveals himself in the human heart ; for

". . . he at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God."

"God and the individual man," said Mazzini—"Mr. Carlyle sees no other object in the world." From this central point all Carlyle's doctrines are evolved : it was the fact of his experience, the core of his philosophy ; the truth which, *by means of History*, he laboured to impress on men's minds. "If he had been asked (wrote Froude) what specially he conceived his own duty to be, he would have said that it was

to force men to realise once more, that the world was actually governed by a just God"; a God whose law is everywhere supreme, in Manchester Factories and Westminster Assemblies, as well as in Judea in past times. "No pin's point can you mark within the wide circle of the All, where God's Laws are not. Unknown to you, or known, . . .—inflexible, righteous, eternal; not to be questioned by the sons of men. . . . If you know the truth and do it, the Universe itself seconds you, bears you on to sure victory everywhere:—and, observe, to sure defeat everywhere if you do not do the truth." Viewed in this light, the *French Revolution*, *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, and other works, together constitute a "salutary bit of 'Scriptural' exposition"; in them the English prophet repeats, in the language of his own day, the warning of the Jewish prophet,—'The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thce, shall perish.'

Yet this great Being in whom all things live and move, this "enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," Carlyle would not attempt to define, though conscious ever of living in his great Taskmaster's eye. When contemplating the celestial Invisible, he was, like Kant, struck *dumb*. "'The Eternities,' 'the Silences.' I myself (he wrote) have tried various shifts to avoid mentioning the 'Name' to such an audience—audience which merely sneers in return—and is more convinced of its delusion than ever."

When John Sterling wrote to Carlyle about *Sartor* in 1835, he said that Teufelsdröckh was distinguished "from the whole body of those who have been working forwards towards the good," in that he did not believe in a *personal* God. "It is frankly said," Carlyle replied, "with a friendly honesty for which I love you. A grave charge, nevertheless—an awful charge—to which, if I mistake not, the Professor, laying his hand on his heart, will reply with some gesture expressing the solemnest *denial*. In gesture rather than in speech, for the Highest *cannot* be spoken of in words.<sup>1</sup> Personal! Impersonal! One!

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle here alludes to two celebrated passages. The first is in *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 188; the second, in *Faust*, part i. scene xv., as rendered by Anster, reads:

"*Margaret.* Then thou dost not believe!  
*Faust.* Misunderstand me not, thou best-beloved:  
*Who can name Him . . .*," etc.

Three! *What* meaning can any mortal (after all) attach to them in reference to *such* an object? *Wer darf Ihn NENNEN?*<sup>1</sup> I dare not, and do not."

Parenthetically, as a corollary from the preceding remarks, we may note Carlyle's attitude towards Science, in regard to which the charge 'artem non odit nisi ignarus' is frequently preferred. It is true that, when busied with more pregnant inquiries, he confessed in 1820 he was 'nearly tired of what is called Natural Science, . . . a dry bead-roll of facts, . . . tasteless to the soul.' But that was after he had mastered the *Principia*. It is true that in later life he termed Darwinism, or rather certain inferences from Darwinism, 'gorilla damnifications of humanity'; recognised that 'Laplace's Book on the Stars' was not a complete groundplan of the Universe; and had as little respect for professors of the 'Dismal Science' as for illuminated sceptics. But it may easily be perceived that he revered Science as much as any, and at one time had studied it more than most. Only when, unaccompanied by wonder and reverence, it failed to recognise the region of mystery beyond plummet's sounding; when it talked of 'Nature' not "as a divine thing, not even as one thing at all, but as a set of things, undivine enough,—saleable, curious, good for propelling steamships"; or when it accepted the history of a process in time, as equivalent to a history of that Intelligence for which the time-process exists: when, in short, Science encroached on the "celestial Invisible, unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright," did Carlyle denounce it. When it was commonly thought that the doctrine of evolution, organic and inorganic, had finally eliminated the Creator from the great *machine*, Carlyle, jealous for the Lord God of hosts, replied: "That of the sun, and his possibly being made in that manner, seemed to me a real triumph of Science, indefinitely widening the horizon of our *theological* ideas withal, and awakened a good many thoughts in me when I first heard of it, and gradually perceived that there was actual scientific basis for it, . . .—welcome to me if it be a truth—honourably welcome! But what has it to do with the existence of the Eternal Unnameable?"

But to return, we may now inquire further what, according

<sup>1</sup> See note on previous page.

to Carlyle's view, constituted the relation between the 'Eternal Unnameable' and the individual man. His ideas in regard to this were not based on observation of the world of matter,—'mere cirlings of *force* there'—from which, as being non-moral, he turned with Socratic disdain. The existence of God was not the conclusion of a syllogism for Carlyle; the Cartesian *Method*, necessary for such a process of reasoning, was not less alien to his mind than was the spirit of Hume's *Enquiry*. Rather, laying stress on the spiritual intuitions of which he was habitually and deeply conscious,

" . . . God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear ;  
The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians know,"<sup>1</sup>

he therefrom imaginatively constructed a universe of moral law, as from the limited visual and tactal presentations of sense, the 'natural man' constructs an objective sensible world. Thus Hume and Voltaire (p. 234) appeared to Carlyle but as 'men of Athens,'

" Or those Athenian sceptic owls  
That will not credit their own souls !  
Or any science understand,  
Beyond the reach of eye or hand ; "<sup>2</sup>

while he, for his part, with 'open vision,' could point to a God who is not far from every one of us. "It is in the soul of man," he said, "when reverence, love, intelligence, magnanimity have been developed there, that the *Highest* can disclose itself face to face, in sun-splendour, independent of all cavils and jargonnings. There, of a surety, and nowhere else."

Genius, which 'is ever a secret to itself': Conviction, 'the true God-announcing miracle': Faith, 'the evidence of things not seen': Fantasy, 'the true Heaven-gate or Hell-gate of man': Duty, 'the heaven-written law, legible and sacred': Love, by which men are 'gathered together' as in the *presence* of the Unseen, and *magically* united in a common bond of mutual sympathy:—these are various aspects of the inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding, authentic gleams of the Infinite Spiritual in the 'petty domain of the Actual.'

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *Abt Vogler*.

<sup>2</sup> Butler, *Hudibras*.

These primary or elemental powers Carlyle, after Novalis, termed spiritual *Dynamics*. He was wont to connect them vaguely with the Reason (*Vernunft*) of the Transcendentalists, and to declare that as intuitively felt in the 'heart,' they are deeper than the sphere of the 'arithmetical' Understanding—not to be proved, or disproved, in the 'underground workshop of Logic.' "Or is the God present (asks Teufelsdröckh), felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me ; or dispute into me? . . . This is Belief; all else is Opinion,—for which latter whoso will, let him worry and be worried."

Though a 'region of Doubt hovers forever in the background,' because the Finite cannot *comprehend* the Infinite, yet the Understanding too may be delivered from the prison-house of Naturalism by a practical *solvitur ambulando*. He who 'gropes painfully in darkness' may gain the "felt indubitable certainty of Experience," by *doing the Duty which lies nearest*. The spiritual essence of man, otherwise inarticulate, obscure, may embody itself in works, and thus *realise* itself in man's temporal history. "Moral action," said Novalis, "is that great and only Experiment, in which all riddles of the most manifold appearances explain themselves. Whoso understands it, . . . is forever Master of Nature." For, to Carlyle it appeared that the spiritual intuitions, though originally independent of, or even in apparent contradiction to, the conditioned world of natural events, are in practice found to be connected therewith as in a 'pre-established harmony.' Duty is not only the 'small voice' in the heart, but is implicitly the inner law of the Universe. The man who obeys Duty, says Carlyle, "co-operates with the real Tendency of the World," and (according to the much discussed Carlylean doctrine : *Might is Right*) is invincible, when in spite of all appearance, or calculation, or "frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain," he simply acts under the stress of Duty.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A remark may be inserted here regarding Carlyle's doctrine of Renunciation. The Moral Imperative, in relation to a will which is also subject to conflicting desires, produces obligation or constraint. The effect of this, in experience, is Renunciation. Carlyle attributed his views on this subject to Goethe and Novalis, yet confessed he was able to understand Goethe's teaching only after long effort. And, indeed, a contrast is

"We look upon our scholars," wrote Goethe, "as so many swimmers, who, in the element which threatened to swallow them, feel with astonishment . . . that it bears and carries them forward: and so it is with everything that man undertakes." The spiritual is thus regarded by Carlyle as the parent of the temporal; and Work, the unfolding of the self, is invested with a symbolic and sacred character: *laborare est orare*. So, too, its visible and tangible products, Cities, tilled Fields, and Books (p. 214),—"all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense," are clothes, vestures of the Divine. Man dwells, says Carlyle, in a supernatural climate: "thy daily life is girt with Wonder, . . . thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles." And the material universe, ceasing to be a Naturalistic prison-house, seems to be "crammed with heaven"; it becomes a Home for communion, a 'Seed-field' for labour, a Temple for worship, in which the 'Son of Time' feels himself to be compassed about with a great cloud of heroic witnesses.

From these considerations it directly follows that Carlyle should be keenly interested in the study of History, and should everywhere seek to ascertain not only the *Facts*—"engraved Hierograms, for which the fewest have the key"—but the personal equation, the spirit in which men worked. And, if the tendency to treat History as the "essence of innumerable Biographies" led him to underestimate the influence which customs, laws, and physical surroundings have upon a nation (though even these forces are ultimately reducible to the personal equation), it brought ample compensation. It represented the application to History of the ideas in regard to Personality which owed their first statement to Descartes, and their wider expansion to Hegel.

It emphasised the view that the motive force of a period is to be sought in the convictions of its great men, and that the origin of a historic development (*e.g.* the rise of Christianity)

apparent. Goethe, optimistic and constructive, decides 'to live resolutely in the Whole, the Good and the *Beautiful*'; Carlyle, Stoical and paradoxical, preaches: 'Make thy claim of wages a zero, . . . Love not Pleasure; love God.' He realises, perhaps insufficiently, that according to Goethe Renunciation is the "first real entrance into life," not its goal, and that sacrifices should ever be of an active kind: 'we should not,' says Goethe, 'abandon what we give away.'

cannot be dismissed with the contemptuous brevity of a Tacitus, as a mere series of events, nor be wholly 'accounted' for by a 'Cause-and-Effect' historian. The latter, however 'candid' and 'rational' be his inquiry, confessedly begins with the secondary causes: he does not inform us how the new religion ceased to be held by 'a minority of *one*'; his account therefore can only relate the tragedy of the founding of Christianity, with the person of the Founder left out.

Further, Carlyle's tendency to view the *personal* element as all-important, enabled him to point to History, with a truly Hebraic intensity, as the weaving of the vesture by which God is seen. History, he affirmed, is the 'Bible of Universal Experience,' 'a perpetual Evangel' and 'Divine BOOK OF REVELATIONS' of which Great Men are the inspired Texts, "and your innumerable untalented men are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries. . . . For my study, the inspired Texts themselves!"

Hence Carlyle zealously attributes the various products of human industry to the original inventor by whom they were added to the wellbeing, or wealth, of Humanity.—Mæsogothic Ulfila and Monk Schwartz, Faust of Mentz and Watt of Glasgow. Sometimes, as by a flash of genius, he throws light on a whole industry, a whole period, and exhibits a 'living link in the tissue of History.'—He who devised Movable Types, "was disbanding hired Arnies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world." "The Poet's . . . inspired Message . . . makes and unmakes whole worlds." "The Scottish Brassmith's *Idea* . . . overturns the whole old system of Society." "Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore Kirk yonder."

Reverent Hero-Worship, and responsible Hero-Action, the categories through which Carlyle viewed all historic movements, are but aspects of the individual writ large. For, as a man reverences Duty in himself, so must he love the highest when he sees it, and worship those whose actions are guided by Duty,—those whom superior *Insight* and *Sincerity* have enabled to pierce through the shows of things. As the individual's moral sense is Divine, unaccountable, so the Hero is regarded as an *original* man who 'derives his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God.'

With sympathetic insight, imaginative force, and studious accuracy, Carlyle (whom some have called a 'bigoted Puritan'!) built up an international Pantheon: a Gallery of Heroes, which includes Mahomet and Cromwell, Luther and Johnson, Rousseau and Dante, Shakespeare and Knox—Heroes who, as Kings of Men, had 'bodied-forth something of the Godlike, writing it down in beneficent Facts around them,' or who, as Literary Priests, had inscribed it in Books, 'the thought of thinking souls.'

In some cases the Hero has "risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise a present God, and worship the same." For, the greatest of all Heroes is One—whom Carlyle hesitated to *name* in such a connection<sup>1</sup>—"our highest Orpheus," whose "sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men." "Look on our divinest Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached: this is Christianity and Christendom; a Symbol of quite perennial, infinite character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest."

Thus, if History was to Carlyle a veritable Bible, Hero-worship was the gospel he found in it. *This*, the Worship of Nobility—"the perpetual presence of Heaven in our poor Earth"—he *definitely put forth as his Religion*, affirming that the highest Gospel was, and ever will be, a Biography. It includes, he said (in a passage that may well be called a fragment of the modern Church-Liturgy), "all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time!"

<sup>1</sup> See *On Heroes*, p. 11.

Further, Hero-worship, “the corner-stone of living-rock, whereon all Politics for the remotest time may stand secure” (p. 290), Carlyle definitely put forth as the foundation of his Politics.

It is not too much to say that, like Knox and Cromwell, he desired to see established in the England of his day, a Theocracy; a Hierarchy of Heroes who should be ‘dispensers of divine influences, . . . visible Messengers between Heaven and Earth.’ The political Hero, desiderated by Carlyle, is the original thinker and independent ruler (in Carlyle’s, ‘a New Downing Street’); a legislator, who is not created by ballot-boxes, who disregards ‘majorities,’ and whose action is not the product of *Hansard* debates.

Such men, constituting themselves an ‘Aristocracy of Talent,’ should, he thought, set about the establishment of an ‘Organisation of Labour,’ in which ‘State Captains of Industry, Ministers of Education, Mine Inspectors, Furrow-field Inspectors,’ should direct and control industry, and thus abolish *Laissez-faire* and supersede ‘fair competition.’

This *Government by Heroes* would, he considered, be an effective method for combining ‘indispensable Sovereignty’ with ‘inevitable Democracy’: a method which no German Reformation, or French Revolution, has made, or will make, impossible:—“Napoleon, from amid boundless revolt of Sans-culottism, became a King. Hero-worship never dies, nor can die.” Two remarks may be added. Carlyle’s doctrine of Hero-worship is essentially distinct from Positivism, in that the former, as an ‘Aristocracy of Talent,’ is relentlessly exclusive; the Great Man (he said) is as lightning from heaven, for whom the rest of men wait like fuel. Also, the Hero is distinct from the champion of Democracy (as described by Plato), who being still the slave of Democracy, becomes a tyrant. He is rather the philosopher, who (‘comes back to reality,’ said Carlyle; ‘having sought to hold intercourse with real existence,’ said Plato) has brought his own life into harmony with unchanging principles, and is accidentally (e.g. Oliver Cromwell, the ‘sober, industrious farmer’) compelled to take charge of the State.

Carlyle’s method was, confessedly, that of ‘practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms.’ This, as M. Taine observes, is

characteristic of the German mind, and leads first to the discovery of general ideas ; and from the connection of these, the law of their historic development is ascertainable. Thus Carlyle states that an age of Faith is followed by a period of Scepticism, which later gives place to a further reconstruction ; Socrates succeeds the Sophists, Kant follows Hume, and Rousseau gives place to Goethe, and 'every thought and object lives through perpetual metamorphoses.' In this way, he asserts the doctrine of the World-Phoenix, or Social Evolution,—that Society shuffles off one coil, only to assume a fairer one ; also, a doctrine which we may term Natural Selection—"the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call *truest*, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last." It is important to note that these doctrines, which recur with all manner of application in Carlyle's works, bring him into touch with the point of view of the present day. But our purpose is to remark that, in the weaving of the new Social Vestures, Teufelsdröckh professes to be "one of the loom-treadles" (p. 276). This leads naturally to Carlyle's Social theories—the 'Organic Filaments' of the new epoch.

It might indeed have been supposed that one who lived apart, and who endeavoured to contemplate the 'essential Form of Good,' should have betrayed awkwardness when he descended into the arena where men dispute about the 'shadows of Justice.' On the contrary, however, Carlyle's shrewd practical sense gives him the right to laugh, like Diogenes the first, at those whose gaze is directed solely to the heavenly bodies, and who are ignorant of all sublunary affairs. The man who influenced the Economical views of Ruskin, and inspired the endeavours of Kingsley and Shaftesbury, cannot be dismissed as an unpractical theorist.

He never wearies of impressing on the public conscience, that national greatness depends on individual merit. Without *that*, he said, national prosperity will not ensue, not if there be 'Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village.' Reciprocal duties and rights, mutual sympathy and whole-hearted co-operation, not 'cash-payment' alone, are the *nexus* between individuals. The laws of Political Economy, were they clear and definite as the multiplication table itself, are yet secondary to the Moral Law and 'Obligations sacred as Man's Life itself.' As Industry is Production,

and not a 'cut-throat Scramble' for wealth, the pressing want of the times is not improved methods of manufacture but improved methods of distribution. Reverence, in all departments,—responsiveness of the individual to the moral Good—which issues in self-denying Hero-action, and its complement, or dutiful Hero-worship, is thus the Archimedes-lever by which alone a nation may be exalted.

It is the misfortune of every teacher who stands on an original foundation, that he should appear to exert a merely negative influence on the accepted traditions of his time,—as if he had come not to fulfil the law but to destroy it. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that Carlyle only 'dealt damnation round' on the political tendencies of 1832, or merely threw 'explosive negations' against the tenets of the 'Dismal Science.' On the contrary, his writings are pregnant with shrewd practical suggestions. "It is astonishing (*Times* of 7th February 1881) to note how, under uncouth, rhapsodical phraseology, lie many ideas which are now the common property of most educated men. The novelties and paradoxes of 1840 are, to a large extent, nothing but the good sense of 1881." These ideas include precise suggestions regarding matters as various as Imperial Federation, extended trade with the Colonies, education, emigration, permanence of contract, economical *interest* for workers, factory and sanitary regulations, inspectors in all departments, public libraries,<sup>1</sup> and public baths.

But the view in regard to the nobility of Labour, which Carlyle so emphatically proclaimed, is, we do not hesitate to say, his most important contribution towards improved Social wellbeing. Without asking whether his deep concern for the poor 'toilworn Craftsman' was due to his memory of the Futteral cottages, or to what Miss Martineau termed his "excess of sympathy, . . . the master-pain of his life," we may note that the cry which Teufelsdröckh uttered in the coffee-house in Weissnichtwo ('The Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and ——'s !') is the text of many of his noblest passages. If Burns be the poet of Universal Brotherhood, Carlyle, the prose-genius of Scotland, is the champion of Earth's disinherited ones. •Shall he who preaches the

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle was the chief agitator in favour of the London Library in 1839.

‘Worship of Sorrow,’ be indifferent to pain, wretchedness, and disgrace? Shall he who perceives an “inscrutable, venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes,” who professes to regard Labour as the God-given function and sacred duty of every man, fail to show sympathy towards even the humblest toiler? “Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. . . . O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! . . . For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. . . . Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint.” ‘The Christian Religion,’ said Novalis, ‘is the root of *all Democracy*, the highest Fact in the Rights of Man.’

In short, to knit up these ragged Introductory remarks, we affirm that Craigenputtock was veritably, as Carlyle named it, a “Dunscore Patmos” or Scottish Bedford Jail; there did issue from it a Revelation of the ‘Divine Idea of the world,’ and a pilgrim’s-roll for all who would hasten progress towards a better state of society. For, disregarding the ‘Minute Philosophers,’ Carlyle, as a self-constituted Prophet, brought a ‘murmur of Eternity’ into the Political, Social, and Industrial Life of Britain. He did this by teaching and applying in the spheres of History and Politics, Industrial and Social Life, his great doctrine of *Natural Supernaturalism*,—that the Material and the Practical are the embodiment of the Celestial Invisible in the presence of which, man’s only fitting attitude is Reverence; that this Reverence (wonder in the presence of Mystery, humility in the presence of Worth, active love in the presence of Need) may unite Religion and Science, Individualism and Socialism, Master and Servant. His especial desire was that the genius of Britain (whose “Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this Planet,—seamolés, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New Hollands; legible throughout the Solar System!”) should purify the internal economy of the country,

and especially, should provide noble 'Captains of Industry'—the Heroes these latter days require—through whose united efforts the condition of the poorer classes should cease to be the crying disgrace of modern civilisation. Also, Carlyle was the first to perceive the import of the German Enlightenment, as 'the highest peaks first catch the rays from the East'; and in *Sartor* he, for the first time in Britain,<sup>1</sup> enunciated the doctrines of a higher Philosophy, and embodied these in a form which is "our finest prose poem in Philosophy." As a matter of his private history, we may regard the positive teaching contained in his historical and ethical writings, as his mature answer to the question he broached in his youth: *Num detur Religio Naturalis?*

Finally, when we consider what has been the fate of other writers, we need have little regret that Carlyle delivered his message in a novel and striking form, intensely 'touched with emotion,' rather than systematically elaborated. In the opinion of Milton, "our sage and serious poet Spenser" was a better teacher than the learned Scotus or Aquinas. And according to the experience of men so diverse as Goethe, Novalis, and Heine, and according to the opinion of Arnold and Mr. Balfour, the prevailing influence in modern times of such a writer as Spinoza has been due, not to his "elaborate but illusory show of quasi-mathematical demonstration," but to the fact that, having a great and noble character, he illuminated his pages with a devout "religious imagination."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* p. 293, note.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Arnold's Essay, 'Spinoza and the Bible'; and Mr. Balfour's *The Foundations of Belief*.

# BOOK FIRST

## CHAPTER I

### PRELIMINARY

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five-thousand years and upwards ; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rush-lights, and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation<sup>1</sup> is as good as perfect : Lagrange,<sup>2</sup> it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure forever ; Laplace,<sup>3</sup> still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept ; and water-transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of Geology

<sup>1</sup> **Gravitation.** In 1819-20, Carlyle wrote an unpublished article in criticism of M. Pictet's *Theory of Gravitation*.

<sup>2</sup> **Lagrange**, French mathematician (1736-1813).

<sup>3</sup> **Laplace**, p. 296, *note*.

and Geognosy<sup>1</sup> we know enough: what with the labours of our Werners<sup>2</sup> and Huttons,<sup>3</sup> what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*,<sup>4</sup> presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract,<sup>5</sup> on the Standard of Taste,<sup>6</sup> on the Migrations of the Herring?<sup>7</sup> Then, have we not a Doctrine of Rent,<sup>8</sup> a Theory of Value;<sup>9</sup> Philosophies of Language,<sup>10</sup> of History,<sup>11</sup> of Pottery,<sup>12</sup> of Apparitions,<sup>13</sup> of Intoxicating Liquors? Man's whole

<sup>1</sup> **Geognosy.** "He [Werner] directed his attention, not merely to the composition and external characters of minerals, but also to what he termed 'Geognosy,' or the natural position of minerals in particular rocks, together with the grouping of those rocks, their geographical distribution, and various relations" (Lyell, *Principles of Geology*).

<sup>2</sup> **Werner, Abraham** (1750-1817), a famous German geologist.

<sup>3</sup> **Hutton, James** (1726-97), also a celebrated geologist. Werner accounted for geological formation by the action of water—the Neptunian theory; Hutton expounded the Plutonic theory, which explained things with reference to a central fire in the earth.

<sup>4</sup> **How the apples . . . in.**

"'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;

"How, how the devil got the apple in?'

From a poem, *The Apple Dumplings and a King*, by Peter Pindar, *i.e.* Dr. John Wolcot (1738-1819).

<sup>5</sup> **Social Contract.** Rousseau's *Du Contrat Social, ou Principes du Droit Politique*, published 1762.

<sup>6</sup> **Standard of Taste.** Hume's *Essay, Of the Standard of Taste*, was published in 1757. Rev. A. Alison published, in 1790, *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, which Jeffrey reviewed in a celebrated Essay in the *Edinburgh Review*.

<sup>7</sup> **Migrations of the Herring.** Thomas Pennant (1726-98) and other naturalists held that the herring migrated to "their parental haunts beneath the ice" of the Polar regions.

<sup>8</sup> **A Doctrine of Rent** was propounded by Adam Smith, 1776; Malthus, 1815; Ricardo, 1817.

<sup>9</sup> **Theory of Value.** Adam Smith, 1776; Ricardo, 1817.

<sup>10</sup> **Philosophy of Language.** F. Schlegel's *Lectures on*, published 1830.

<sup>11</sup> **Philosophy of History.** Herder, 1784; Hegel, 1822; F. Schlegel, 1829.

<sup>12</sup> **Philosophy of Pottery** (*i.e.* the Culinary Art), *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1830.

<sup>13</sup> **Philosophy of Apparitions.** *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*, by S. Hibbert, 1824; and *Fraser's Magazine*, August 1830.

life and environment have been laid open and elucidated ; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed : our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts,<sup>1</sup> Cousins,<sup>2</sup> Royer Collards :<sup>3</sup> every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences,<sup>4</sup> Majendies,<sup>5</sup> Bichâts.<sup>6</sup>

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, should have been quite overlooked by Science,—the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth ; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall ; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being ? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless ; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal* ; whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal* ; and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after :<sup>7</sup> the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned,

<sup>1</sup> **Stewart, Dugald** (1753-1828), Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh. Called the "Plato of the Scotch School." "A name," says Carlyle, "venerable to all Europe, and to none more dear and venerable than to ourselves" (*Essays*, i. 67).

<sup>2</sup> **Cousin, Victor** (1792-1867), a French philosopher, on whose doctrine of the Infinite, Sir W. Hamilton wrote an important critique in 1829.

<sup>3</sup> **Royer Collard, Pierre** (1763-1845), French philosopher and politician.

<sup>4</sup> **Lawrence, Sir William** (1783-1867), surgeon and author.

<sup>5</sup> **Majendie, i.e. Magendie, François** (1783-1855), French physiologist.

<sup>6</sup> **Bichat, Marie** (1771-1802), physiologist.

<sup>7</sup> **Look before and after.** *Hamlet*, IV. iv. 37.

indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations,<sup>1</sup> and Rotten Boroughs,<sup>2</sup> and Revolts of Paris,<sup>3</sup> deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging, struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen*,<sup>4</sup> in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of finance and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat,<sup>5</sup> they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

‘By geometric scale  
Doth take the size of pots of ale’;<sup>6</sup>

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Neverthe-

<sup>1</sup> **Catholic Emancipations.** Catholics were excluded from most public offices till 1829, when Mr. Peel's famous Bill was passed.

<sup>2</sup> **Rotten Boroughs.** Thinly populated Boroughs, which yet had the right of sending Members to Parliament. The Reform Bill of 1832 suppressed fifty-six such Boroughs by disfranchising those with a population of less than 2000.

<sup>3</sup> **Revolts of Paris**, p. 335, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> **Höret ihr Herren . . . sagen.** “List, gentlemen, and let it be told you.” Fischer corrects: “*lasset Euch sagen*.”

<sup>5</sup> **Slaughter of fat oxen . . . fat.** “Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat” (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1784).

<sup>6</sup> **‘By geometric scale . . . ale’** (Butler's *Hudibras*, I. i. 121). Correct: “*could take*.”

less be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments ; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man ? It is written, 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.'<sup>1</sup> Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind.<sup>2</sup> How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some out-lying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province ; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed ;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night ! Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stunted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English ; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable Constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramps the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have no such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it ? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the

<sup>1</sup> 'Many shall run . . . increased' (Dan. xii. 4).

<sup>2</sup> All men make up mankind, . . . mankind (from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 236) ; cf. 'Detached, separated !' p. 113, note.

German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new Book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo;<sup>1</sup> treating expressly of this subject, and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

*'Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken (Clothes, their Origin and Influence) : von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J.U.D. etc. Stillschweigen und Cognit. Weissnichtwo, 1831.'*<sup>2</sup>

'Here,' says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, 'comes a Volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo. Issuing from the hitherto irreproachable Firm of Stillschweigen and Company, with every external furtherance, it is of such internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance.' \* \* \* \* 'A work,' concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic Reviewer, 'interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophic thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness, and rugged independent Germanism and Philanthropy (*derber Kern*—

<sup>1</sup> Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo. *Vide* Introduction.

<sup>2</sup> 'Die Kleider, . . . 1831.' *Clothes, their Origin and Influence: by Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Juris Utriusque Doctor (Doctor of Civil and of Canon Law, i.e. LL.D.), etc. Silence and Co. Kennaquhair, 1831.* A copy of a strange little pamphlet (which, however, seems unconnected with the above) is found in the British Museum. It is entitled: *The Miraculous Power of Clothes and Dignity of the Taylors: being an Essay on the Words, "Clothes make Men."* Translated from the German. MDCCCLXXII.

*deutschheit<sup>1</sup> und Menschenliebe*); which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of Philosophy, in our German Temple of Honour.'<sup>2</sup>

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation-copy of his Book; with compliments and encomiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase: *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Britischen Boden gedeihen!*<sup>3</sup>

## CHAPTER II

### EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES

If for a speculative man, 'whose seedfield,' in the sublime words of the Poet, 'is Time,'<sup>4</sup> no conquest is important but that of new ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Book be marked with chalk in the Editor's calendar. It is indeed an 'extensive Volume,' of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of Thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **Kerndeutschheit.** Carlyle's originality was not restricted to English words.

<sup>2</sup> **German Temple of Honour.** Perhaps a reference to that "chill pocket-Pantheon," the *Neue Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, conducted by Nicolai. Jean Paul satirically says it allowed *burials* but no *tombstone!*

<sup>3</sup> **Möchte es . . . gedeihen!** "Would that it may thrive on British ground!"

<sup>4</sup> 'Whose seedfield is Time.' *Vide* Title-page.

<sup>5</sup> **Orients.** Where the sun *rises*, hence bright; pearls.

"Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, v. 1.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescribed ulterior results, was disclosed ; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal character, that, namely, of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be possible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose : How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof : how could the Philosophy of Clothes, and the Author of such Philosophy, be brought home, in any measure, to the business and bosoms of our own English Nation ? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this remarkable Volume, in such widely-circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed, and treated of, might endanger the circulation of any Journal extant ? If, indeed, all party-divisions in the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical,<sup>1</sup> embracing in discrepant union ; and all the Journals of the Nation could have been jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine* ? A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **Radical.** *Liberal* and *Conservative* came into general vogue about 1831, and 1832, respectively ; the former occurs on p. 273 *infra*.

<sup>2</sup> **Waterloo-Crackers.** *Fraser's Magazine*, said Carlyle, was characterised by "a certain quickness, fluency of banter, . . . and Merry-Andrew drollery," . . . "a kind of wild popular lower comedy of which John Wilson is the inventor. . . . Literature has nothing to do with this" ; cf. p. 337.

exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits ; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut ! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension ? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months ; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent ; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic ; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent,—when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke,<sup>1</sup> our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the 'agitation and attention' which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting in its own German Republic of Letters ; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume ; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying 'some knowledge of it, and of him, to England, and through England to the distant West' : a work on Professor Teufelsdröckh 'were undoubtedly welcome to the *Family*, the *National*, or any other of those patriotic *Libraries*,<sup>2</sup> at present the glory of

<sup>1</sup> **Hofrath Heuschrecke.** Councillor Grasshopper. The name of this obliging friend,—a biographical "Vox et præterea nihil," in Smollett's phrase,—may have been suggested by the humorous remarks on "Man-Doubling," in Jean Paul's *Siebenkaes*, book iv. chap. xxii.

<sup>2</sup> **Libraries.** In 1826 Brougham organised the "Society for the

British Literature'; might work revolutions in Thought; and so forth;—in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrat Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite Documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form rose out of void solution and discontinuity; like united itself with like in definite arrangement: and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable OLIVER YORKE<sup>1</sup> was now made: an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we anticipated;—for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to those same 'patriotic Libraries,' the Hofrat's counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement; but with his offer of Documents we joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a 'Life and Opinions'<sup>2</sup> of Herr Teufelsdröckh, hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say

Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Under its auspices, Charles Knight, who had previously planned a *National Library*, edited the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, and the *Library of Useful Knowledge*. John Murray's *Family Library* was also appearing in 1830, *et seq.*

<sup>1</sup> **Oliver Yorke.** The editorial pseudonym of *Fraser's Magazine*. "O. Y." notes are by Carlyle himself.

<sup>2</sup> **'Life and Opinions.'** Perhaps suggested by Carlyle's early favourite: *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*.

more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen and talent for meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of prejudice, above all from the paralysis of cant; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even insignificant: <sup>1</sup> it is a voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits: whoso hath ears, let him hear.<sup>2</sup>

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning: namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as *Teufelsdröckh's*, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the logical wear.<sup>3</sup>

For the rest, be it nowise apprehended, that any personal connexion of ours with *Teufelsdröckh*, *Heuschrecke*, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be; as generous illusions of friendship; as fair mementos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the gods,<sup>4</sup> when, lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full

<sup>1</sup> With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler; and, we have reason to think, under a feigned name!—O. V. [Note by T. C.]

<sup>2</sup> *Whoso hath ears, . . . hear* (Matt. xiii. 9).

<sup>3</sup> *Wear*, or *weir*: a mill dam.

<sup>4</sup> *Nights and suppers of the gods*. “O noctes coenæque déum!” (Horace, *Sat.* II. vi. 65).

measure ! But what then ? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas* ;<sup>1</sup> Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope we are strangers to all the world ; have feud or favour with no one,—save indeed the Devil, with whom, as with the Prince of Lies and Darkness, we do at all times wage interneceine war. This assurance, at an epoch when puffery<sup>2</sup> and quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels *No cheating here*,—we thought it good to premise.

## CHAPTER III

## REMINISCENCES

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life : a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed ; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a refutation of Hegel<sup>3</sup> and Bardili,<sup>4</sup> both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban ; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high, silent,

<sup>1</sup> **Amicus Plato, . . . veritas.** “Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas” : a phrase employed, in a slightly different form, by Ammonius (*Life of Aristotle*), who adapted it from the *Phædo*, 91. Carlyle probably adopted it from *Tristram Shandy*, vol. i. chap. xxi.

<sup>2</sup> **Puffery.** With Carlyle's frequent complaints of the evils of puffery, cf. Macaulay's Essay : *Mr Robert Montgomery* (1830).

<sup>3</sup> **Hegel** (1770-1831), the celebrated German philosopher.

<sup>4</sup> **Bardili** (1761-1808), a German philosopher of the Kantian school.

meditative Transcendentalism<sup>1</sup> of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken<sup>2</sup> of Jena was now and then suspected; though his special contributions to the *Isis*<sup>3</sup> could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing Moral, still less anything Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be forever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,<sup>4</sup> and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe,<sup>5</sup> he stood up in full coffee-house (it was *Zur Grünen Gans*,<sup>6</sup> the largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect of the place assembled of an evening); and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen*<sup>7</sup> (The Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and —'s)! One full shout, breaking the leaden silence; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim.<sup>8</sup> It was the finale of the night:

<sup>1</sup> **Transcendentalism.** The science of the Forms, Categories, and Principles of Pure Reason (e.g. Time, Causality, Freedom), manifested in, but not derived from, Experience.

<sup>2</sup> **Herr Oken.** Lorenz Oken (1779-1851), author of works on Philosophy and Natural History, was Professor in Jena from 1807 to 1827.

<sup>3</sup> **Isis, oder encyclopädische Zeitung von Oken** (1817, et seq., Jena und Leipzig).

<sup>4</sup> **Gukguk** is unhappily only an academical—beer. [Note by T. C.] Mentioned in Jean Paul's *Quintus Fixlein*.

<sup>5</sup> **Tobacco-pipe.** Carlyle, through his London life, smoked chiefly "York River" tobacco.

<sup>6</sup> **Zur Grünen Gans.** "At (the sign of) the Green (i.e. young) Goose." This passage refers to the meetings of a Schelling Club in Germany, which John Carlyle had described to his brother.

<sup>7</sup> **Teufels Namen.** Fischer corrects: "des Teufels."

<sup>8</sup> **Loud acclaim.** Note the Miltonic phrases: "Breaking the *horrid silence*" (*Paradise Lost*, i. 83), and "With deafening shout returned *them* loud acclaim," etc. (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 520).

resuming their pipes ; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke ; triumphant, cloud capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass- und Galgen-vogel*,<sup>1</sup> said several ; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt doch der Schalk ?*<sup>2</sup> added they, looking round : but Teufelsdröckh had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee ? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face<sup>3</sup> we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half-fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning-top ? Thy little figure, there as, in loose ill-brushed threadbare habiliments, thou satest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to 'think and smoke tobacco,'<sup>4</sup> held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee ; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another ; thou hadst *in petto*<sup>5</sup> thy remarkable

<sup>1</sup> *Bleibt doch . . . Galgen-vogel.* "This jester will yet have a bad end." Fischer corrects : "Es bleibt."

<sup>2</sup> *Wo steckt . . . Schalk ?* "Where has the rogue got to ?"

<sup>3</sup> *The gravest face, etc.* A delineation, in part, of Carlyle himself, but not in all respects. Carlyle was close on six feet in height.

<sup>4</sup> 'Think and smoke tobacco.'

"This Indian weed, now withered quite,  
Though green at noon, cut down at night,  
Shows thy decay ;  
All flesh is hay ;  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco."

From an old song of five verses, to which Ralph Erskine (1685-1752) added other five.

<sup>5</sup> *In petto* (Ital.). "In the breast," i.e. in reserve ; especially used of Cardinals selected but not formally created.

Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine; still more, in thy meek, silent, deep-seated Sansculottism,<sup>1</sup> combined with a true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it, the warp of thy remarkable Volume lay on the loom; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting-in the woof!

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data, in this case, may be a curious question; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes, no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered; not so much as a false one. He was a stranger there, wasted thither by what is called the course of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birthplace, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy: besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek,<sup>2</sup> without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.<sup>3</sup>

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a

<sup>1</sup> Sansculottism. *Vide* p. 100, note.

<sup>2</sup> Melchizedek. Heb. vii. 1-3; *cf.* p. 128.

<sup>3</sup> Wandering Jew. The thirteenth century legend of Ahasuerus, poetically treated by Schlegel, Goethe, and others.

Man as a Thing ; which Thing doubtless they were accustomed to see, and with satisfaction ; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*,<sup>1</sup> or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome ; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere ; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable ; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins : That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure ; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, 'Professor of Things in General,' he had never delivered any Course ; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University,<sup>2</sup> imagined they had done enough, if 'in times like ours,' as the half-official Program expressed it, 'when all things are, rapidly or slowly, resolving themselves into Chaos, a Professorship of this kind had been established ; whereby, as occasion called, the task of bodying somewhat forth again from such Chaos might be, even slightly, facilitated.' That actual Lectures should be

<sup>1</sup> **Allgemeine Zeitung**, the *Universal Gazette* : a paper published at Augsburg, Stuttgart, and Tübingen, from 1798 onwards.

<sup>2</sup> **New University.** Towards the end of 1827, Carlyle sought appointment ("Aesthetical Professorship" : the nature of the Chair was not yet defined) in the new University College, Gower Street, London. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Chalmers was giving up his Professorship of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, and Carlyle applied for the vacant Chair. In this unsuccessful candidature he was recommended by letters from Goethe (whose letter, however, arrived too late), Jeffrey, Brewster, Irving, Leslie, Buller, Wilson, and Procter—"the highest Names."

held, and Public Classes for the 'Science of Things in General,' they doubtless considered premature; on which ground too they had only established the Professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, 'recommended by the highest Names,' had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship: how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*); how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Reconstruction; and Germany and Weissnichtwo were where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University; so able to lecture, should occasion call; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days;<sup>1</sup> and, long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity, on the part of a Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for 'Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grüne Gans*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him, felt little of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk,<sup>2</sup> he sat reading Journals; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible emploment: always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there; more especially when he opened his lips for speech; on which occasions the whole Coffee-house would hush itself into silence, as if sure to hear something

<sup>1</sup> Nine Days.

"That would be ten days' wonder at the least.  
That's a day longer than a wonder lasts."

*III. Henry VI.* III. ii. 114.

<sup>2</sup> Gukguk. *Vide* p. 58, *note*.

noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances ; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience : and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy ; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations ; indeed, maintains the same earnest assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision ! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse ;<sup>1</sup> and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts* :<sup>2</sup> the sitting-room itself commanded three ; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (bed-room) at the opposite end ; to say nothing of the kitchen, which offered two, as it were, *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh ; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City ; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

“I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive,” have

<sup>1</sup> **Wahngasse.** “Illusion-Lane”; cf. “Horn-gate,” p. 309. Perhaps reminiscent of the view of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. The original *Wahngasse* and *Grüne Gans* were places in Munich which Carlyle's brother John had described to him. •(Norton.)

<sup>2</sup> **Airts.** Regions, directions. “Of a' the airts the wind can blaw” (Burns).

we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness<sup>1</sup> is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all ; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather : there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls-in the country Baron and his household ; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms : a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going ? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin :* From Eternity, onwards to Eternity ! These are Apparitions : what else ? Are they not Souls rendered visible : in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air ? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense ; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen<sup>2</sup> yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of Today, without a Yesterday or a Tomorrow ; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa<sup>3</sup> overran thy Island ? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being : watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"*Ach, mein Lieber !*"<sup>4</sup> said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest

<sup>1</sup> **Serene Highness.** (German) *Durchlaucht* ; title of a prince of a petty German State.

<sup>2</sup> **Red and yellow Clothes-screen.** Red and buff coated soldier.

<sup>3</sup> **Hengst and Horsa.** The mythical leaders of the Germanic invasion of Britain in the fifth century.

<sup>4</sup> "*Ach, mein Lieber !*" "*Ah, my dear Sir !*"

talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks *Boötes* of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs<sup>1</sup> over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat<sup>2</sup> lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds,<sup>3</sup> or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders:<sup>4</sup> the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are

<sup>1</sup> *Boötes* . . . his Hunting-Dogs. The constellations *Boötes* and *Canes Venatici*. Zenith=the point in the heavens directly above the spectator.

<sup>2</sup> Fermenting-vat. (German) *Gährbottich*; a metaphor of Jean Paul's.

<sup>3</sup> Truckle-beds. Small beds that may be put under another bed.

"His standing-bed and truckle-bed" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. v. 7).

<sup>4</sup> Borders. Gretna Green lies ten miles south from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace; couples formerly fled thither from the South, to avoid the stricter English Marriage Law.

full of light and music and high-swelling hearts ; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look-out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow : comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*?<sup>1</sup>—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers<sup>2</sup> lie round us, in horizontal positions ; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolsiest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame ; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.— All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them ;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel ;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above the others*: such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane !—But I, *mein Werther*,<sup>3</sup> sit above it all ; I am alone with the Stars.”<sup>4</sup>

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts,<sup>5</sup> no feeling might be traced there ; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor's talking seasons : most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent and smoked ; while the visitor had liberty either to say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt ; or to look round for a space, and then

<sup>1</sup> *Rabenstein*. Here *Gallows*, as in Goethe's *Faust*, part i. scene xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> *Two-legged animals without feathers*. “To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son” (Dryden, *Absal. and Achit.* i. 170). The expression is attributed to Plato by Diogenes Laertius.

<sup>3</sup> *Mein Werther*. “My good friend.”

<sup>4</sup> *Alone with the Stars*. “Not even Heinrich Heine has employed antithesis with more effect” (Nichol) ; cf. p. 195.

<sup>5</sup> *Night-thoughts*. Edward Young's poem, *Night Thoughts* (1742-43).

take himself away. It was a strange apartment;<sup>1</sup> full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, 'united in a common element of dust.'<sup>2</sup> Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Lieschen (Lisekin, 'Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh; only some once in the month she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbeben* (earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence;<sup>3</sup> nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising forever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors: but Lieschen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsay'd. We can still remember the ancient woman; so silent that some thought her dumb; deaf also you would often have supposed her; for Teufelsdröckh, and Teufelsdröckh only, would she serve or give heed to; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear; yet all was tight and right there: hot and black came the coffee ever at the due

<sup>1</sup> **Apartment.** Probably the study at Craigenputtock, with the "one servant this winter [1830-31], Betty"; cf. the *sanctum* in Scott's *Antiquary*.

<sup>2</sup> 'United in a common element of dust.' So Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 47.

<sup>3</sup> **Pestilence.** Cholera, long dreaded, began its ravages in England in 1831.

moment ; and the speechless Lieschen herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets,<sup>1</sup> through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither : the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was the Hofrath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, crane-necked, clean-brushed, pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, 'they never appear without their umbrella.' Had we not known with what 'little wisdom' the world is governed ;<sup>2</sup> and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety-and-nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes,—it might have seemed wonderful how Herr Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissnichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give ; in whose loose, zigzag figure ; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation,—you traced rather confusion worse confounded ; at most, Timidity and physical Cold ? Some indeed said withal, he was 'the very Spirit of Love embodied' : blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness ; purse ever open, and so forth ; the whole of which, we shall now hope, for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless friend Teufelsdröckh's outline, who indeed handled the burin<sup>3</sup> like few in these cases, was probably the best : *Er hat Gemüth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-Gunst ; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet,*

<sup>1</sup> **Coif with its lappets.** Cap with loose flaps.

<sup>2</sup> 'Little wisdom,' . . . governed. "An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia regitur orbis?" A saying employed by Oxenstiern, the Swedish Chancellor, in 1641.

<sup>3</sup> **Burin.** An engraver's tool.

*halb-erstarrt*, "He has heart and talent, at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed."—What the Hofrath shall think of this when he sees it, readers may wonder: we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell<sup>1</sup> for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as some half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke's also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost: and then, at every pause in the harangue, he gurgled-out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh<sup>2</sup> (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging nasal, *Bravo! Das glaub' ich*;<sup>2</sup> in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama,<sup>3</sup> of which, except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like indifference, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin,<sup>4</sup> to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, physical, did

<sup>1</sup> **Boswell, James** (1740-95), the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

<sup>2</sup> **Das glaub' ich.** "I believe that."

<sup>3</sup> **Dalai-Lama.** The chief of the two popes of Lamaism, in Tibet.

<sup>4</sup> **Talapoin.** Priest or monk in Siam.

Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched-up in his high Wahngasse<sup>1</sup> watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear,<sup>2</sup> it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness ; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars : of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at ; of his wide surtout ; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest ; so that an enlightened curiosity, leaving Kings and suchlike to rest very much on their own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class : nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting, Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him, till once the Documents arrive ? His Life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence, are as yet hidden from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But, on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's<sup>3</sup> did in the buried Bag of Doubloons ? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions, namely, on the 'Origin and Influence of Clothes,' we for the present gladly return.

<sup>1</sup> Wahngasse, p. 63, note.

<sup>2</sup> Outwatching the Bear.

"Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear."

MILTON, *Il Pen.* 85.

The constellation *Ursa Major*, commonly called "The Plough," which (as Masson notes) never sets ; hence, until daylight.

<sup>3</sup> Pedro Garcia's. A stone, placed over Pedro Garcia's buried gold, bore the inscription : "Here lies interred, the soul of Pedro Garcia" (*vide* "Preface to the Reader" in *GiI Blas*). Doubloon, a Spanish gold coin.

## CHAPTER IV

## CHARACTERISTICS

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us ; that it is not, like all works of genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published creation, or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence,—a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesying of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*,<sup>1</sup> we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book ; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought ; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More especially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest ; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold ineptitude ; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little, or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks-out with a strange plainness ; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff,

<sup>1</sup> **Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger.** *The Kennaquhair Advertiser.*

neither is any Drawing room a 'Temple, were it never so be gilt and overhung : 'a whole immensity of Brussels carpets, and pier-glasses, and or-molu,' as he himself expresses it, 'cannot hide from me that such Drawing-room is simply a section of Infinite Space, where so many God-created Souls do for the time meet together.' To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable ; but nowise for her pearl bracelets and Malines<sup>1</sup> laces : in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter<sup>2</sup> in a Clown's smock ; 'each is an implement,' he says, 'in its kind ; a tag for *hooking-together* ; and, for the rest, was dug from the earth, and hammered on a stithy before smith's fingers.' Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom ; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these short-comings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise : if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies,<sup>3</sup> and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit ; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work : nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that 'within the most starched cravat there passes a windpipe and weasand, and under the thickliest embroidered waistcoat beats a heart,'—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through ? In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist<sup>4</sup> living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscious,

<sup>1</sup> Malines, a town near Antwerp, famous for its lace industry.

<sup>2</sup> Spelter. Zinc.

<sup>3</sup> Transcendental Philosophies, p. 58, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> Baptist. Matt. iii. 4.

strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion ; shears down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter ; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it.—On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest commonplaces, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanchoniathon*<sup>1</sup> to *Dr. Lingard*,<sup>2</sup> from your Oriental *Shasters*,<sup>3</sup> and *Talmud*,<sup>4</sup> and *Korans*,<sup>5</sup> with Cassini's *Siamese Tables*,<sup>6</sup> and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*,<sup>7</sup> down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him,—we shall say nothing : for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life<sup>\*</sup> to learning, shall he not be learned ?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, in

<sup>1</sup> **Sanchoniathon.** A supposed Phoenician writer, whose works Philo Byblius translated in the second century A.D. ; and Orelli published fragments of them in 1826. Sanchoniathon is quoted in *Tristram Shandy*, vol. v. chap. xxviii.

<sup>2</sup> **Dr. Lingard, John** (1771-1851), author of a Roman Catholic *History of England*.

<sup>3</sup> **Shaster.** A sacred book of the Hindus.

<sup>4</sup> **Talmud.** *Learning* : a codification of Jewish Law, fourth century, A.D.

<sup>5</sup> **Koran.** The sacred *Reading*, or *Bible*, of the Mahometans.

<sup>6</sup> **Cassini's Siamese Tables.** G. D. Cassini (1625-1712), examined and explained the "Règles de l'Astronomie Siamoise pour calculer les mouvements du Soleil et de la Lune," which M. Simon de la Loubière, Ambassador of Louis XIV. to Siam, had translated from Siamese.

<sup>7</sup> **Laplace's Mécanique Céleste**, p. 296, note.

equality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration ; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed Minervas,<sup>1</sup> issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head ; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns ; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages ; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene ! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs ; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tagrag hanging from them ; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator ; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends ; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum ; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity ; he could clasp the whole

<sup>1</sup> **Minerva**, the Greek Goddess of Wisdom and War, was fabled to have sprung, fully armed, from the head of Jupiter.

Universe<sup>1</sup> into his bosom, and keep it warm ; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine ; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after ; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles,<sup>2</sup> to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen : yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors ; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano ;<sup>3</sup> into whose black deeps you fear to gaze : those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire !

Certainly a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdiöckh ! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him *laugh* ; once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life ; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers !<sup>4</sup> It was of Jean Paul's<sup>5</sup> doing : some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom<sup>6</sup> of Humour, with its heaven-kissing<sup>7</sup> coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of death ! The large bodied

<sup>1</sup> **Clasp the whole Universe.** So Jean Paul, *Siebenkäfer*, bk. iii. ch. ix.

<sup>2</sup> **Mephistopheles.** The devil, or "the Spirit of Evil in modern society" : a character in Goethe's *Faust* ; cf. *Essays*, i. 135.

<sup>3</sup> **Crater of an extinct volcano.** So Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 64.

<sup>4</sup> **Seven Sleepers.** Seven Christians of Ephesus were said to have escaped the persecutions of the third and fourth centuries by lying asleep in a cave for a period of nearly 200 years.

<sup>5</sup> **Jean Paul's.** Jean Paul F. Richter (1763-1825), the German author.

<sup>6</sup> **World-Mahlstrom.** The great whirlpool near the Lofoten Isles, off the coast of Norway.

<sup>7</sup> **Heaven-kissing.** "A heaven-kissing hill" (*Hamlet*, iii. iv. 59).

Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneous together, the present Editor being privileged to listen ; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable 'Extra-harangues' ; and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King*:<sup>1</sup> gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light ; through those murky features, a radiant, ever-young Apollo<sup>2</sup> looked ; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's,<sup>3</sup>—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable ; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right : however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness ; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame ; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this ; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter : the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man ! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper ; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice : the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards ; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool : of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;<sup>4</sup> but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

<sup>1</sup> **Cast-metal King.** (?) Jean Paul's "Extra-Word" on Appointment-brokers, in which he humorously proposes that Sovereigns who sell titular Offices should also sell the Virtues required for these Offices, e.g. Sincerity, Public-spirit, etc. ! (*Translations*, ii. 127).

<sup>2</sup> **Apollo.** This description is a reminiscence of the laugh of old Walter Welsh. *Reminiscences* (Norton), vol. i. p. 153 ; cf. Boswell's description of Samuel Johnson's famous laugh, quoted in *Essays*, iv. 116.

<sup>3</sup> **Tattersall's.** The London horse mart.

<sup>4</sup> **Fit for treasons, . . . spoils.** *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 85.

Considered as an Author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst: an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces, through the Narrative portions, a certain show of outward method; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and subdivisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative: but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many sections are of a debatable rubric, or even quite nondescript and unnameable; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge ureen or trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

## CHAPTER V

## THE WORLD IN CLOTHES

As Montesquieu<sup>1</sup> wrote a *Spirit of Laws*, observes our Professor, 'so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes*; thus, with in *Esprit des Lois*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes*, we should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. For neither in inoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere

<sup>1</sup> **Montesquieu** (1689-1755), French author and philosopher, whose *Esprit des Lois* appeared in 1748. "Embracing the various . . . systems of law, as they regard commerce, religion, or civil rights, in every country, . . . he endeavours . . . to derive the intention of each legislator, or at least the utility of his law, from some circumstances in the natural or political situation of those to whom it is addressed" (Carlyle in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*).

Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. In all his Modes, and habilitatory endeavours, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded mantles, based on light sandals; tower-up in high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles; swell-out in starched ruffs, buckram stuffings, and monstrous tuberosities; or girth himself into separate sections, and front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea: whether Grecian, Gothic, Later Gothic, or altogether Modern, and Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal. Again, what meaning lies in Colour! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of Colour: if the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Colour<sup>1</sup> betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect: every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

‘For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect Philosophy<sup>2</sup> of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a comfortable winter-evening entertainment: nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me uninstructive enough. Nay, what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven?—Let any Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I wear such and such a Garment, obey such and such a Law; but even why I am *here*, to wear and obey anything!—Much, therefore, if not the whole, of that same *Spirit of Clothes* I shall suppress, as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even impertinent:

<sup>1</sup> Cut . . . Colour. Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> Cause-and-Effect Philosophy. An allusion to Hume's philosophy.

naked Facts, and Deductions drawn therefrom in quite another than that omniscient style, are my humbler and proper province.'

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take-in a well-nigh boundless extent of field ; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance-over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness : at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library*<sup>1</sup> of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, 'at present the glory of British Literature'? If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with 'Lilis, •Adam's first wife, whom, according to the Talmudists,<sup>2</sup> he had before Eve, and who bore him, in that wedlock, the whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and terrestrial Devils,' —very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*,<sup>3</sup> or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation, with the *Nifl* and *Muspel*,<sup>4</sup> (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say, that its correctness

<sup>1</sup> *Library*, p. 54, note.

<sup>2</sup> *Talmudists*, p. 73, note. The quotation is from Burton's *Anat. of Melan.* part i. sect. ii. memb. i. subsect. ii.

<sup>3</sup> *Adam-Kadmon* (Heb.), *the first man*; a Cabalistic term.

<sup>4</sup> *Nifl* and *Muspel*. In Scandinavian mythology *Niflheim*, *mist-home*, or the northern region of night, is opposed to *Muspelheim*, *bright-home*, the southern region of light and warmth.

of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But, quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habilable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic,<sup>1</sup> Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean,<sup>2</sup> Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*<sup>3</sup>) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung,<sup>4</sup> which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum<sup>5</sup> belts; phylacteries,<sup>6</sup> stoles, albs;<sup>7</sup> chlamydes,<sup>8</sup> togas,<sup>9</sup> Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs<sup>10</sup> (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata*<sup>11</sup> indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets,<sup>12</sup> ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us,—

<sup>1</sup> **Pelasgic.** The name Pelasgi is generally applied to the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece and Southern Europe.

<sup>2</sup> **Otaheitean.** Tahiti, one of the Society Isles in the South Pacific.

<sup>3</sup> **Orbis Pictus.** Amos Comenius, a Moravian scholar and educational reformer, published at Nuremberg in 1658 an *illustrated* school-book with this title, that students of Latin and others might readily learn to connect the names with the objects. Jean Paul frequently mentions it, and Goethe used it in his youth.

<sup>4</sup> **King Nibelung.** The hero of a German Epic of the Middle Ages (*Essays*, iii. 125).

<sup>5</sup> **Wampum.** Small shells used as beads.

<sup>6</sup> **Phylacteries.** Texts in a small case worn as a charm (Matt. xxiii. 5).

<sup>7</sup> **Stoles, albs.** Ecclesiastical vestments.

<sup>8</sup> **Chlamydes.** Short cloaks used by the Greek soldiers.

<sup>9</sup> **Togas.** Loose outer garments of Roman citizens in time of peace.

<sup>10</sup> **Philibegs.** Kilts.

<sup>11</sup> **Gallia Braccata.** *Breeches-wearing Gaul*: the name given by the toga-wearing Romans to Trans-Alpine Gaul (the French *Narbonensis*), the people of which wore breeches.

<sup>12</sup> **Vandyke tippets.** Shoulder capes as seen in the pictures by Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641).

even the Kilmarnock<sup>1</sup> nightcap is not forgotten. For most part, too, we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled-down quite pell-mell, is true concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. 'Miserable indeed,' says he, 'was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild-fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defence might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves, in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries.'

'Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene Highness; nay thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rose-bloom Maiden,<sup>2</sup> worthy to glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence,

<sup>1</sup> **Kilmarnock**, Ayrshire, was celebrated for its manufacture of night-caps.

<sup>2</sup> **Snow-and-rose-bloom**. Like the Spring (said Jean Paul), which begins with snowdrops, and ends with roses and pinks.

which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint hurling Aboriginal *Anthropophagus*!<sup>1</sup> Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness.<sup>2</sup> What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-genesis and self-perfected vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed today (says one<sup>3</sup>), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove<sup>4</sup> (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!<sup>5</sup>) after a thousand years.

‘He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by device of *Movable Types*<sup>6</sup> was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world:<sup>7</sup> he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz’s<sup>8</sup> pestle through the ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the

<sup>1</sup> **Anthropophagus.** A man-eating savage. *Othello*, I. iii. 141; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. v. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Out of the eater, etc. *Judges* xiv. 14.

<sup>3</sup> Says one. (?) *Matt.* xiii. 31; *Eccles.* xi. 1.

<sup>4</sup> **Banyan-grove.** An Indian fig-tree. “The first seed is the essential thing: any branch strikes itself down into the earth, becomes a new root; and so, in endless complexity, we have a whole wood, a whole jungle, one seed the parent of it all” (*On Heroes*, p. 30). *I’de Milton, Paradise Lost*, ix. 1102 ff.

<sup>5</sup> **Hemlock-forest.** *i.e.* a jungle of hemlock, a plant from which a poison (*conia*) may be extracted. Socrates was poisoned with it. *Hosea* x. 4.

<sup>6</sup> **Movable Types.** Johannes Faust, a wealthy goldsmith of Mentz, entered into partnership with Gutenberg in 1450; the latter had twelve years previously adopted movable metal types for printing.

<sup>7</sup> **Democratic world, etc.** *On Heroes*, p. 152.

<sup>8</sup> **Monk Schwartz.** Gunpowder was known in India and China in early times. Roger Bacon described its composition in 1216. Schwartz’s discovery of the process of granulating in 1320 first rendered it practically efficient.

country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*) ; put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money.<sup>1</sup> Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled : for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts ;<sup>2</sup> and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men ; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishest love of Ornament, what have they not become ! Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed : but what of these ? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthiopophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes ; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity ; Clothes have made Men of us ; they are threatening to make Clothes screens of us.

‘But, on the whole,’ continues our eloquent Professor, ‘Man is a Tool-using Animal<sup>3</sup> (*Handthierendes Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough ; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds !<sup>4</sup> Three quintals<sup>5</sup> are a crushing load for him ; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools : with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him ; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste ; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere

<sup>1</sup> *Pecunia, Money.* So Jean Paul in *Quintus Fixlein*.

<sup>2</sup> *Rothschilds and English National Debts.* Examples of immense sums of money. The English National Debt is over £600,000,000.

<sup>3</sup> *Man is a Tool-using Animal.* A note in Boswell’s *Journal of a Tour*, 15th August, is the probable source of these various definitions of Man.

<sup>4</sup> *Feeblest of bipeds !* Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 321 ; Pascal’s *Thoughts* (Taylor’s), I. vi. ; R. L. Stevenson’s *Pulvis et Umbra*.

<sup>5</sup> *Quintals.* Hundredweights.

do you find him without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all.'

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark, that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar<sup>1</sup> be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude<sup>2</sup> prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt,<sup>3</sup> lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

'Man is a Tool-using Animal,' concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way; 'of which truth Clothes are but one example: and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden Dibble<sup>4</sup> fashioned by man, and those Liverpool Steam-carriages,<sup>5</sup> or the British House of Commons,

<sup>1</sup> **Tartar.** *Vide* Grey's Butler's *Hubibras*, I. ii. 275, note.

<sup>2</sup> **Monsieur Ude.** Louis E. Ude, chief cook to the Earl of Sefton, and author of *La Science de Gueule*; an English version of which reached its tenth edition in 1829.

<sup>3</sup> **Humboldt, Alexander von** (1769-1859), a German naturalist who explored a large tract of South America.

<sup>4</sup> **Dibble.** A short pointed stick used for planting seeds or potatoes. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 100.

<sup>5</sup> **Liverpool Steam-carriages.** In 1829, George Stephenson's engine, "Rocket," gained the £500 prize offered by the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The "Rocket" afterwards travelled thirty-five miles an hour.

we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour*; and they do it: he collects, apparently by lot, six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us*; and they do it.'

## CHAPTER VI

## APRONS

ONE of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that on *Aprons*. What though stout old Gao,<sup>1</sup> the Persian Blacksmith, 'whose Apron, now indeed hidden under jewels, because raised in revolt which proved successful, is still the royal standard of that country'; what though John Knox's Daughter,<sup>2</sup> 'who threatened Sovereign Majesty that she would catch her husband's head in her Apron, rather than he should lie and be a bishop'; what though the Landgravine Elizabeth,<sup>3</sup> with many other Apron worthies, — figure here? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following?

<sup>1</sup> **Gao.** Kaweh, or Kawah, the Persian blacksmith (whose sons were slain to feed the serpents of the monarch Zohák) placed his leathern apron on a spear, and with that as standard raised a revolt. Feridoon then got the throne and made Kaweh's apron the royal standard, which it continued to be until the Mohammedan conquest. *Vide* "Persia," in *The Story of the Nations*.

<sup>2</sup> **John Knox's Daughter.** Elizabeth Knox married John Welch, minister of Ayr. After her husband's banishment, she obtained access to King James and petitioned for her husband's return to Scotland. The King offered to permit it, if Welch wuld submit to the established government of the Church by Bishops. Mrs. Welch then, holding out her apron, said: "Please your Majesty, I'd rather kep his head there" (*vide* M'Crie's *Life of Knox*). Mrs. Carlyle (*née* J. B. Welsh) claimed descent from John Welch and Elizabeth Knox.

<sup>3</sup> **Landgravine Elizabeth.** Saint Elizabeth of Hungary (1207-31), who, when her husband forbade her to feed the poor, concealed bread for them in her apron.

‘Aprons are Defences; against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the emblem and beatified ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred housewife, sitting at Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes,<sup>1</sup> has gracefully fastened on; to the thick-tanned hide, girt round him with thongs, wherein the Builder builds, and at evening sticks his trowel; or to those jingling sheet-iron Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked Vulcans hammer and smelt in their smelt-furnace,—is there not range enough in the fashion and uses of this Vestment? How much has been concealed, how much has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightly considered, what is your whole Military and Police Establishment, charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works (uneasily enough); guarding itself from some soil and stithy-sparks, in this Devil’s-smithy (*Teufels-schmiede*) of a world? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me hitherto has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein consists the usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer (*Episcopus*) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the corner of it, as if his day’s work were done: what does he shadow forth thereby?’ &c. &c.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote?

‘I consider those printed Paper Aprons,<sup>2</sup> worn by the Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight one, for Typography; therefore as an encouragement to modern Literature, and deserving of approval: nor is it without satisfaction that I hear of a celebrated London Firm having in view to introduce the same fashion, with important extensions, in England.’—We who are on the spot hear of no such thing; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature,

**Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes.** Nürnberg in Germany was famed for its “Dutch toys” and wood carvings, watches (“Nürnberg eggs”), etc. Jean Paul uses the expression “Nürnberg toy.”

<sup>2</sup> **Paper Aprons.** Vide *Translations*, ii. 123 (*Quintus Fivlein*).

exuberant as it is.—Teufelsdröckh continues: ‘If such supply of printed Paper should rise so far as to choke-up the highways and public thoroughfares, new means must of necessity be had recourse to. In a world existing by Industry, we grudge to employ fire as a destroying element, and not as a creating one. However, Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. In the mean while, is it not beautiful to see five-million quintals of Rags picked annually from the Laystall: and annually, after being macerated, hot-pressed, printed-on, and sold,—returned thither; filling so many hungry mouths by the way? Thus is the Laystall, especially with its Rags or Clothes-rubbish, the grand Electric Battery, and Fountain-of-motion, from which and to which the Social Activities (like vitreous and resinous Electricities) circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through the mighty, billowy, storm-tost Chaos of Life, which they keep alive!’—Such passages fill us, who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this: ‘The Journalists are now the true Kings<sup>1</sup> and Clergy: henceforth Historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs;<sup>2</sup> but of Stamped Broad-sheet Dynasties, and quite new successive Names, according as this or the other Able Editor, or Combination of Able Editors, gains the world’s ear. Of the British Newspaper Press, perhaps the most important of all, and wonderful enough in its secret constitution and procedure, a valuable descriptive History already exists, in that language, under the title of *Satan’s Invisible World Displayed*;<sup>3</sup> which, however, by search in all the Weissnichtwo Libraries, I

<sup>1</sup> Journalists . . . true Kings. Cf. p. 291; *On Heroes*, p. 152.

<sup>2</sup> Bourbon . . . Tudors and Hapsburgs. French, English, and Austrian Dynasties.

<sup>3</sup> *Satan’s Invisible World Displayed*. *Satan’s Invisible World Discovered; or, A Choice Collection of Modern Relations, proving evidently against the Saducees and Atheists of this present Age, that there are Devils, Spirits, Witches, and Apparitions, from Authentick Records, . . . By Mr. George Sinclair, late Professor of Philosophy in the Colledge of Glasgow (Edinburgh, 1685. Reprinted 1871.)*

have not yet succeeded in procuring (*vermöchte nicht aufzutreiben*).<sup>1</sup>

Thus does the good Homer not only nod,<sup>1</sup> but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Brittische Journalistik*; and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in Modern Literature!

## CHAPTER VII

### MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL

HAPPIER is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century; the true era of extravagance in Costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers<sup>2</sup> or a Callot,<sup>3</sup> succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and everyway interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown-out as a pertinent question for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr. Merrick's<sup>4</sup> valuable Work *On Ancient Armour*? Take, by way of example, the following sketch;

<sup>1</sup> **Good Homer . . . nod.** "Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus" (Horace, *De Arte Poet.* 359). Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, i.

<sup>2</sup> **Teniers, David** (1582-1649), and his son (1610-90) were famous Flemish artists.

<sup>3</sup> **Callot, Jacques** (1593-1635), French etcher and engraver.

<sup>4</sup> **Merrick.** Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick: *A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour as it existed in Europe, but particularly in England, from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of King Charles II.* Published London, 1824.

as authority for which Paulinus's<sup>1</sup> *Zeitkürzende Lust* (ii. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to :

‘Did we behold the German fashionable dress of the Fifteenth Century, we might smile ; as perhaps those bygone Germans, were they to rise again, and see our haberdashery, would cross themselves, and invoke the Virgin. But happily no bygone German, or man, rises again ; thus the Present is not needlessly trammelled with the Past ; and only grows out of it, like a Tree, whose roots are not intertangled with its branches, but lie peaceably underground. Nay it is very mournful, yet not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest and Dearest, in a short while, would find his place quite filled-up here, and no room for him ; the very Napoleon,<sup>2</sup> the very Byron,<sup>3</sup> in some seven years, has become obsolete, and were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of Progress secured ; and in Clothes, as in all other external things whatsoever, no fashion will continue.

‘Of the military classes in those old times, whose buff-belts, complicated chains and gorgets,<sup>4</sup> huge churn-boots,<sup>5</sup> and other riding and fighting gear have been repainted in modern Romance, till the whole has acquired somewhat of a sign-post character,—I shall here say nothing : the civil and pacific classes, less touched upon, are wonderful enough for us.

‘Rich men, I find, have *Teu sinke*<sup>6</sup> (a perhaps untranslateable article) ; ‘also a silver girdle, wherat hang little bells ; so that when a man walks, it is with continual jingling. Some few, of musical turn, have a whole chime

<sup>1</sup> **Paulinus.** Christian Franz Paulinus, author of *Zeit-Kurzende erbauliche Lust*, etc., Frankfurt am Main, 1695-1725. Carlyle had probably read a slightly altered version of the passage in a German publication. The original occurs in chap. xxviii. of the *Zeit-Kurzende Lust*, entitled : “ Historie der wohlgelegenen und (weiland) berühmten Fürstlichen Sächsischen Stadt Kreutzburg.”

<sup>2</sup> **Napoleon.** Died 1821.

<sup>3</sup> **Byron.** Died 1824.

<sup>4</sup> **Gorgets.** Metal neck-pieces

<sup>5</sup> **Churn-boots.** A large boot, in shape like an upright churn.

<sup>6</sup> **Teu sinke.** *Teu sinke*=silver girdle, in the original.

of bells (*Glockenspiel*) fastened there ; which, especially in sudden whirls, and the other accidents of walking, has a grateful effect. Observe too how fond they are of peaks, and Gothic-arch intersections. The male world wears peaked caps, an ell long, which hang bobbing over the side (*schief*) : their shoes are peaked in front, also to the length of an ell, and laced on the side with tags ; even the wooden shoes have their ell-long noses : some also clap bells on the peak. Further, according to my authority, the men have breeches without seat (*ohne Gesäss*) : these they fasten peakwise to their shirts ; and the long round doublet must overlap them.

'Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns scolloped out behind and before, so that back and breast are almost bare. Wives of quality, on the other hand, have train-gowns four or five ells in length ; which trains there are boys to carry. Brave Cleopatras,<sup>1</sup> sailing in their silk-cloth Galley, with a Cupid for steersman ! Consider their welts, a handbreadth thick, which waver round them by way of hem ; the long flood of silver buttons, or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, wherewith these same welt-gowns are buttoned. The maidens have bound silver snoods about their hair, with gold spangles, and pendent flames (*Flammen*), that is, sparkling hair-drops : but of their mother's headgear who shall speak ? Neither in love of grace is comfort forgotten. In winter weather you behold the whole fair creation (that can afford it) in long mantles, with skirts wide below, and, for hem, not one but two sufficient hand-broad welts ; all ending atop in a thick well-starched Ruff, some twenty inches broad : these are their Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

'As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats are not ; but the men have doublets of fustian, under which lie multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter (*mit Teig zusammengekleistert*), which create protuberance enough.

<sup>1</sup> **Cleopatra.** In B.C. 41, *Antony* summoned Cleopatra to him at Tarsus, in Cilicia. Her appearance is described by Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. ; Dryden, *All for Love*, III. i.

Thus do the two sexes vie with each other in the art of Decoration ; and as usual the stronger carries it.'

Our Professor, whether he have humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicated of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes, or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so many, escape him : more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh's fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth's feet, appears to provoke little enthusiasm in him ; he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen 'was red-painted on the nose, and white-painted on the cheeks, as her trewomen, when from spleen and wrinkles she would no longer look in any glass, were wont to serve her ?' We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen-out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran,—our Professor fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier,<sup>1</sup> who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust : and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection :

' By what strange chances do we live in History ? Erostratus<sup>2</sup> by a torch ; Milo<sup>3</sup> by a bullock ; Henry

<sup>1</sup> **Luckless Courtier.** [Who?] A similar story is related in Bulwer's *Artificall Changling* (1653).

<sup>2</sup> **Erostratus**, or Herostratus, set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus in 356 B.C.

<sup>3</sup> **Milo**, an athlete, born at Croton in the sixth century B.C., is said to have carried a bullock on his shoulders.

Darnley,<sup>1</sup> an unsledged booby and bustard, by his limbs, most Kings and Queens by being born under such and such a bed-tester;<sup>2</sup> Boileau Despréaux<sup>3</sup> (according to Helvetius) by the peck of a turkey; and this ill-starred individual by a rent in his breeches,—for no Memoirist of Kaiser Otto's Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of Themistocles for a talent of Forgetting: my Friends, yield cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is written.'—Has Teufelsdröckh to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest?

'The simplest costume,' observes our Professor, 'which I anywhere find alluded to in History, is that used as regimental, by Bolivar's<sup>4</sup> Cavalry, in the late Columbian wars. A square Blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, is provided (some were wont to cut-off the corners, and make it circular): in the centre a slit is effected eighteen inches long; through this the mother-naked Trooper introduces his head and neck; and so rides shielded from all weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he rolls it about his left arm); and not only dressed, but harnessed and draperied.'

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.

<sup>1</sup> **Henry Darnley.** Carlyle had been reading of Darnley in Scott's *History of Scotland*.

<sup>2</sup> **Bed-tester.** The head, or canopy, of a bed.

<sup>3</sup> **Boileau Despréaux, Nicolas** (1636-1711), French poet and author of *L'Art Poétique*. Helvetius (*vide p. 135, note*) attributes the distinctive coldness (*la dîssette de sentiment*) of Boileau's writings to injury received in childhood from an enraged turkey-cock.

<sup>4</sup> **Bolívar, Simón** (1783-1830), overthrew the Spanish supremacy in South America. His army "often consisted of destitute adventurers . . . naked negroes and cavalry of half-savage Llaneros." The Blanket, as Fischer says, is the Spanish *poncho*, *vide Essays*, vii. 2. "Columbian" should be "Colombian."

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES

IF in the Descriptive-Historical portion of this Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical portion, which treats of their *Wirken*, or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences: an untried, almost inconceivable region, or chaos; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes.' He says in so many words, 'Society is founded upon Cloth'; and again, 'Society sails through the Infinitude on Cloth, as on a Faust's Mantle,<sup>1</sup> or rather like the Sheet of clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's Dream;<sup>2</sup> and without such Sheet or Mantle, would sink to endless depths, or mount to inane limboes,<sup>3</sup> and in either case be no more.'

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of Meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it

<sup>1</sup> **Faust's Mantle.** "Wir breiten nur den Mantel aus," etc. (Goethe's *Faust*, part i. scene iv.)

<sup>2</sup> **Apostle's Dream.** Acts x. 11.

<sup>3</sup> **Inane limboes.** From the thirteenth century the word Limbo signified the border-land of Hell (Dante, *Hell*, iv.). But this refers rather to the Limbo of Milton, or vague whole of the physical Universe (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 495), where "all things vain" are tossed aloft, "the sport of winds."

were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other ; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms ; whereby, we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spiritual Picture of Nature : a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan.<sup>1</sup> Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, also, we have to exclaim : Would to Heaven those same Biographical Documents were come ! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality ; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide-enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some outline or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their most concentrated attention : let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land ; a promise of new Fortunate Islands,<sup>2</sup> perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvas to sail thither ?—As exordium to the whole, stand here the following long citation :

‘With men of a speculative turn,’ writes Teufelsdröckh, there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question : Who am *I* ; the thing that can say “*I*” (*das Wesen das sich ICH nennt*) ? The world, with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance ; and, through the

<sup>1</sup> **Mighty maze, . . . plan.** “A mighty maze ! but not without a plan” (Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 6).

<sup>2</sup> **Fortunate Islands.** The “Happy Isles” of the Ancients, where the souls of the virtuous went at death, were said to be situated in the far West, and are generally connected with the Canary Isles. *Vide* Plutarch, *Life of Sertorius* ; and *cf.* Homer, *Odyssey*, iv. 563.

paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), wherewith your Existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the Universe, and silently commune with it, as one mysterious Presence with another.

‘Who am I; what is this Me? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.*<sup>1</sup> Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow;<sup>2</sup> but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake!<sup>3</sup> Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national

<sup>1</sup> **Cogito, ergo sum.** *I think, therefore I am.* The celebrated dictum of Descartes (1596-1650), in which he asserts that an intuitive perception of self-consciousness is a necessary presupposition of all thought and experience.

<sup>2</sup> **Glorious Rainbow.** “I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung without a Sun that made it” (Jean Paul, *The Dead Christ*; vide *Essays*, iii. 56).

<sup>3</sup> **Sleep deepest . . . awake!** “We are near awakening when we dream that we dream” (Novalis).

Wars, with their Moscow Retreats,<sup>1</sup> and sanguinary hate filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? His Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life, wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left,<sup>2</sup> yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing<sup>3</sup>

'Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so in expressibly unproductive!' The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret<sup>4</sup> a riddle that he cannot rede, and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words High And castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic mortar, wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater than the part*<sup>5</sup> how exceedingly true! *Nature abhors a vacuum*<sup>6</sup> how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is*<sup>7</sup> with all my heart, only, where is it? Be not the slave of Words is not the Distant, the Deid, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the

<sup>1</sup> *Moscow Retreats*, p. 305 *n te*

- Knew right hand from left *Jonah* iv. 11

<sup>3</sup> **Know that they know nothing** The Delphic oracle proclaimed Socrates to be the wisest man. Socrates explained this as meaning 'He is wisest who like Socrates knows that his wisdom is as nothing' (*Plato: Apology* xxiii.)

<sup>4</sup> **Sphinx's secret** The Sphinx was a fabulous monster that lived near Thebes and put to death all travellers unable to answer the riddle—

What being has four feet two feet and three feet only one voice but whose feet vary and when it has most is weakest. (Eripus solved the riddle by answering 'Man' and the Sphinx destroyed herself)

<sup>5</sup> **The whole is greater part** Euclid's axiom

<sup>6</sup> **Nature abhors a vacuum** (*Ackelius* I. v.) Galileo observed that water could be raised in a suction pump only to a height of 32 feet and thus found the limit of this empirical law and Torricelli employing mercury finally interpreted the fact as due to atmospheric pressure Carlyle (ironically) terms the maxim 'false and calumnious' as it erroneously imputes a feeling of abhorrence to personified Nature

<sup>7</sup> **Nothing can act** <sup>18</sup> Newton held it to be absurd that gravity should be infinite in extent and less than nothing so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a *vacuum* without the mediation of anything else.

floor I stand on? But that same WHERE, with its brother WHEN, are from the first the master-colours of our Dream-grotto; say rather, the Canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the WHERE and WHEN, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER: have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent<sup>1</sup> and Eternal; as existing in a universal HERE, an everlasting Now? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there is no Space and no Time: WE are—we know not what;—light-sparkles floating in the aether of Deity!

‘So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but an air-image, our ME the only reality: and Nature, with its thousandfold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward Force, the “phantasy of our Dream”;<sup>2</sup> or what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust*<sup>3</sup> names it, *the living visible Garment of God*:

<sup>1</sup> **God as Omnipresent, etc.** Cf. p. 301. If Time and Space have, for the Kantist, no absolute existence, a stumbling-block is removed from the threshold of Theology. The Deity is omnipresent and eternal, as Time and Space are not laws of His being, but only of ours. *Essays*, ii. 295.

<sup>2</sup> “**Phantasy of our Dream.**” From Novalis. *Essays*, ii. 212. Cf.

“We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on,”  
*The Tempest*, IV. i. 156.

<sup>3</sup> **Earth-Spirit in Faust, etc.—**

“In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm  
Wall’ ich auf und ab,  
Webe hin und her!  
Geburt und Grab,  
Ein ewiges Meer,  
Ein wechselnd Weben,  
Ein glühend Leben.  
So schaff’ ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit  
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.”  
GOTTHE, *Faust*, part 1. scene 1.

“ In Being’s floods, in Action’s storm,  
 I walk and work, above, beneath,  
 Work and weave in endless motion !  
 Birth and Death,  
 An infinite ocean ;  
 A seizing and giving  
 The fire of Living :  
 ‘Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,  
 And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.”

Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning thereof?

‘It was in some such mood, when wearied and fordone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of the girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner; nay his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rainproof court-suit on his body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, feately appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house<sup>1</sup> of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew; day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed-off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall; till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making<sup>2</sup> patent

<sup>1</sup> Charnel-house, p. 229, note. \*

<sup>2</sup> Dust-making. Rags, torn into small pieces by a barbed drum or “devil,” to make pulp for paper-making, are termed *Devil’s dust*.

Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. O subter-brutish ! vile ! most vile ! For have not I too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier ? Am I a lotched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then ; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic,<sup>1</sup> nay alive ?

'Strange enough<sup>2</sup> how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts ; and by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard ; much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver ; mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose ; thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible ; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them.

'For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind ; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda.<sup>3</sup> Nevertheless there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappings ; and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, "a forked straddling animal with bandy legs" ;<sup>4</sup> yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.'

<sup>1</sup> **Automatic.** Descartes held that animals are automata.

<sup>2</sup> **Strange enough, etc.** Cf. p. 208 and *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Gouda.** In the south of Holland, celebrated for its cheese.

<sup>4</sup> "A forked straddling animal . . . legs" (*Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xi.); variously attributed to Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot.

## CHAPTER IX

## ADAMITISM

LET no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim: What, have we got not only a Sansculottist,<sup>1</sup> but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract? A new Adamite,<sup>2</sup> in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse's arms;<sup>3</sup> sucking thy coral, and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou been without thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls? A terror to thyself and mankind! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long clothes became short? The village where thou livedst was all apprised of the fact; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding-cheek, and gave thee, as handsel,<sup>4</sup> silver or copper coins, on that the first gala-day

<sup>1</sup> **Sansculottist**, *i.e.* "destitute-of-breeches." The name was originally applied to those persons in France, who gave up the wearing of knee-breeches and adopted trousers. In 1791 it was applied to the "indigent Patriots," whose hatred of formulas and contempt for the Rich issued in the French Revolution. With Carlyle, it implies the spirit of Rousseau and of the French Revolution.

<sup>2</sup> **Adamite.** A licentious and fanatical sect in Bohemia and Moravia, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They sought to bring back the state of innocence by dispensing with clothes.

<sup>3</sup> **Muling and puking . . . arms.**

"At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."  
*As You Like It*, II. vii. 144.

<sup>4</sup> **Handsel.** First payment or transaction: New Year's gift.

of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck,<sup>1</sup> or Blood,<sup>2</sup> or Macaroni,<sup>3</sup> or Incroyable,<sup>4</sup> or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall; never rejoiced in them as in a warm movable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange *THEE* of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys; half-buried under shawls and broadbrims, and overalls and mud-boots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that 'Horse I ride'; and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl,—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep,<sup>5</sup>—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool: thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too went as a 'sailor of the air';<sup>6</sup> the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds<sup>7</sup> was thy element and propitiously wasting tide. Without Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been; what had thy fleet quadruped been?—Nature is good, but she is not the best: here truly was the victory

<sup>1</sup> **Buck.** A gay young fellow. "The bucks of the University" (Smollett, *Peregrine Pickle*, xxi.).

<sup>2</sup> **Blood.** Either "well-born," or "full-blooded." "As well-born bloods" (*King John*, II. i. 278).

<sup>3</sup> **Macaroni.** Dandies in London were so called in 1772; *vide p. 312, note.*

<sup>4</sup> **Incroyable.** French dandy, 1795, *et seq.*

<sup>5</sup> **Deep calling unto deep.** Psalm xiii. 7.

<sup>6</sup> **'Sailor of the air.'** "Eilende Wolken, Segler der Lüfte!" (Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, III. i.) *Vide Carlyle's Life of Schiller*, p. 134.

<sup>7</sup> **Wreck of matter . . . worlds.** "The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds" (Addison's *Cato*, V. i.).

of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee ; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he said lately about 'Aboriginal Savages,' and their 'condition miserable indeed'? Would he have all this unsaid ; and us betake ourselves again to the 'matted cloak,' and go sheeted in a 'thick natural fell'?

Nowise, courteous reader ! The Professor knows full well what he is saying ; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, 'so tailorise and demoralise us,' have they no redeeming value ; can they not be altered to serve better ; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs? The truth is, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite ; and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age 'as a Sign,'<sup>1</sup> would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him : nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example :

'You see two individuals,' he writes, 'one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue : Red says to Blue, "Be hanged and anatomised" ; Blue hears with a shudder, and (O wonder of wonders !) marches sorrowfully to the gallows ; is there noosed-up, vibrates his hour, and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this ; or what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is?* Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* of him, is nowise in *contact* with him : neither are those ministering Sheriffs and Lord-Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves<sup>2</sup> so related to commanding Red, that he can tug them hither and thither ; but each stands distinct within his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so is it done : the articulated Word sets all

<sup>1</sup> 'As a Sign.' Isaiah xx. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Tipstaves. Constables with metal-tipped staves.

hands in Action ; and Rope and Improved-drop perform their work.

Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold : First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men* ; secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red hanging-individual a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and a plush-gown ; whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE ? —Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded upon Cloth.<sup>1</sup>

Often in my atrabiliar moods,<sup>2</sup> when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations,<sup>3</sup> Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees ; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting ; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence ; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity,—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it ?—the Clothes fly-off the whole dramatic corps ; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them ; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish, for the solace of those afflicted with the like.'

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret ! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder ? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated.

<sup>1</sup> **Society, . . . founded upon Cloth.** *Vide* Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, sect. ii. It is to be observed that here the "Cloth" is not German, but English.

<sup>2</sup> **Often in my atrabiliar moods, etc.** This, and the preceding paragraphs, are from Carlyle's *Journal* for 1830.

<sup>3</sup> **Frankfort Coronations.** A frequent metaphor of Jean Paul's. Goethe (*Autobiography*, book v.) describes the coronation of Joseph II.

With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw :

‘What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality ; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in Dream ? *Ach Gott !* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place ; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und Staats-Action*)<sup>1</sup> becomes a Pickleherring-Farce<sup>2</sup> to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce ; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised Society, *are dissolved*,<sup>3</sup> in wails and howls.’

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw<sup>4</sup> addressing a naked House of Lords ? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum ! infandum !* And yet why is the thing impossible ? Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night ; ‘a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved’?<sup>5</sup> And why might he not, did our stern fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen’s,<sup>6</sup> as well as into bed, in that no-fashion ; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice ?<sup>7</sup> ‘Solace of those

<sup>1</sup> **Haupt- und Staats-Action.** The regular name for a stock-piece of German strolling actors, 1680-1740.

<sup>2</sup> **Pickleherring-Farce.** “Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Potages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*” (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 47) ; cf. German *Hanswurst*.

<sup>3</sup> **The tables . . . are dissolved.** “*Solventur risu tabulæ*” (Horace, *Sat.* II. i. 86).

<sup>4</sup> **Windlestraw.** Like slender grass, or straw, for plaiting.

<sup>5</sup> ‘**A forked Radish . . . carved**’ (*II. Henry IV.* III. ii. 334).

<sup>6</sup> **St. Stephen’s.** The Houses of Parliament, Westminster.

<sup>7</sup> **Bed of Justice.** The *Lit de Justice*, or King’s Throne, in the French Chamber. The King, when present, could, in virtue of his superior authority, over rule the decisions of the House. Vide *French Revolution*, vol. I. p. 73.

afflicted with the like!' Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a 'physical or psychical infirmity' before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded-on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to reimpart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest?

'It will remain to be examined,' adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, 'in how far the SCARECROW, as a Clothed Person, is not also entitled to benefit of clergy, and English trial by jury: nay perhaps, considering his high function (for is not he too a Defender of Property, and Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law?), to a certain royal Immunity and Inviolability; which, however, misers and the meaner class of persons are not always voluntarily disposed to grant him.' \* \* \* \* 'O my Friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as "turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market":<sup>1</sup> or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder<sup>2</sup> and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!'

## CHAPTER X

## PURE REASON

IT must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge; acknowledging, for most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and 'bladders with dried peas.' To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient.

<sup>1</sup> "Turkeys driven, . . . market." *Tristram Shandy*, vol. v. chap. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Dried bladder, etc. *Vide Swift, Voyage to Laputa*, chap. ii.

Much, therefore, we omit about 'Kings wrestling naked on the green with Carmen,' and the Kings being thrown 'dissect them with scalpels' says Teufelsdröckh, 'the same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, and other life tackle, are there examine their spiritual mechanism, the same great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty, nay ten to one but the Carman, who understands draught cattle, the rimming of wheels, something of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, with other branches of wagon science, and has actually put forth his hand and operated on Nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two. Whence, then, their so unspeakable difference? From Clothes' Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady,<sup>1</sup> and how it would be everywhere 'Hail fellow well met,'<sup>2</sup> and Chaos were come again all which to any one that has once fairly pictured out the grand mother idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness*, will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a world without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bog<sup>3</sup> of Sansculottism,<sup>4</sup> stretching sour and pestilential over which we have lightly flown, where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink! If indeed the following argument, in its brief riveting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final

'Are we Opossums,<sup>5</sup> have we natural Pouches, like the Kangaroo? Or how, without Clothes, could we possess

<sup>1</sup> **Joan and My Lady** Well, now can I make any Joan a lady (*King John I 1 184*) of Scotch Jockey and the Laird

<sup>2</sup> 'Hail fellow well met' An old proverb, used in Swift's *My Lady's Lamentation*

<sup>3</sup> **Serbonian Bog**.      armies, etc. Lake Serbonis east of Tort Sud

<sup>4</sup> A gulf first found as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damna and Mount Caicus all  
Where armies whole have sunk

MILTON *Paradise Lost* II 592

<sup>5</sup> **Sansculottism**, p 100 note

<sup>5</sup> **Are we Opossums, etc** So Jean Paul *Translations* II 53

the master-organ, soul's seat, and true pineal gland<sup>1</sup> of the Body Social : I mean, a PURSE ?'

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh ; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though, in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse ; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums<sup>2</sup> of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative ; whereby if on the one hand he degrades man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows,<sup>3</sup> he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods.

'To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is man ? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he ? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven ; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION ; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment ; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, swathed-in, and inextricably over-shrouded : yet it is sky-woven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities ?<sup>4</sup> He feels ;

<sup>1</sup> **Pineal gland.** A small gland in the back of the brain, which Descartes considered to be the seat of the soul.

<sup>2</sup> **Thrums.** The loose ends of weavers' threads.

"Cut thread and thrum."—*Mulsumiter-Night's Dream*, V. i. 291.

<sup>3</sup> **Gouda Cows**, p. 99.

<sup>4</sup> **Conflux of Eternities.** Vide *Reminiscences* (Norton), vol. i. p. 171.

power has been given him to know, to believe ; nay does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through ? Well said Saint Chrysostom,<sup>1</sup> with his lips of gold, “the true SHEKINAH is Man” : where else is the GOD’S-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man ?

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism<sup>2</sup> of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood : and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love ; —though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man ; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings : thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle,<sup>3</sup> as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility ; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit : were it never so honourable, can it be more ? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, ‘unimaginable, formless,

<sup>1</sup> Saint Chrysostom, etc., born at Antioch 347 A.D. ; *χρυσός-στόμος*, i.e. golden-mouth. The quotation is in *Tristram Shandy*, vol. v. chap. i. Shekinah (a post-biblical word) = resting-place of the Divine Presence.

<sup>2</sup> Platonic Mysticism, viz. In the real, but invisible, intellectual world, the “ Essential Form of Good,” the ultimate source of Knowledge and Being, vitalises science and truth and all that comes within the range of real knowledge, as, in the dependent sensible Firmament, the Sun ministers vitality and nutriment to visible objects. *Vide Plato, Republic*, books vi. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Charlemagne-Mantle. This gorgeous robe (doubtfully Charlemagne’s), said to be preserved in St. Peter’s at Rome, is described in Jones’s *Crowns and Coronations*.

dark with excess of bright'?<sup>1</sup> Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become transparent. "The Philosopher," says the wisest of this age, "must station himself in the middle":<sup>2</sup> how true! The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright<sup>3</sup> looms, or by the silent Arachnes<sup>4</sup> that weave unrestingly in our imagination? Or, on the other hand, what is there that we cannot love; since all was created by God?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper and State-paper Clothes) into the Man himself; and discern, it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder,' says he, 'is the basis of Worship: the reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man; only at certain stages (as the present), it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium*.'<sup>5</sup> That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small

<sup>1</sup> 'Dark with excess of bright,' etc. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 372-389.

<sup>2</sup> "The Philosopher . . . middle." Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 72.

<sup>3</sup> Arkwright, Sir Richard (1732-92), inventor of the spinning-frame.

<sup>4</sup> Arachnes. Spiders.

<sup>5</sup> *In partibus infidelium*, i.e. "In the country of unbelievers." An ecclesiastical term, applied to a Roman Catholic bishop whose titular see is in a country which has ceased to be Roman Catholic.

favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

‘Shall your Science,’<sup>1</sup> exclaims he, ‘proceed in the small chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone; and man’s mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper,<sup>2</sup> and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is that Science, which the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and (like the Doctor’s in the Arabian Tale<sup>3</sup>) set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart,—but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ? I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies like cookery with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time.’

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of ‘Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies to Wonder; who, in these days, so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics’ Institute<sup>4</sup> of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese<sup>5</sup> and goslings round their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none; nay who often, as illuminated Sceptics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you

<sup>1</sup> **Shall your Science, etc.** With Carlyle’s remarks on Science without Reverence or Wonder, compare those of Novalis, quoted in *Essays*, ii. 180.

<sup>2</sup> **Hopper.** A wooden funnel through which grain passes into a mill.

<sup>3</sup> **Doctor’s in the Arabian Tale.** *Vide* the story of Douban the Physician in *The Arabian Nights*.

<sup>4</sup> **Mechanics’ Institute.** George Birkbeck, M.D. (1776-1841), organised the first Mechanics’ Institute in Glasgow in 1823; also the second, that of London, in 1824, along with Lord Brougham.

<sup>5</sup> **Old-Roman geese.** When Rome was besieged by Brennus the Gaul, in the fourth century B.C., the cackling of the geese of Juno’s temple alarmed the garrison and saved the Capitol. Butler’s *Hudibras*, II. iii. 799.

therewith, though the Sun is shining, and the street populous with mere justice-loving men': that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:

'The man who cannot wonder,<sup>1</sup> who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste*<sup>2</sup> and *Hegel's Philosophy*,<sup>3</sup> and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic; and "explain" all, "account" for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic;<sup>4</sup> to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it?—*Armer Teufel!*<sup>5</sup> Doth not thy cow calve,<sup>6</sup> doth not thy bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? "Explain" me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and

<sup>1</sup> **The man who cannot wonder, etc.** Cf. p. 297; *On Heroes*, p. 64.  
"An undevout Astronomer is mad" (Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. 771).

<sup>2</sup> **Mécanique Céleste.** Vide p. 296, note.

<sup>3</sup> **Hegel's Philosophy.** Vide p. 57, note.

<sup>4</sup> **Mystic.** In 1827, after the publication of Carlyle's essays on "Jean Paul" and the "State of German Literature," the papers "took to denouncing" the "Mystic School," i.e. Carlyle. The term, as used at that time, included Kantists. For Carlyle's views on "Mysticism," vide *Essays*, I. 59.

<sup>5</sup> **Armer Teufel!** "Poor devil!"

<sup>6</sup> **Doth not thy cow calve.** Cf. Job xxi. 10; xxxix. 1.

God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.'

## CHAPTER XI

## PROSPECTIVE

THE Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness;<sup>1</sup> the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian<sup>2</sup> lava? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows,<sup>3</sup> or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth?<sup>4</sup>

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole:

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist:<sup>5</sup> "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there." Thou thyself, O cultivated reader, who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing Gon only by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the

<sup>1</sup> **Elysian brightness.** Gleams from Elysium, the bright abode of happy souls after death. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 638-641.

<sup>2</sup> **Pandemonian.** Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 756; x. 424.

<sup>3</sup> **Asphodel meadows.** Where the spirits of departed heroes dwelt. Homer, *Odyssey*, xi. 539.

<sup>4</sup> **Yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth.** Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 296. Marl, a clay soil containing carbonate of lime, was dug from pits in England as early as the thirteenth century, to be used as manure.

<sup>5</sup> **Hebrew Psalmist.** Psalm cxxxix. 9.

world where at least FORCE is not? The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but tomorrow thou findest it swept away; already on the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless; without Force, and utterly dead?

‘As I rode through the Schwarzwald,<sup>1</sup> I said to myself: That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut-off from the whole Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah’s Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar;<sup>2</sup> therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom of the All;<sup>3</sup> whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All; whose dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force; nay preaches forth (exoterically enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man’s Force, commanding, and one day to be all-commanding.

‘Detached, separated!<sup>4</sup> I say there is no such separa-

<sup>1</sup> Schwarzwald. The Black Forest in Germany.

<sup>2</sup> Dogstar. Sirius, in the Constellation *Canis Major*, 123 billion miles distant from the earth. Light takes twenty years to travel the distance.

<sup>3</sup> Bosom of the All. “How is each so solitary in the wide burial-vault of the All! . . . O Father! where is thy infinite bosom, . . .?” (Jean Paul, *The Dead Christ*. Vide *Essays*, iii. 57).

<sup>4</sup> Detached, separated! “All men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind” (p. 50). “Sacred philosophies, theologies, bodies of Science, recorded heroisms . . . have all been amassed by little and little. . . . Poor insignificant transitory bipeds . . . have ant-wise accumulated them all.” These and similar passages should be read as militating against the extreme doctrine of *Hero-Worship* which Carlyle occasionally adopted.

tion: nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it *rot*?<sup>1</sup> Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the litter from which the earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself.'

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar, what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us?

'All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven: must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful;—the rather if, as we often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?

'Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing<sup>2</sup> or visible Garment for that divine ME of his, cast hither, like a light-particle,

<sup>1</sup> Else how could it rot? So Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> What is Man himself, . . . but . . . a Clothing. "What is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? . . . Is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes, . . . self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches?" (Swift, *Tale of a Tub*, sec. ii.).

down from Heaven? Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body.

‘Language is called the Garment of Thought: however, it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the Body, of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment; and does not she? Metaphors are her stuff: examine Language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised; still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless? If those same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures<sup>1</sup> in the Flesh-Garment, Language,—then are Metaphors its muscles and tissues and living integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not your very *Attention a Stretching-to?*<sup>2</sup> The difference lies here: some styles are lean, adust, wiry, the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten and dead-looking; while others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous self growth, sometimes (as in my own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham Metaphors, which overhanging that same Thought’s-Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-cloaks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen rags: whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole hampers,—and burn them.’

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical? However, that is not our chief grievance; the Professor continues:

‘Why multiply instances? It is written,<sup>3</sup> the Heavens

<sup>1</sup> **Osseous fixtures.** Cf. Language is “fossil poetry” and “fossil history” (Trench, *On the Study of Words*).

“In order to get the full sense of a word, we should first present to our minds the visual image that forms its primary meaning. . . . There are cases, in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word, than by the history of a campaign” (Coleridge).

<sup>2</sup> **Attention** (Lat.) *ad-tendo*, to stretch the neck *towards*.

<sup>3</sup> **It is written.** Goethe’s method of scriptural quotation: “Geschrieben steht” (from Matt. iv. 4).

and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture;<sup>1</sup> which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing;<sup>2</sup> and the essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.'

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke;<sup>3</sup> which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant,<sup>4</sup> whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget,—the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, 'foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

<sup>1</sup> The Heavens and the Earth shall fade away . . . Vesture. Psalm cii. 26; Heb. i. 12.

<sup>2</sup> The whole External Universe . . . is but Clothing. "They held the Universe to be a large suit of clothes" (Swift, *Tale of a Tub*, sec. ii.).

<sup>3</sup> Hofrath Heuschrecke, p. 54, note.

<sup>4</sup> Scottish Hamburg Merchant. A friendly stranger at Hamburg (probably a correspondent of Mr. Swan of Kirkealdy), who had forwarded packages to and from Weimar, and to whom Carlyle afterwards sent a copy of *Teufel'sdröckh*. Perhaps one of the Messrs. Parish at Hamburg.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already: that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life-Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen; 'till the Author's View of the World (*Weltansicht*), and how he actively and passively came by such view, are clear: in short till a Biography of him has been philosophico-poetically written, and philosophico-poetically read.' 'Nay,' adds he, 'were the speculative scientific Truth even known, you still, in this inquiring age, ask yourself, Whence came it, and Why, and How?—and rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped-out an answer; and either in the authentic lineaments of Fact, or the forged ones of Fiction, a complete picture and Genetical History of the Man and his spiritual Endeavour lies before you. But why,' says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, 'do I dilate on the uses of our Teufelsdröckh's Biography? The great Herr Minister von Goethe<sup>1</sup> has penetratingly remarked that "Man is properly the *only* object that interests man":<sup>2</sup> thus I too have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole conversation is little or nothing else but Biography or Auto-Biography; ever humano-anecdotal (*menschlich-anekdotisch*). Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things: especially Biography of distinguished individuals.<sup>3</sup>

'By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most Esteemed),' continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we

<sup>1</sup> Goethe, J. Wolfgang von (1749-1832), the German poet, novelist, and scientist. *Vide* Introduction.

<sup>2</sup> "Man is properly the *only* object, . . . man." Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 85.

<sup>3</sup> *Biography of distinguished individuals.* Cf. *Essays*, iv. 51; vi. 21.

suspect, is well-nigh unaccountable, 'by this time you are fairly plunged (*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of Clothes-Philosophy ; and looking round, as all readers do, with astonishment enough. Such portions and passages as you have already mastered, and brought to paper, could not but awaken a strange curiosity touching the mind they issued from ; the perhaps unparalleled psychical mechanism, which manufactured such matter, and emitted it to the light of day. Had Teufelsdröckh also a father and mother ; did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on spoon-meat ? Did he ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a friend's bosom to his ; looks he also wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the Past,<sup>1</sup> where only winds, and their low harsh moan, give inarticulate answer ? Has he fought duels ;—good Heaven ! how did he comport himself when in Love ? By what singular stair-steps, in short, and subterranean passages, and sloughs of Despair,<sup>2</sup> and steep Pisgah<sup>3</sup> hills, has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron<sup>4</sup> (a true Old-Clothes Jewry)<sup>5</sup> where he now dwells ?

'To all these natural questions the voice of public History is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, and is, a Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far Country ; more or less footsore and travel-soiled ; has parted with road-companions ; fallen among thieves, been poisoned by bad cookery, blistered with bugbites ; nevertheless, at every stage (for they have let him pass), has had the Bill to discharge. But the whole particulars of his Route, his

<sup>1</sup> **Burial-aisle of the Past.** "Catacomb-Necropolis of the Past" (Jean Paul).

<sup>2</sup> **Sloughs of Despair.** "The name of the Slough was Despond" (Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*).

<sup>3</sup> **Pisgah** (Heb.) = *the hill*; Deut. xxxiv. 1.

<sup>4</sup> **Prophetic Hebron.** The "essence of all science" seems to Teufelsdröckh to be implicitly contained in the Clothes-Philosophy. It is to him a spiritual "land of promise," in which he worships as Abram did in Hebron. Gen. xiii. 14-18.

<sup>5</sup> **Old-Clothes Jewry.** The types and shadows of Old Testament History were spiritual "old clothes," for Pharisaic adherence to which, said Carlyle humorously, the Jews are condemned to cry "Ole' clo !" in the London "old-clothes Jewry." *Vide* p. 281, "Field Lane," *note*.

Weather-observations,<sup>1</sup> the picturesque Sketches he took, though all regularly jotted down (in indelible sympathetic-ink<sup>2</sup> by an invisible interior Penman), are these nowhere forthcoming? Perhaps quite lost: one other leaf of that mighty Volume (of human Memory) left to fly abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as waste paper; and to rot, the sport of rainy winds?<sup>3</sup>

‘No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*,<sup>4</sup> in no wise! I here, by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography: at least the materials for such; wherefrom, if I misreckon not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight: and so the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes will stand clear to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal New Holland,<sup>5</sup> finally conquer (*einnnehmen*) great part of this terrestrial Planet!’

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with ‘fullest insight,’ we find—Six considerable PAPER-BAGS,<sup>6</sup> carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in

<sup>1</sup> **Weather-observations.** As Sinollett did at Nice, 1763-65.

<sup>2</sup> **Sympathetic-Ink.** Christianity, Dr. Chalmers had said to Carlyle, is “all written in us already, as in *sympathetic ink*; Bible awakens it, and you can read it!”

<sup>3</sup> **Sport of rainy winds.** Like Sibylline leaves:

“Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.”

VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, vi. 75.

Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 493.

<sup>4</sup> **Verehrtester Herr Herausgeber.** “Most esteemed Mr. Editor.”

<sup>5</sup> **Antipodal New Holland.** Australia.

<sup>6</sup> **Paper-Bags.** *Vide* Introduction. The six Zodiacal Signs nominally represent (and at one time were coincident with) the six Zodiacal constellations through which the Sun’s apparent path lies, as he advances round the southern half of the celestial sphere. These six Signs, with the Symbols which denote them, are: Libra (Balance) ; Scorpio (Scorpion) ; Sagittarius (Archer) ; Capricornus (Goat) ; Aquarius (Water-bearer) ; Pisces (Fishes) . The Bags seem each to cover about five years of the hero’s life.

Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift*,<sup>1</sup> and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner.

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here, speaking in the third person, calls himself, 'the Wanderer,'<sup>2</sup> is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, 'Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine,' or, 'The continued Possibility of Prophecy,' we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves.<sup>3</sup> Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of 'P.P. Clerk of this Parish.'<sup>4</sup> Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order, appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded.<sup>5</sup> Close by a rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's-Hat,' lie wash-bills, marked *bezahl't* (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements<sup>6</sup> of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

<sup>1</sup> **Cursiv-schrift.** A small running hand (here, cramped German), as distinguished from the formal lettering of ancient manuscripts. Carlyle's own hand was most careful and exact.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Wanderer.' In allusion, partly to the "Wanderer" in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*; partly also, to the adventurous journey of Milton's "wandering" Satan.

<sup>3</sup> **Sibylline leaves.** The Cumæan prophetess wrote the oracle on leaves, and deposited these at the door of her cave, for chance winds to scatter. Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. 441-451; vi. 74.

<sup>4</sup> 'P.P. Clerk of this Parish.' *Memoirs of P.P., Clerk of this Parish*, variously attributed to Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift.

<sup>5</sup> **Confusion . . . confounded.** Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 996.

<sup>6</sup> **Street-Advertisements.** From Jean Paul. *Translations*, ii. 116.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo<sup>1</sup> which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us,<sup>2</sup> and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift*; collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry,<sup>3</sup> is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death,<sup>4</sup> built that stupendous Arch<sup>5</sup> from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex,<sup>6</sup> or

<sup>1</sup> **Airy Limbo**, p. 93, note; and **solar Luminary**, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 576.

<sup>2</sup> **Six Bags hover round us.** The figure is that of Satan's journey from the realm of Chaos (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 938 ff.) through the (aqueous-chaotic) "fighting elements" and the (gaseous-chaotic) "emptier waste," towards the "empyreal Heaven." As Satan surveyed the Zodiacal constellations (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 555-560), so Carlyle surveys the Six Bags which "hover round" him.

<sup>3</sup> **Hot, cold, moist and dry.** Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 898.

<sup>4</sup> **First Bridge-builders, Sin and Death.** Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 1024 ff.; x. 229-418.

<sup>5</sup> **Stupendous Arch.** "That stupendous bridge" (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, x. 351). As Masson points out, the bridge reached not to "the Earth," but only to the "utmost Orb of this frail World," i.e. the total Universe or Cosmos (ii. 1030), from which the way to the earth led "right down" "among these numerous orbs" (x. 397).

<sup>6</sup> **Pontifex.** This title was applied to Roman Magistrates who "de-

Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far other-wards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished-up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath: nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.<sup>1</sup>

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system<sup>2</sup> to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving? Forward with us, courageous reader; be it towards failure, or towards success! The latter thou sharest with us; the former also is not all our own.

rived their name from their function, as sacred as it was politically important, of conducting the building and demolition of the bridge over the Tiber."

<sup>1</sup> **Swallowed up.** Like Satan in Chaos. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 940 *ff.*

<sup>2</sup> **Inflamed nervous-system.** "I never could . . . write a book . . . without getting decidedly made ill by it" (*Essays*, vii. 196). "My work needs all to be done with my nerves in a kind of blaze; such a state of soul and body as would soon kill me, if not intermitted" (*Journal*, 1849).

## BOOK SECOND

### CHAPTER I

#### GENESIS

IN a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this Planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any: so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility); whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

‘In the village of Entepfuhl,’<sup>1</sup> thus writes he, in the

<sup>1</sup> **Entepfuhl** (Ger.), *Duckpond*. Cf. “Gandercleugh” in Scott’s *Tales of my Landlord*. The original was, in part, Ecclefechan, in Dumfries-shire, where Carlyle was born, 4th December 1795. The significance of the word *Entepfuhl* is the mimical gift—a desire to ape the forms and movements of others—which exhibits itself in young people, and which conducts them like the duck on the pond (“wie die Ente auf dem Teiche”) says Goethe, to the future quack-quacking of life. *Wide* Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 130; cf. *infra*, 165, and *Essays*, iv. 90.

Bag *Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, 'dwelt Andreas Futteral<sup>1</sup> and his wife; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederick the Great;<sup>2</sup> but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he, Cincinnatus-like,<sup>3</sup> lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to sell: on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbours that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach;<sup>4</sup> and how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had once with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word, "*Schweig Hund* (Peace, hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. "*Das nenn' ich mir einen König*, There is what I call a King," would Andreas exclaim: "but the smoke of Kunersdorf<sup>5</sup> was still smarting in his eyes."

'Gretchen,<sup>6</sup> the housewife, won like Desdemona<sup>7</sup> by the deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, "the womankind will not drill (*wer kann die Weiberchen dressiren*)": nevertheless she at heart loved him both for valour and wisdom; to her a Prussian grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's Schoolmaster was little other than

<sup>1</sup> **Andreas Futteral.** *Cover-Case*, i.e. shelter; or, as Wood suggests, "Sword-sheath." Carlyle came of a fighting stock, being descended (it was alleged) from the Lords of Torthorwald. Froude, *Carlyle's Early Life*, vol. i, chap. i.

<sup>2</sup> **Frederick the Great**, of Prussia (1712-86), "Fritz the Only."

<sup>3</sup> **Cincinnatus.** A Roman who was called from the plough to be made Dictator, and who, after holding that office for a few days, returned to his farm, *circa* 462 B.C.

<sup>4</sup> **Rossbach**, in Saxony, where Frederick defeated the French in 1757.

<sup>5</sup> **Kunersdorf**, in Brandenburg, where the Russian and Austrian armies defeated Frederick in 1759.

<sup>6</sup> **Gretchen** (Ger.), Margaret<sup>7</sup> the name of Carlyle's mother, and of the heroine of Goethe's *Faust*.

<sup>7</sup> **Desdemona.** *Othello*, I. iii. 129 ff.

a Cicero and Cid:<sup>1</sup> what you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness (*Geradheit*); 'hat understood Büsching's<sup>2</sup> *Geography*, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch?<sup>3</sup> The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him as only a true house-mother can: assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment, where on pegs of honour they hung, looked ever trim and gay: a roomy painted Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-coloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had made it what you saw.

' Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along the celestial Balance (*Libra*),<sup>4</sup> it was that a Stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr*

<sup>1</sup> **Cicero and Cid.** Examples of "wisdom" and "valour." Cicero, illustrious Roman orator, born 106 B.C. Cid (=Saïd) Campéador (*Lord Champion*), the popular title of a Spanish hero of the eleventh century.

<sup>2</sup> **Büsching, A. F.** A German author, celebrated as the compiler of the first relatively complete and accurate *Geography of Europe* (8 vols. Hamburg, 1754-59). Carlyle consulted it.

<sup>3</sup> **Hochkirch** (or Hochkirchen) in Saxony, where the Austrians defeated Frederick in 1758.

<sup>4</sup> **Libra.** The sun is in this sign 23rd September to 23rd October.

lieben Leute, hier bringe ein unschätzbares Verleihen : nehmst es in aller Acht, sorgfältigst benützt es : mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren Zinsen, wird's einst zurückgefördert. "Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan ; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it : with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back." Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew ; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard ; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk ; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed : the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlour-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappings, no Pitt Diamond<sup>1</sup> or Hapsburg Regalia,<sup>2</sup> but, in the softest sleep, a little red-coloured Infant. Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs,<sup>3</sup> the exact amount of which was never publicly known ; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable ; other document or indication none whatever.

"To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow

<sup>1</sup> **Pitt Diamond**, or Regent Diamond, brought from India by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, and grandfather of the first and great Earl of Chatham. It was sold to the King of France for £130,000.

<sup>2</sup> **Hapsburg Regalia**. Hapsburg, or Habsburg, is the family name of the Imperial Family of Austria.

<sup>3</sup> **Gold Friedrichs**. Friedrichsd'or (*sic*), a Prussian gold coin, originally worth about fifteen shillings ; nearly seventeen shillings in 1830-31.

or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger ; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was : What to do with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant ? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavour : thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade ground ; and now expanded in bulk, faculty and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo,<sup>1</sup> the new Science of Things in General.'

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression. Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided out again, might be ? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living ? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through

<sup>1</sup> University of Weissnichtwo, p. 61, note.

which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas, I know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-looking Stranger; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard; but he too had to repel me, he too was not thou.

‘And yet, O Man born of Woman,’ cries the Auto-biographer, with one of his sudden whirls, ‘wherein is my ease peculiar? Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.’

‘The little green veil,’ adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, ‘I yet keep; still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured; but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father’s name I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched through all the Herald’s Books, in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Pränumeranten*), Militia-Rolls, and other Name-catalogues; extraordinary names as we have in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, what may the unchristian rather than Christian “Diogenes”<sup>1</sup> mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to shadow-forth my future destiny, or his own present malign humour? Perhaps the latter, perhaps both. Thou ill-

<sup>1</sup> **Diogenes** (*God-born*): the name of the Greek Cynic philosopher of the fourth century B.C., who was said to live in a tub, practising seclusion and self-mortification, and was celebrated for his imperturbable self-possession and sarcastic wit.

starred Parent, who like an Ostrich hadst to leave thy ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at, and slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled by the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps lost in air.

'For indeed, as Walter Shandy<sup>1</sup> often insisted, there is much, nay almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Garment you wrap round the earth visiting Me; to which it thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seedgrain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus.<sup>2</sup> Not only all common Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *Naming*. Adam's first task was giving names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same; be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science); or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities,

<sup>1</sup> **Walter Shandy**, *i.e.* Tristram's father. *Vide* Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, vol. i. chap. xix. and 'Slawkenbergius's Tale,' in vol. iv.

<sup>2</sup> **Trismegistus** (*Thrice-greatest*): a name applied to the Egyptian Hermes, who was regarded as the inventor of the alphabet and god of science.

God-attributes, Gods?—In a very plain sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief, and he will steal*; in an almost similar sense may we not perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?*

‘Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes to the kind Light; sprawling-out his ten fingers and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavouring daily to acquire for himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of—Speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless; yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay Poetries and Religions!

‘Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave-out that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister’s daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas’s distant Prussian birthland; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-meat, and throve. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above all, that seldom or never cried.<sup>1</sup> He already felt that time was precious; that he had other work cut-out for him than whimpering.’

<sup>1</sup> **Never cried.** Carlyle *wept* often (p. 146) in his childhood; perhaps he here means to say he did not ‘girm’ or complain.

Such, after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh's genealogy. More imperfect, more enigmatical it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him: but seems it not conceivable that, by the 'good Gretchen Futteral,' or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Enteßfuhl Circulating Library, some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Timbuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the mysterious basket-bearing Stranger, who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists; and gently force even him to disclose himself; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride?

## CHAPTER II

## IDYLLIC

'HAPPY season of Childhood!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy Nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round (*umgaukelt*) by sweetest Dreams! If the paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a Father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and an Obedience that makes us free. The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean;<sup>1</sup> years to the child are as ages: ah! the

<sup>1</sup> Sunlit ocean. So Jean Paul, *The Dead Christ. Essays*, iii. 55.

secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal World-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth,<sup>1</sup> is yet unknown ; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at hand ! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles ;<sup>2</sup> thou too, with old Arnauld,<sup>3</sup> wilt have to say in stern patience : “ Rest ? Rest ? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in ? ” Celestial Nepenthe !<sup>4</sup> though a Pyrrhus<sup>5</sup> conquer empires, and an Alexander<sup>6</sup> sack the world, he finds thee not ; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother’s child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one : the fair Life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope ; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.’

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood ; the historical details of which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing ‘in trustful derangement’ among the woody slopes ; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below ; the

<sup>1</sup> **Day-moth.** A frequent expression in Jean Paul. *Translations*, ii. 164.

<sup>2</sup> **Mimic battles.** Jean Paul had said : “ Luther’s prose is a half-battle.”

<sup>3</sup> **Arnauld, Antoine** (1612-94), a French theological and philosophical writer of the Port Royal school. His friend Nicole expressed dislike of the endless controversies in which Arnauld engaged, and was answered in the remark quoted.

<sup>4</sup> **Nepenthe**, a *pain-relieving* drug. Milton, *Comus*, 675 ; from Homer, *Odyssey*, iv. 221.

<sup>5</sup> **Pyrrhus**, King of Epirus, a famous Greek warrior, who twice defeated the Romans, third century B.C.

<sup>6</sup> **Alexander**, p. 305, *note*.

little Kuhbach<sup>1</sup> gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau,<sup>2</sup> into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe; and how 'the brave old Linden,' stretching like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered-up from the central *Agora*<sup>3</sup> and *Campus Martius*<sup>4</sup> of the Village, like its Sacred Tree; and how the old men sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening), and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearyed children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious summer twilights,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the Sun, like a proud Conqueror and Imperial Taskmaster, turned his back, with his gold-purple emblazonry, and all his fireclad body-guard (of Prismatic Colours); and the tired brickmakers of this clay Earth might steal a little frolic, and those few meek Stars would not tell of them !'

Then we have long details of the *Wineksen* (Vintage), the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhl Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden'? Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the sports of Children, were it only in their wanton breakages and defacements, you shall discern a creative instinct (*schaffenden Trieb*): the Mankin feels that he is a born Man, that his vocation is to work. The choicest present you can make him is a Tool; be it knife

<sup>1</sup> **Kuhbach** (*Cowbrook*). A burn flocked down the centre of the single street that formed Ecclefechan, and its margin showed traces of the beech and ash trees which formerly fringed it. The greater part of its course was covered over by Dr. Arnott (Napoleon's medical attendant at St. Helena), whose grave is in the Parish churchyard. (Wylie.)

<sup>2</sup> **Donau**. Danube; here (if we assume Entepfuhl to be Ecclefechan) put for the Annan. "Danaw," Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 353.

<sup>3</sup> **Agora** (Greek), the market-place.

<sup>4</sup> **Campus Martius**. Field of Mars: the place of assembly at Rome.

or pen-gun, for construction or for destruction ; either way it is for Work, for Change. In gregarious sports of skill or strength, the Boy trains himself to Coöperation, for war or peace, as governor or governed : the little Maid again, provident of her domestic destiny, takes with preference to Dolls.'

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it : 'My first short-clothes were of yellow serge ; or rather, I should say, my first short-cloth, for the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching from neck to ankle, a mere body with four limbs : of which fashion how little could I then divine the architectural, how much less the moral significance !'

More graceful is the following little picture :<sup>1</sup> 'On fine evenings I was wont to carry-forth my supper (bread-crumb boiled in milk), and eat it out-of-doors. On the coping of the Orchard-wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still more easily if Father Andreas would set-up the pruning-ladder, my porringer<sup>2</sup> was placed : there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew Speech for me ; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding.'

With 'the little one's friendship for cattle and poultry' we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a 'certain deeper sympathy with animated Nature' : but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical Documents, such a piece as this : 'Impressive enough (*bedeutungsvoll*) was it to hear, in early morning, the Swineherd's horn ; and know that so many hungry happy quadrupeds were, on all sides, starting in hot haste to join him, for breakfast on the Heath. Or

<sup>1</sup> **Little picture.** Perhaps suggested by the story of the boy Schiller watching the lightning. Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, pp. 5, 189.

<sup>2</sup> **Porringer.** A small dish for *porridge*. A recollection, probably, as Professor Masson suggests, of Wordsworth's "We are Seven."

to see them at eventide, all marching-in again, with short squeak, almost in military order ; and each, topographically correct, trotting-off in succession to the right or left, through its own lane, to its own dwelling ; till old Kunz,<sup>1</sup> at the Village-head, now left alone, blew his last blast, and retired for the night. We are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham ; yet did not these bristly thick-skinned beings here manifest intelligence, perhaps humour of character ; at any rate, a touching, trustful submissiveness to Man,—who, were he but a Swineherd, in darned gabardine,<sup>2</sup> and leather breeches more resembling slate or discoloured-tin breeches, is still the Hierarchy of this lower world ?

It is maintained, by Helvetius<sup>3</sup> and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closefolded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserved :<sup>4</sup> the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development ; that of the other, crushed-down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. ‘With which opinion,’ cries Teufelsdröckh, ‘I should as soon agree as with this other, that an acorn might, by favourable or unfavourable influences of soil and climate, be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into an oak.<sup>5</sup>

‘Nevertheless,’ continues he, ‘I too acknowledge the

<sup>1</sup> Kunz. Conrad.

<sup>2</sup> Gabardine. A loose upper garment : like that of the Swineherd, Gurth, in *Ivanhoe*.

<sup>3</sup> Helvetius, the Swiss littérateur (born in Paris 1715, died 1771), author of *De l'Homme, de ses Facultés, et de son Education*, and of the more celebrated work, *De l'Esprit*. According to Helvetius, Intellect is Feeling developed by the conditions of its material and social environment.

<sup>4</sup> Game-preserved, p. 271, note.

<sup>5</sup> Cabbage-seed into an oak. “No ‘preestablished harmony’ existed between the clay soil of Mossiel and the empyrean soul of Robert Burns’ (*Essays*, II. 31) ; *On Heroes*, pp. 11, 12.

all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note-down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their Education, what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it: to which duty, nowadays so pressing for many a German Autobiographer, I also zealously address myself.' — 'Thou rogue! Is it by short-clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an infant of genius is educated? And yet, as usual, it ever remains doubtful whether he is laughing in his sleeve at these Autobiographical times of ours, or writing from the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he continues: 'If among the ever-streaming currents of Sights, Hearings, Feelings for Pain or Pleasure, whereby, as in a Magic Hall,<sup>1</sup> young Gneschen went about environed, I might venture to select and specify, perhaps these following were also of the number:

'Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, Activity, so the young creature's Imagination was stirred up, and a Historical tendency given him by the narrative habits<sup>2</sup> of Father Andreas; who, with his battle-reminiscences, and gray austere yet hearty patriarchal aspect, could not but appear another Ulysses and "much-enduring Man."<sup>3</sup> Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening neighbours enlivened the hearth; from these perils and these travels, wild and far almost as Hades itself, a dim world of Adventure expanded itself within me. Incalculable also was the knowledge I acquired in standing by the Old Men under the Linden-tree: the whole of Immensity was yet new to me; and had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough,

<sup>1</sup> **Magic Hall.** A hall of convex and concave mirrors. *Essays*, iii. 114.

<sup>2</sup> **Narrative habits.** An allusion probably to the grandfather, Thomas Carlyle (died 1806), who had seen the Highlanders in 1745, and who read Anson's *Voyages* and the *Arabian Nights*. There was also the old Sea-Captain, Francis Carlyle (died 1803).

<sup>3</sup> **Ulysses and "much-enduring man."** πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς (*Odyssey*, vi. 1).

been employed in partial surveys thereof for nigh fourscore years? With amazement I began to discover that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World; that there was such a thing as History, as Biography; to which I also, one day, by hand and tongue, might contribute.

‘In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-coach),<sup>1</sup> which, slow-rolling under its mountains of men and luggage, wended through our Village: northwards, truly, in the dead of night; yet southwards visibly at eventide. Not till my eighth year did I reflect that this Postwagen could be other than some terrestrial Moon, rising and setting by mere Law of Nature, like the heavenly one; that it came on made highways, from far cities towards far cities; weaving them like a monstrous shuttle into closer and closer union. It was then that, independently of Schiller’s *Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things): *Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World!*<sup>2</sup>

‘Why mention our Swallows, which, out of far Africa, as I learned, threading their way over seas and mountains, corporate cities and belligerent nations, yearly found themselves, with the month of May, snug-lodged in our Cottage Lobby? The hospitable Father (for cleanliness’ sake) had fixed a little bracket plumb under their nest: there they built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred; and all, I chiefly, from the heart loved them. Bright, nimble creatures, who taught *you* the mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social police? For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, your House fell, have I not seen five neighbourly Helpers appear next day; and swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn chirpings, and activity almost super-hirundine, complete it again before nightfall?

<sup>1</sup> **Stage-coach.** Ecclefechan was a stopping-place of the London, Carlisle, and Glasgow coaches. The course of the main road was afterwards altered, to avoid the hollow in which the village lies. (Shepherd.)

<sup>2</sup> **Any road, . . . end of the World!** “Denn jede Strasse führt ans End’ der Welt” (Schiller, *Wilhelm Tell*, IV. iii.).

‘But undoubtedly the grand summary of Entepfuhl child’s culture, where as in a funnel its manifold influences were concentrated and simultaneously poured-down on us, was the annual Cattle-fair.<sup>1</sup> Here, assembling from all the four winds, came the elements of an unspeakable hurlyburly. Nutbrown maids and nutbrown men, all clear-washed, loud-laughing, bedizened and beribanded ; who came for dancing, for treating, and if possible, for happiness. Top-booted Graziers from the North ; Swiss Brokers, Italian Drovers, also topbooted, from the South ; these with their subalterns in leather jerkins, leather skull-caps, and long oxgoads ; shouting in half-articulate speech, amid the inarticulate barking and bellowing. Apart stood Potters from far Saxony, with their crockery in fair rows ; Nürnberg Pedlars,<sup>2</sup> in booths that to me seemed richer than Ormuz bazaars ;<sup>3</sup> Showmen from the Lago Maggiore ; detachments of the *Wiener Schub* (Offscourings of Vienna) vociferously superintending games of chance. Ballad-singers brayed, Auctioneers grew hoarse ; cheap New Wine (*heuriger*) flowed like water, still worse confounding the confusion ; and high over all, vaulted, in ground-and-lofty tumbling, a particoloured Merry-Andrew,<sup>4</sup> like the genius of the place and of Life itself.

‘Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence ; under the deep heavenly Firmament ; waited-on by the four golden Seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim Winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-matches, its snow-storms and Christmas-carols,—did the Child sit and learn. These things were the Alphabet, whereby in after-time he was to syllable and partly read the grand Volumie of the World : what matters it whether

<sup>1</sup> **Cattle-fair.** Now held at Lockerbie, five miles north of Ecclefechan.

<sup>2</sup> **Nürnberg Pedlars**, p. 86, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Ormuz bazaars.** Ormuz, or Hormuz, an island in the Persian Gulf, became an important and wealthy market for the Portuguese in their trade with India, early in the sixteenth century. “The wealth of Ormus and of Ind” (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 2).

<sup>4</sup> **Merry-Andrew.** A buffoon : one of the characters in the Prelude to Goethe’s *Faust*.

such Alphabet be in large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it? For Gneschen, eager to learn, the very act of looking thereon was a blessedness that gilded all: his existence was a bright, soft element of Joy; out of which, as in Prospero's Island,<sup>1</sup> wonder after wonder bodied itself forth, to teach by charming.

' Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, that even then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all, come down from Heaven into the Earth. Among the rainbow colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring of Care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite over-shone; yet always it reappeared, nay ever waxing broader and broader; till in after-years it almost over-shadowed my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final night. It was the ring of Necessity whereby we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our whole being, it is there.

' For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprenticeship, we have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged gratis,<sup>2</sup> are set down mostly to look about us over the workshop, and see others work, till we have understood the tools a little, and can handle this and that. If good Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and good Activity<sup>3</sup> together, were the thing wanted, then was my early position favourable beyond the most. In all that respects openness of Sense, affectionate Temper, ingenuous Curiosity, and the fostering of these, what more could I have wished? On the other side, however, things went not so well. My

<sup>1</sup> **Prospero's Island.** Shakespeare's *Tempest*, passim. "Charming" = enchantment.

<sup>2</sup> **Boarded and lodged gratis, etc.** So Jean Paul. *Translations*, ii. 68, note.

<sup>3</sup> **Good Passivity and good Activity.**

"The ancients made two sev'ral kinds  
Of prowess in heroic minds,  
The active and the passive valiant;" etc.

*Hudibras*, I. iii. 1029.

Active Power (*Thatkraft*) was unfavourably hemmed in ; of which misfortune how many traces yet abide with me ! In an orderly house, where the litter of children's sports is hateful enough, your training is too stoical ; rather to bear and forbear than to make and do. I was forbid much : wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce ; everywhere a strait bond of Obedience inflexibly held me down. Thus already Freewill often came in painful collision with Necessity ; so that my tears flowed, and at seasons the Child itself might taste that root of bitterness,<sup>1</sup> wherewith the whole fruitage of our life is mingled and tempered.

'In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was beyond measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience is our universal duty and destiny ; wherein whoso will not bend must break : too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall. Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly Discretion, nay of Morality itself. Let me not quarrel with my upbringing.<sup>2</sup> It was rigorous, too frugal, compressively secluded, every-way unscientific : yet in that very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie the root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble fruit must grow ? Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it was well-meant,

<sup>1</sup> **Root of bitterness.** Heb. xii. 15 ; cf. p. 82, "Hemlock-forest" and note.

<sup>2</sup> **My upbringing.** "Frugality and assiduity, a certain grave composure, an earnestness (not without its constraint, then felt as oppressive a little, yet which now yields its fruit) were the order of our household. We were all practically taught that *work* (temporal or spiritual) was the only thing we had to do ; and incited always by precept and example to do it *well*. An inflexible element of Authority encircled us all. . . . It was not a joyful life, . . . yet a safe, quiet one ; . . . a wholesome one. I cannot be thankful enough for my Parents. . . . We had all to complain that we *durst not* freely love him [the Father]. His heart seemed as if walled in ; . . . it seemed as if an atmosphere of Fear repelled us from him. . . . He was thrifty, patient ; careless of outward accommodation ; had a Spartan indifference to all that. We have lived for months, of old (and when he was not any longer poor), . . . on porridge and potatoes with no other condiment than what our own cow yielded" (*Reminiscences*).

honest ; whereby every deficiency was helped. My kind Mother,<sup>1</sup> for as such I must ever love the good Gretchen, did me one altogether invaluable service : she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian Faith. Andreas too attended Church ;<sup>2</sup> yet more like a parade-duty, for which he in the other world expected pay with arrears,—as, I trust, he has received ; but my Mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious. How indestructibly the Good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of Evil ! The highest whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven : such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being ; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps ; and Reverence,<sup>3</sup> the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean

<sup>1</sup> **My kind Mother.** "Oh, my dear Mother ! Let it ever be a comfort to you, however weak you are, that you did your part honourably and well while in strength, and were a noble Mother to me and to us all. . . . There is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for, as for the Mother I had. . . . Yes, surely, for if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was *your* voice essentially that was speaking through me ; essentially what you and my brave Father meant and taught me to mean, this was the purport of all I spoke and wrote" (Carlyle's Letter of 1853).

<sup>2</sup> **Andreas too attended Church.** Carlyle's Father belonged to the *Associate Burgher Synod* : a small sect of seceders from the National Presbyterian Church of Scotland. *Vide* Masson, *Edinburgh Sketches*.

"A select few . . . had built a little Meeting-house at Ecclefechan, thatched with heath, and chosen them a Priest by name John Johnston,—the priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look upon. . . . This peasant union, this little heath-thatched house, this simple Evangelist, . . . —they were the blessing and the saving of many : on me too their pious heaven-sent influences still rest, and live ; let me employ them well. . . . Poor Temple of my Childhood ; to me more sacred at this moment [1866] than perhaps the biggest Cathedral then extant could have been. . . . Strangely vivid to me, some twelve or twenty of those old faces whom I used to see every Sunday." (The Rev. Mr. Johnston's grave is at Ecclefechan, near Carlyle's own.) *Reminiscences*.

<sup>3</sup> **Reverence.** *Essays*, vii. 190 ff. and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. chap. x. The latter appears to have been the main source of Carlyle's doctrine of *Hero-worship*.

envelopment of Fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man ; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters<sup>1</sup> on the family-coach ?'

To which last question we must answer : Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride !

### CHAPTER III

#### PEDAGOGY

HITHERTO we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of yellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone ; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop, but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto, accordingly, his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract ; perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet foreshadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen, as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy<sup>2</sup> (at least all the pigments are there) ; yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity ; how, when, to use his own words, 'he understands the tools a little, and can handle this or that,' he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher's history, there is something of an almost Hindoo character : nay perhaps in that so well-fostered and everyway excellent 'Passivity' of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in

<sup>1</sup> Two-and-thirty quarters. The divisions of the shield in heraldry.

<sup>2</sup> The Man . . . pictured in the Boy. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 220.

after days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted, Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a No-man ; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost super-abundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European ; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography ! Now as hereto-fore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools<sup>1</sup> of any complicacy which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books. On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he 'cannot remember ever to have learned ;' so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally : 'Of the insignificant portion of my Education, which depended on Schools, there need almost no notice be taken. I learned what others learn ; and kept it stored-by in a corner of my head, seeing as yet no manner of use in it. My Schoolmaster,<sup>2</sup> a downbent, brokenhearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do little : he, good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the learned professions ; and that I must be sent to the Gymnasium,<sup>3</sup> and one day to the University. Meanwhile, what printed thing soever I could meet with I read. My very copper pocket-money I laid-out on stall-literature ; which, as it accumulated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes. By this means was the young head furnished with a

<sup>1</sup> **Earliest tools.** *Hudibras*, I. i. 90 ; *Tristram Shandy*, vol. v. chap. xlii.

<sup>2</sup> **My Schoolmaster.** William Gullen, a 'stickit minister' dominie (says Wylie), who was harshly used and eventually went to America. Carlyle, aged seven, was reported "complete in English" ; the son of the Rev. Mr. Johnston then taught him Latin, which the schoolmaster did not know.

<sup>3</sup> **Gymnasium.** The Grammar school, or Academy, is so named in Germany.

considerable miscellany of things and shadows of things : History in authentic fragments lay mingled with Fabulous chimeras,<sup>1</sup> wherein also was reality ; and the whole not as dead stuff, but as living pabulum, tolerably nutritive for a mind as yet so peptic.'

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much ; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following ? 'It struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach,<sup>2</sup> one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of History. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan ; even as at the midday when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile,<sup>3</sup> yet kept his *Commentaries* dry,—this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber,<sup>4</sup> Eurotas<sup>5</sup> or Siloa,<sup>6</sup> was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen : here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a vein or veinlet of the grand World-circulation of Waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has lasted and lasts simply with the World. Thou fool ! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a

<sup>1</sup> **Fabulous chimeras.** The monster, Chimera, is described by Homer, *Iliad*, vi. 179.

<sup>2</sup> **Kuhbach**, p. 133, note. A poem : "Drumwhunn Bridge, over the River Orr—built 1832," which appeared in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, October 1834, is evidently a version of this paragraph. Wylie quotes it, and attributes it to Carlyle.

<sup>3</sup> **Cæsar . . . swam the Nile.** Julius Cæsar, after the battle of Pharos (47 B.C.), leapt from a small boat into the sea to escape from the Egyptians ; he swam with one hand, while with the other he held his papers above water. (Plutarch's *Lives*.)

<sup>4</sup> **Tiber.** A river in Italy, on the banks of which stood Rome.

<sup>5</sup> **Eurotas.** A river in Greece, near which was Sparta.

<sup>6</sup> **Siloa, or Siloam.** A brook and pool near Jerusalem. Isaiah viii. 6 ; John ix. 7.

mushroom ; that idle crag thou sittest on is six-thousand years of age.<sup>1</sup> In which little thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the beginning of those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes ?

Over his Gymnastic and Academic years the Professor by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood. Green sunny tracts there are still ; but intersected by bitter rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes of discontent. 'With my first view of the Hinterschlag Gymnasium,'<sup>2</sup> writes he, 'my evil days began. Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the place, and saw its steeple-clock (then striking Eight) and *Schuldturm* (Jail), and the aproned or disaproned Burghers moving-in to breakfast : a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing past ; for some human imps had tied a tin-kettle to its tail ; thus did the agonised creature, loud-jingling, career through the whole length of the Borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many a Conquering Hero, to whom Fate (wedding Fantasy to Sense, as it often elsewhere does) has malignantly appended a tin-kettle of Ambition, to chase him on ; which the faster he runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly ! Fit emblem also of much that awaited myself, in that mischievous Den ; as in the World, whereof it was a portion and epitome !

'Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were hidden in the distance : I was among strangers, harshly, at best

<sup>1</sup> **Six-thousand years of age.** For, according to Biblical chronology, creation took place in 4004 B.C. !

<sup>2</sup> **Hinterschlag Gymnasium**, i.e. Slap-behind Academy ; cf. Scott's "Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster." "He [Carlyle's father] took me down to Annan Academy on the Whitsunday morning, 1806 [Whitmonday, 26th May] ; I trotting at his side in the way alluded to in *Tenfelsdröckh*. It was a bright morning, and to me full, of moment ; of fluttering boundless Hopes, saddened by parting with Mother, with Home ; and which afterwards 'were cruelly disappointed' (*Reminiscences*).

indifferently, disposed towards me ; the young heart felt, for the first time, quite orphaned and alone.' His schoolfellows, as is usual, persecuted him : <sup>1</sup> 'They were Boys,' he says, 'mostly rude Boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude Nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannise over the weak.' He admits, that though 'perhaps in an unusual degree morally courageous,' he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it ; a result, as would appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons he was 'incredibly nimble'), than to his 'virtuous principles': 'if it was disgraceful to be beaten,' says he, 'it was only a shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought ; thus was I drawn two ways at once, and in this important element of school-history, the war-element, had little but sorrow.' On the whole, that same excellent 'Passivity,' so notable in Teufelsdröckh's childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. 'He wept often ; indeed to such a degree that he was nicknamed *Der Weinende* (the Tearful), which epithet, till towards his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite unmerited. Only at rare intervals did the young soul burst-forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a stormfulness (*Ungestüm*) under which the boldest quailed, assert that he too had Rights of Man, or at least of Mankin.' In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reed-grass and ignoble shrubs ; and forced if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards ; into a *height* quite sickly, and disproportioned to its *breadth* ?

We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin <sup>2</sup> were

<sup>1</sup> His schoolfellows . . . persecuted him, etc. "Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I got out of these coarse unguided tyrannous cubs, especially till I revolted against them and gave stroke for stroke, as my pious mother, in her great love of peace and of my best interests, spiritually chiefly, had imprudently forbidden me to do." Cf. the cases of Cowper, Shelley, and Huxley.

<sup>2</sup> Greek and Latin. "Greek consisted of the Alphabet mainly. Hebrew is a German entity. I did get to read Latin and French with

'mechanically' taught ; Hebrew scarce even mechanically ; much else which they called History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy ; and he himself 'went about, as was of old his wont, among the Craftsmen's workshops, there learning many things' ;<sup>1</sup> and farther lighted on some small store of curious reading, in Hans Wachtel<sup>2</sup> the Cooper's house, where he lodged,—his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor has not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag *Scorpio*, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shows himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My Teachers,' says he, 'were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's ; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead Vocables (no dead Language, for they themselves knew no Language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything ;<sup>3</sup> much

fluency. . . . Some geometry, algebra, arithmetic thoroughly well, vague outlines of geography, I did learn ; all the books I could get were also devoured."

<sup>1</sup> 'Went about, . . . things.' The reference is to a passage in Goethe's *Autobiography*, book iv., quoted in *Essays*, iv. 158.

<sup>2</sup> **Hans Wachtel.** While at Annan School, Carlyle lived with a Mr. Waugh, a distant relation. Among books, his early favourites were *Hudibras*, *Roderick Random*, and *Tristram Shandy* !

<sup>3</sup> **Nürnberg out of wood and leather, etc.** *Vide p. 86, note.* (*Essays*, ii. 238.) ". . . We have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an hydraulick engine, in which a chemical liquor, resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pulleys, like the nerves, tendons and muscles : and we are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a

more of Mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of Spirit ; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought ? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt-out to a dead grammatical cinder ? The Hinterschlag Professors knew syntax enough ; and of the human soul thus much : that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted-on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch-rod.

'Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be ; till the Hodman is discharged, or reduced to hodbearing ; and an Architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged : till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by Knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by Gunpowder ; that with Generals and Fieldmarshals for killing, there should be world-honoured Dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained Priests, for teaching.<sup>1</sup> But as yet, though the Soldier wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, nowhere, far as I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster make show of his instructing-tool : nay, were he to walk abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected honour, would there not, among the idler class, perhaps a certain levity be excited ?'

In the third year of this Gymnastic period, Father Andreas seems to have died :<sup>2</sup> the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. 'The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had

week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons" (Pope, *Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.).

<sup>1</sup> **God-ordained Priests, for Teaching.** Cf. *Past and Present*, pp. 225. 228 ; *On Heroes*, pp. 156, 157 ; *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, No. IV. ; *Essays*, vi. 175. Perhaps Carlyle had in mind the views suggested in Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation*.

<sup>2</sup> **Father Andreas . . . died.** Carlyle went to Edinburgh in 1809, and was thus much removed from his father, though the latter lived until 1832. The death of his 'Uncle Tom' in 1816, was the first death he "had ever understood, and laid with its whole emphasis to heart."

yawned open ; the pale kingdoms of Death,<sup>1</sup> with all their innumerable silent nations and generations, stood before him ; the inexorable word, NEVER ! now first showed its meaning. My Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent ; but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent up in silent desolation. Nevertheless the unworn Spirit is strong ; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in Death : these stern experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagination, rose there to a whole cypress-forest, sad but beautiful ; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through long years of youth :—as in manhood also it does, and will do ; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree ;<sup>2</sup> the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help ; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert,<sup>3</sup> dyeing the flinty ground with your blood,— yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all ; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs<sup>4</sup> that patrol and inhabit ever vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more !'

Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured

<sup>1</sup> **Pale kingdoms of Death.** "Perque domos Ditis vacuas et mania regna" (Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 269 *ff.*).

<sup>2</sup> **Cypress-tree.** The Cypress was the emblem of mourning in ancient times. Cf. Drummond of Hawthornden : *Cypresse Grove*.

<sup>3</sup> **Monster-bearing Desert.** The ancients believed that monsters, "half bird, half-lion," etc., inhabited deserts. Vide Erman's *Life in Ancient Egypt*, chap. xi.

"So geographers, in Afric maps,  
With savage pictures fill their gaps," etc.

Swinburne, *On Poetry*.

<sup>4</sup> **Gehenna Bailiffs.** Gehenna, the *Valley of Hinnom*, near Jerusalem, was the scene of cruel rites (Jer. vii. 31) ; refuse was also burned there. Hence it typified Hell ; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 405. Hence—hell-sorrows, Psalm cxxvi. 3 ; or, personified as the " messenger of Satan," 2 Cor. xii. 7.

Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral ; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant) ; with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler :<sup>1</sup> the whole of which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster-son that he was not at all of this kindred ; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. ‘Thus was I doubly orphaned,’ says he ; ‘bereft not only of Possession, but even of Remembrance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could not but produce abundant fruit. Such a disclosure, in such a season, struck its roots through my whole nature : ever till the years of mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and night-dreams grew. A certain poetic elevation, yet also a corresponding civic depression, it naturally imparted : *I was like no other* ;<sup>2</sup> in which fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, and often to frightfullest results, may there not lie the first spring of tendencies, which in my Life have become remarkable enough ? As in birth, so in action, speculation, and social position, my fellows are perhaps not numerous.’

In the Bag *Sagittarius*, as we at length discover, Teufelsdröckh has become a University man ; though how, when, or of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers ; not even the total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In *Sagittarius*, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to show himself even more than usually Sibylline :<sup>3</sup> fragments of all sorts ;

<sup>1</sup> **Henry the Fowler.** Henry I. of Germany (876-936). Carlyle held that “there is a great deal more in genealogy than is generally believed at present.”

<sup>2</sup> **I was like no other.** Vide *Essays*, i. 138.

<sup>3</sup> **Sibylline,** p. 120, *note*.

scraps of regular Memoir, College-Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimonials, Milkscores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast ; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent, years ; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see ; darkly, as through the foliage of some wavering thicket : a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigorously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables,' and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet never or seldom with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate ; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting ; for 'the good Gretchen, who in spite of advices from not disinterested relatives has sent him hither, must after a time withdraw her willing but too feeble hand.' Nevertheless in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself ; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature ; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo<sup>1</sup> of a Paper-bag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag *Scorpio*, Teufelsdröckh had not already expectorated his antipedagogic spleen ; as if, from the name *Sagittarius*, he had thought himself called upon to shoot

<sup>1</sup> Limbo, p. 93, note.

arrows, we here again fall-in with such matter as this: 'The University<sup>1</sup> where I was educated still stands vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name well; which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain,<sup>2</sup> ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities. This is indeed a time when right Education is, as nearly as may be, impossible: however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit: nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless itself; as poisoned victual may be worse than absolute hunger.

'It is written, When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch:<sup>3</sup> wherefore, in such circumstances, may it not sometimes be safer, if both leader and lead simply—sit still? Had you, anywhere in Crim Tartary,<sup>4</sup> walled-in a square enclosure; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen Library; and then turned loose into it eleven-hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years: certain persons, under the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission-fees,—you had, not indeed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary. I say, imperfect; for if our mechanical structure was quite other, so neither was our result altogether the

<sup>1</sup> **The University, etc.** Carlyle attended classes at Edinburgh University, 1809-13, and later for Divinity, Law, etc.; but, following the customs prevalent at that time, he did not graduate. The number of students in the Faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine was not "eleven hundred" but about 1500. For his classes, professors, etc., *vide* Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches*.

With this description of University life in Scotland at that date, the reader should compare the expression of "love, favour, and affection," towards Edinburgh University, in Carlyle's "Bequest of Craigenputtock" (*Reminiscences*, Norton, vol. i. p. 261), as also in his "Rectorial Address" (*Essays*, vii. 169).

<sup>2</sup> **Spain.** *Vide* p. 155, "Salamanca" note.

<sup>3</sup> **When the blind lead . . . ditch.** Matt. xv. 14.

<sup>4</sup> **Crim Tartary.** The Crimea formed part of the territory which, under the Tartars, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, was called the Khanat of Krim Tartary.

same: unhappily, we were not in Crim Tartary, but in a corrupt European city, full of smoke and sin; moreover, in the middle of a Public, which, without far costlier apparatus than that of the Square Enclosure, and Declaration aloud, you could not be sure of gulling.

'Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are; and gulled, with the most surprising profit. Towards anything like a *Statistics of Imposture*, indeed, little as yet has been done: with a strange indifference, our Economists, nigh buried under Tables for minor Branches of Industry, have altogether overlooked the grand all-overtopping Hypocrisy Branch; as if our whole arts of Puffery,<sup>1</sup> of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the innumerable other crafts and mysteries of that genus, had not ranked in Productive Industry at all! Can any one, for example, so much as say, What moneys, in Literature and Shoeblacking, are realised by actual Instruction and actual jet Polish; what by fictitious-persuasive Proclamation of such; specifying, in distinct items, the distributions, circulations, disbursements, incomings of said moneys, with the smallest approach to accuracy? But to ask, How far, in all the several infinitely-completed departments of social business, in government, education, in manual, commercial, intellectual fabrication of every sort, man's Want is supplied by true Ware; how far by the mere Appearance of true Ware:—in other words, To what extent, by what methods, with what effects, in various times and countries, Deception takes the place of wages of Performance: here truly is an Inquiry big with results for the future time, but to which hitherto only the vaguest answer can be given. If for the present, in our Europe, we estimate the ratio of Ware to Appearance of Ware so high even as at One to a Hundred (which, considering the Wages of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, or English Game-Preserver, is probably not far from the mark),—what almost prodigious saving may there not be anticipated, as the *Statistics of Imposture* advances, and so the manufacturing of Shams (that of Realities rising into clearer and

<sup>1</sup> **Puffery**, p. 57, note

clearer distinction therefrom) gradually declines, and at length becomes all but wholly unnecessary!

‘This for the coming golden ages. What I had to remark, for the present brazen one, is, that in several provinces, as in Education, Polity, Religion, where so much is wanted and indispensable, and so little can as yet be furnished, probably Imposture is of sanative, anodyne nature, and man’s Gullibility not his worst blessing. Suppose your sinews of war<sup>1</sup> quite broken; I mean your military chest insolvent, forage all but exhausted; and that the whole army is about to mutiny, disband, and cut your and each other’s throat,—then were it not well could you, as if by miracle, pay them in any sort of fairy-money, feed them on coagulated water, or mere imagination of meat; whereby, till the real supply came up, they might be kept together and quiet? Such perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing without aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, with this his so omnipotent or rather omnipatient Talent of being Gulled.<sup>2</sup>

‘How beautifully it works, with a little mechanism; nay, almost makes mechanism for itself! These Professors in the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by a mere Reputation, constructed in past times, and then too with no great effort, by quite another class of persons. Which Reputation, like a strong, brisk-going undershot wheel,<sup>3</sup> sunk into the general current, bade fair, with only a little annual repainting on their part, to hold long together, and of its own accord assiduously grind for them. Happy that it was so, for the Millers! They themselves needed not to work; their attempts at working, at what they called Educating, now when I look back on it, fill me with a certain mute admiration.

‘Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational University; in the highest degree hostile to Mysticism;

<sup>1</sup> **Sinews of war.** An old phrase which occurs as *τὰ νεύρα τῶν πραγμάτων*, and is adopted by Cicero as “*nervos belli*.”

<sup>2</sup> **Talent of being Gulled.** Cf. *Tale of a Tub*, sect. ix.; and *Hudibras*, II. iii. 1 ff.

<sup>3</sup> **Undershot wheel.** A mill-wheel propelled by a current underneath.

thus was the young vacant mind furnished with much talk about Progress of the Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and the like;<sup>1</sup> so that all were quickly enough blown out into a state of windy argumentativeness; whereby the better sort had soon to end in sick, impotent Scepticism; the worser sort explode (*crepiren*) in finished Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become dead.—But this too is portion of mankind's lot. If our era is the Era of Unbelief, why murmur under it; is there not a better coming, nay come? As in long-drawn systole and long-drawn diastole,<sup>2</sup> must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial; must the vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all Opinions, Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, and again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter dissolution. For man lives in Time, has his whole earthly being, endeavour and destiny shaped for him by Time: only in the transitory Time-Symbol is the ever-motionless Eternity we stand on made manifest. And yet, in such winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the nobler-minded perhaps a comparative misery to have been born, and to be awake and work; and for the duller a felicity, if, like hibernating animals, safe-lodged in some Salamanca University,<sup>3</sup> or Sybaris City,<sup>4</sup> or other superstitious or voluptuous Castle of Indolence,<sup>5</sup> they can slumber-through, in stupid dreams, and only awaken when the loud-roaring hailstorms have all done their work, and to our prayers and martyrdoms the new Spring has been vouchsafed.'

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth, Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease,

<sup>1</sup> *Progress of the Species, . . . and the like.* Vide *Essays*, iv. 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Systole . . . diastole.* Contraction and dilatation, as of the heart. *Hudibras*, II. iii. 307.

<sup>3</sup> **Salamanca University.** Salamanca, north-west of Madrid, was called the 'little Rome' of Spain, and was celebrated for its University (which Samuel Johnson said he 'loved'), founded in 1200. Vide *Gil Blas*.

<sup>4</sup> **Sybaris City.** A Greek colony in Southern Italy, founded in the eighth century B.C., and mentioned in Aristotle and Herodotus as famed for its luxury; hence 'Sybarite.'

<sup>5</sup> **Castle of Indolence.** The title of a poem by James Thomson (1700-48).

cannot be doubtful. ‘The hungry young,’ he says, ‘looked up to their spiritual Nurses; and, for food, were bidden eat the east-wind.<sup>1</sup> What vain jargon of controversial Metaphysic, Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven-hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting<sup>2</sup> (*renommiren*), than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay from the chaos of that Library, I succeeded in fishing-up more books perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a Literary Life was hereby laid: I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages,<sup>3</sup> on almost all subjects and sciences; farther, as man is ever the prime object to man, already it was my favourite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. A certain groundplan of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me; wondrous enough, now when I look back on it; for my whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was as yet a Machine! However, such a conscious, recognised groundplan, the truest I had, was beginning to be there, and by additional experiments might be corrected and indefinitely extended.’

<sup>1</sup> **The hungry young . . . east-wind.** Milton, *Lycidas*, 125.

<sup>2</sup> **Rioting.** ‘*In Saus und Braus leben*; *renommiren*=to swagger. (Fischer.)

<sup>3</sup> **Almost all cultivated languages.** “In the classical field I am truly as nothing. Homer I learned to read in the original with difficulty . . .; Æschylus and Sophocles mainly in translations. Tacitus and Virgil became really interesting to me; Homer and Æschylus above all; Horace . . . I never cared for.” “The University . . . taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences; so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of” (*Essays*, vii. 174).

The list of books taken out by Carlyle from the University Library, shows a taste for History, Travels, Fiction and Philosophy. *Vide* Masson, *Edinburgh Sketches*.

“The true University of these days is a Collection of Books” (*On Heroes*, p. 156).

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth ; thus in the destitution of the wild desert does our young Ishmael<sup>1</sup> acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters.<sup>2</sup> Teufelsdröckh gives us long details of his 'fever-paroxysms of Doubt' ; his Inquiries concerning Miracles,<sup>3</sup> and the Evidences of Religious Faith ; and how 'in the silent night-watches, still larker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for Light, for deliverance from Death and the Grave. Not till after long years, and unspeakable agonies, did the believing heart surrender ; sink into spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, Unbelief ; and, in this tag-ridden dream, mistake God's fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium.<sup>4</sup> But through such Purgatory pain,' continues he, 'it is appointed us to pass ; first must the dead Letter of Religion own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this its charnel-house,<sup>5</sup> is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.'<sup>6</sup>

To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope ; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means,—do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within ; the fire of genius struggling-up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame ?

<sup>1</sup> **Young Ishmael.** Genesis xvi. 12. ; xxi. 20.

<sup>2</sup> **Desert . . . howling with savage monsters**, p. 149, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Miracles.** Carlyle attributed his disbelief in miracles to his reading of Gibbon at Kirkcaldy, 1817. *Vide* Masson, *Edinburgh Sketches*.

<sup>4</sup> **Pandemonium**, p. 112, *note*. •

<sup>5</sup> **Charnel-house**, a phrase of Jean Paul's, p. 229, *note*.

<sup>6</sup> **Healing under its wings.** Malachi iv. 2.

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice. Certain established men<sup>1</sup> are aware of his existence, and, if stretching-out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes on him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law,<sup>2</sup>—whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate.<sup>3</sup> But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums<sup>4</sup> of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras picture<sup>5</sup> of these University years.

‘Here also it was that I formed acquaintance with Herr Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better written, Herr Toughgut; a young person of quality (*von Adel*), from the interior parts of England. He stood connected, by blood and hospitality, with the Counts von Zahdarm,<sup>6</sup> in this quarter of Germany; to which noble Family I likewise was, by his means, with all friendliness, brought near. Towgood had a fair talent, unspeakably ill cultivated; with considerable humour of character and, bating his total ignorance, for he knew nothing except Boxing and a little Grammar, showed less of that aristocratical impassivity, and silent fury, than for most part belongs to Travellers of his nation. To

<sup>1</sup> **Certain established men.** Between the years 1816-21, Carlyle's more or less influential friends were Professor John Leslie, Dr (afterwards, Sir) David Brewster, and the ever helpful Edward Irving.

<sup>2</sup> **Profession of Law.** Carlyle attended Professor Hume's Law Class (1819-20) with thoughts of becoming an advocate, but from dislike of the subject and want of funds, he soon abandoned the study.

<sup>3</sup> **Public graduate.** A certain ‘Thomas Carlyle, Advocate’ (as he afterwards styled himself), attended the University about the same period.

<sup>4</sup> **Thrums**, p. 107, *note*.

<sup>5</sup> **Arras-picture.** Tapestry was formerly manufactured at Arras, in France. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 163.

<sup>6</sup> **Counts von Zahdarm.** (German) *Tough gut* Towgood (an old English surname) vaguely suggests Charles Buller (‘stirring *theses* in favour of Pierce Egan and *Borwana* —*Reminiscences*), whose tutor was Carlyle, who thus got his “first practical knowledge of the English ‘aristocracy’.

him I owe my first practical knowledge of the English and their ways ; perhaps also something of the partiality with which I have ever since regarded that singular people. Towgood was not without an eye, could he have come at any light. Invited doubtless by the presence of the Zähldarm Family, he had travelled hither, in the almost frantic hope of perfecting his studies ; he, whose studies had as yet been those of infancy, hither to a University where so much as the notion of perfection, not to say the effort after it, no longer existed ! Often we would condole over the hard destiny of the Young in this era : how, after all our toil, we were to be turned-out into the world, with beards on our chins indeed, but with few other attributes of manhood ; no existing thing that we were trained to Act on, nothing that we could so much as Believe. "How has our head on the outside a polished Hat," would Towgood exclaim, "and in the inside Vacancy, or a froth of Vocables and Attorney-Logic ! At a small cost men are educated to make leather into shoes ; but at a great cost, what am I educated to make ? By Heaven, Brother ! what I have already eaten and worn, as I came thus far, would endow a considerable Hospital of Incurables."—"Man, indeed," I would answer, "has a Digestive Faculty, which must be kept working, were it even partly by stealth. But as for our Mis-education, make not bad worse ; waste not the time yet ours, in trampling on thistles because they have yielded us no figs. *Frisch zu, Bruder !*<sup>1</sup> Here are Books, and we have brains to read them ; here is a whole Earth and a whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them : *Frisch zu !*"

'Often also our talk was gay ; not without brilliancy, and even fire. We looked-out on Life, with its strange scaffolding, where all at once harlequins dance, and men are beheaded and quartered : motley, not unterrific was the aspect ; but we looked on it like brave youths. For myself, these were perhaps my most genial hours. Towards this young warmhearted, strongheaded and wrongheaded

<sup>1</sup> *Frisch zu, Bruder !* "Quick to work, Brother !"

Herr Towgood I was even near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship. Yes, foolish Heathen that I was, I felt that, under certain conditions, I could have loved this man, and taken him to my bosom, and been his brother once and always. By degrees, however, I understood the new time, and its wants. If man's *Soul* is indeed, as in the Finnish Language, and Utilitarian Philosophy,<sup>1</sup> a kind of *Stomach*, what else is the true meaning of Spiritual Union but an Eating together? Thus we, instead of Friends, are Dinner-guests; and here as elsewhere have cast away chimeras.'

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived-under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader 'in the interior parts of England' know of such a man?

## CHAPTER IV

### GETTING UNDER WAY

'*THUS* nevertheless,' writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, 'was there realised *Somewhat*;<sup>2</sup> namely, I, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: a visible Temporary Figure (*Zitbild*), occupying some cubic feet of Space, and containing within it Forces both physical and spiritual; hopes, passions, thoughts; the whole wondrous furniture,

<sup>1</sup> **Utilitarian Philosophy.** Especially that of Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), whose doctrine of 'Utility,'—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the true standard of right and wrong in all conduct,—Carlyle objected to, on the ground that (1) Desire for happiness is not the 'motive' of right conduct; (2) The difference of right and wrong conduct is *infinite*, not calculable on any 'profit-and-loss system'; cf. *On Heroes*, pp. 69, 159. The word 'Utilitarian' was adopted by J. S. Mill in 1823, from Galt's *Annals of the Parish*, 1821. Cf. *infra*, pp. 205, 260.

<sup>2</sup> **Somewhat.** *i.e.* Egoism 'getting under way': what Werner terms 'thy prideful Thought of being One and *Somewhat*.' *Essays*, i. 93-97.

in more or less perfection, belonging to that mystery, a Man. Capabilities there were in me to give battle, in some small degree, against the great Empire of Darkness: does not the very Ditcher and Delver, with his spade, extinguish many a thistle and puddle; and so leave a little Order, where he found the opposite? Nay your very Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and ever organises something (into its own Body, if no otherwise), which was before Inorganic; and of mute dead air makes living music, though only of the faintest, by humming.

‘How much more, one whose capabilities are spiritual; who has learned, or begun learning, the grand thaumaturgic art of Thought! Thaumaturgic<sup>1</sup> I name it; for hitherto all Miracles have been wrought thereby, and henceforth innumerable will be wrought; whereof we, even in these days, witness some. Of the Poet’s and Prophet’s inspired Message, and how it makes and unmakes whole worlds, I shall forbear mention: but cannot the dullest hear Steam-engines clanking around him? Has he not seen the Scottish Brassmith’s IDEA<sup>2</sup> (and this but a mechanical one) travelling on fire-wings round the Cape, and across two Oceans; and stronger than any other Enchanter’s Familiar,<sup>3</sup> on all hands unweariedly fetching and carrying: at home, not only weaving Cloth; but rapidly enough overturning the whole old system of Society;<sup>4</sup> and, for Feudalism and Preservation of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure methods, Industrialism and the Government of the Wisest? Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire;<sup>5</sup> and new Emissaries are

**Thaumaturgic. Wonder-working.**

**Scottish Brassmith.** James Watt (1736-1819), the ‘inventor’ of the steam-engine, was for some years a mathematical instrument-maker in Glasgow.

<sup>3</sup> **Enchanter’s Familiar.** Fischer refers to Goethe’s *Zauberlehrling*.

<sup>4</sup> **OVERTURNING . . . SOCIETY.** *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 226.

<sup>5</sup> **A shudder through the Nether Empire.** Milton, *Paradise Regained*, i. 106-113.

trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.

'With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the Universe, been called. Unhappy it is, however, that though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, with no less than sovereign right of Peace and War against the Time-Prince (*Zeit-fürst*), or Devil, and all his Dominions, your coronation-ceremony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye on!'

By which last wiredrawn similitude does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call 'getting under way'? 'Not what I Have,' continues he, 'but what I Do is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this first: To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability<sup>1</sup> specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always too the new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how seldom will the outward Capability fit the inward: though talented<sup>2</sup> wonderfully enough, we are poor, unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful; nay what is worse than all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of Capabilities, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is

<sup>1</sup> **Capability, etc.** Goethean doctrine:—The chief end is the harmonious development and cultivation of the individual, through useful activity. Special, not vague or general, capabilities are born with us; and a man should seek to understand clearly what his special capability is, what it is that he *wishes*, and should then unweariedly advance along that line, using all previous examples, and seizing all the means conducive to the attainment of his end. Education should forward our real ascertained capacities, and should not turn our efforts to objects which are not in harmony with our instinctive tendencies. (Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*, passim.)

<sup>2</sup> **Talented.** John Sterling objected to this as "a mere newspaper and hustings word, invented, . . . by O'Connell." It was used, however, by Abbot (1562-1633), etc. Consult Hodgson's *Errors in the Use of English*.

ours, and often clutch the wrong one: in this mad work must several years of our small term be spent, till the purblind Youth, by practice, acquire notions of distance,<sup>1</sup> and become a seeing Man. Nay, many so spend their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, ever new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and from side to side: till at length, as exasperated striplings of threescore-and ten, they shift into their last enterprise, that of getting buried.

'Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, would be the general fate; were it not that one thing saves us: our Hunger. For on this ground, as the prompt nature of Hunger is well known, must a prompt choice be made: hence have we, with wise foresight, Indentures and Apprenticeships for our irrational young; whereby, in due season, the vague universality of a Man shall find himself ready-moulded into a specific Craftsman; and so thenceforth work, with much or with little waste of Capability as it may be; yet not with the worst waste, that of time. Nay even in matters spiritual, since the spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like certain other creatures,<sup>2</sup> receive sight in nine days, but far later, sometimes never,—is it not well that there should be what we call Professions,<sup>3</sup> or Bread-studies (*Brotzwerke*), preappointed us? Here, circling like the gin-horse, for whom partial or total blindness is no evil, the Bread-artist can travel contentedly round and round, still fancying that it is forward and forward; and realise much: for himself virtual; for the world an additional horse's power in the grand corn-mill or hemp-mill of Economic Society. For me too had such a leading-string<sup>4</sup> been provided; only that it proved a neck-halter, and had nigh throttled me, till I broke it off.

<sup>1</sup> **Acquire notions of distance.** From Jean Paul's *Journey to Flactz*. *Translations*, ii. 76, note.

<sup>2</sup> **Other creatures.** Pups.

<sup>3</sup> **Professions.** For Carlyle's views on "our English careers," vide *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 156.

<sup>4</sup> **Leading-string.** In Carlyle's case this was the Church, though represented here as Law.

Then, in the words of Ancient Pistol,<sup>1</sup> did the world generally become mine oyster, which I, by strength or cunning, was to open, as I would and could. Almost had I deceased (*fast wär ich umgekommen*), so obstinately did it continue shut.'

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer; the historical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this Bag *Pisces*, and those that follow.<sup>2</sup> A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, 'breaks-off his neck-halter,' and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced-in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye; but to him they are forbidden pasture: either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand; or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone-walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way; not indeed into luxuriant and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky<sup>3</sup> wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom, though waited on by Scarcity, is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown-up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and no Rest*;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ancient Pistol*, p. 265, note. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Pisces, and those that follow.* *Pisces* is here taken before *Capricornus* and *Aquarius*.

<sup>3</sup> **Bosky.** Bushy. "My bosky acres" (*Tempest*, IV. i. 81). Milton, *Comus*, 313.

<sup>4</sup> **No Object and no Rest.** The reference is to Faust: "Der Unmensch ohne Zweck und Ruh" (Goethe, *Faust*, part i. l. 3349). *Essays*, i. 137.

must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his 'neck-halter' sat nowise easy on him; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man's civic position, in this Nameless capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can discern well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly; and can even boast that the *Examen Rigorosum*<sup>1</sup> need not have frightened him: but though he is hereby 'an *Auscultator*<sup>2</sup> of respectability,' what avails it? There is next to no employment to be had. Neither, for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation very hopeful in itself; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. 'My fellow Auscultators,' he says, 'were Auscultators: they dressed, and digested, and talked articulate words; other vitality shewed they almost none. Small speculation in those eyes, that they did glare withal! Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, nor for aught human or divine, save only for the faintest scent of coming *Preferment*.'<sup>3</sup> In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was

<sup>1</sup> **Examen Rigorosum.** In Germany, the third and final Law Examination; alluded to in *Quintus Fixlein*.

<sup>2</sup> **Auscultator.** Now called 'Referendar.' "In Germany, one who has passed his first Law Examination, and is employed by Government, but without salary or fixed appointment."

<sup>3</sup> **Coming Preferment.** Law and "the admired lecturing Hume himself, appeared to me mere denizens of the kingdom of dulness, pointing towards nothing but money as wages for all that bogpool of disgust."

performed ill, at best unpleasantly. ‘Great practical method and expertness’ he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? ‘Like a very young person, I imagined it was with Work alone, and not also with Folly and Sin, in myself and others, that I had been appointed to struggle.’ Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, towards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as ‘a man of genius’: against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests. ‘As if,’ says he, ‘the higher did not presuppose the lower; as if he who can fly into heaven, could not also walk post if he resolved on it! But the world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper.’

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean while, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen<sup>1</sup> seems to have vanished from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty,<sup>2</sup> or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that ‘the prompt nature of Hunger being well known,’ we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition,<sup>3</sup> in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, ‘does the young Adventurer hitheito suspect in himself any

<sup>1</sup> **Gretchen.** Carlyle’s mother died in 1853. *Vide* p. 148, note.

<sup>2</sup> **Horn of Plenty.** The *Cornucopia* of the Ancients; in sculpture, a horn full of flowers and fruits, symbolic of Plenty.

<sup>3</sup> **Private Tuition.** In 1818, Carlyle had three hours of private teaching at two guineas a month for each hour; he taught algebra, geometry, and on one occasion, astronomy. In 1822 there came the Buller tutorship, through Irving, with its £200 a year.

literary gift ; but at best earns bread-and-water wages, by his wide faculty of Translation.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that I subsisted is clear, for you find me even now alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb,<sup>2</sup> that 'there is always life for a living one,' we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money ; but, like an independent Hearthholder, if not Householder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes, which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot ; and runs to this effect : 'The (*Inkblot*),<sup>3</sup> tied-down by previous promise, cannot, except by best wishes, forward the Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on the Assessorship in question ; and sees himself under the cruel necessity of forbearing, for the present, what were otherwise his duty and joy, to assist in opening the career for a man of genius, on whom far higher triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper ; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead, yet which once lived and beneficially worked. We give it in the original : 'Herr Teufelsdröckh wird von der Freu Gräfnn, auf Donnerstag, zum AESTHETISCHEN THEE schönstens eingeladen.'<sup>4</sup>

Thus, in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes, epigrammatically

<sup>1</sup> **Faculty of Translation.** Carlyle's chief translations were Berzelius's *Chemistry*, in 1819 ; Legendre's *Geometry*, in 1822, which brought him £50 ; *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, published 1824, £180 ; the work called *German Romance*, published 1827.

<sup>2</sup> **Kind old Proverb.** "My mother's proverb," said Carlyle ; but cf. Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 25.

<sup>3</sup> **The (Inkblot).** This may refer vaguely to Carlyle's non-appointment to the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews University, 1828. His candidature for the Astronomy Professorship in Edinburgh (which Jeffrey gave to his Secretary) was not until 1834.

<sup>4</sup> 'Herr Teufelsdröckh,' etc. 'It will give the Countess much pleasure if Herr Teufelsdröckh will come to æsthetic tea on Thursday.'

enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid *Æsthetic*<sup>1</sup> *Tea!* How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps in expressive silence, and abstinence: otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chickenweed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the *Zäh darm House*, she can be no other than the Countess and mistress of the same; whose intellectual tendencies, and good-will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer, though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain; enough for him if he here obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. 'The Zähdarms,' says he, 'lived in the soft, sumptuous garniture of Aristocracy; whereto Literature and Art, attracted and attached from without, were to serve as the handsomest fringing. It was to the *Gnädigen Frau* (her Ladyship) that this latter improvement was due: assiduously she gathered, dextrously she fitted-on, what fringing was to be had; lace or cobweb, as the place yielded.' Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or cobweb; or promising to be such? 'With his *Excellenz* (the Count),' continues he, 'I have more than once had the honour to converse; chiefly on general affairs, and the

<sup>1</sup> **Æsthetic.** The Greek expression *τὰ αἰσθητά* (that which is sensibly perceived) was, in 1750-58, revived by Baumgarten in the word *Asthetik*, by which he implied a *criticism* of Taste, or Science of *Æsthetics*. In 1781 Kant reapplied it to the conditions of sensuous perception. About 1796-98 it began to appear in English translations of Kant's works and in essays upon them. *Vide Murray.*

Carlyle in 1827, speaking of Jean Paul's *Introduction to Æsthetics* (in Baumgarten's sense), thought it necessary to explain the then uncommon word. The German, *Æsthetischer Thee*, as commonly used, implies a dilettante tea-party.

aspect of the world, which he, though now past middle life, viewed in no unfavourable light; finding indeed, except the Outrooting of Journalism (*die auszurottende Journalistik*), little to desiderate therein. On some points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholeric, I found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, his occupation being that of Owning Land, there might be faculties enough, which, as superfluous for such use, were little developed in him.'

That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides 'the Outrooting of Journalism' might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Auscultatorship from without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The Universe,' he says, 'was as a mighty Sphinx-riddle,<sup>1</sup> which I knew so little of, yet must rede, or be devoured. In red streaks of unspeakable grandeur, yet also in the blackness of darkness, was Life, to my too-unfurnished Thought, unfolding itself. A strange contradiction lay in me; and I as yet knew not the solution of it;<sup>2</sup> knew not that spiritual music can spring only from discords set in harmony; that but for Evil there were no Good, as victory is only possible by battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, 'by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and

<sup>1</sup> *Sphinx-riddle*, p. 96, note.

<sup>2</sup> I as yet knew not the solution of it. The new moral principle of our era (said Carlyle),—that evil and good are everywhere, like shadow and substance, inseparable, yet not hostile, only opposed, and that a man may live "in unconquerable steadfastness for the right, yet without tumultuous exasperation against the wrong,"—was taught by Goethe, and was "ocularly-visible" in his life. Religion represented the two as infinitely different, hostile (as heaven and hell); Goethe and Schiller ("art is higher than religion") represented good and evil as infinitely different, but without hostility, nay, as both essential to the whole. Cf. *Journal*, 1830, 1831, and *Essays*, iv. 181.

wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies (*Mädchen*) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years; so young gentlemen (*Bübchen*<sup>1</sup>) do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks (*Grcken*) are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; in all senses, so froward and so forward. No mortal's endeavour or attainment will, in the smallest, content the as yet unendeavouring, unattaining young gentleman; but he could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable matter, simple as a question in the Rule-of-Three: multiply your second and third term together, divide the product by the first, and your quotient will be the answer,—which you are but an ass if you cannot come at. The booby has not yet found-out, by any trial, that, do what one will, there is ever a cursed fraction,<sup>2</sup> oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of.'

In which passage does not there lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward obstructions, had an inward, still greater, to contend with; namely, a certain temporary, youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head? Alas, on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. 'It continues ever true,' says he, 'that Saturn, or Chronos,<sup>3</sup> or what we call TIME, devours all

<sup>1</sup> *Bübchen*. *Baby-boys*; not "young gentlemen."

<sup>2</sup> *Cursed fraction*. "They were a set of . . . lively geniuses, who saw well enough that the sum of our existence, divided by reason, never gives an integer number, but that a surprising fraction is always left behind. . . . To get rid of this fraction . . . was the object of the Children of Joy" (Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 238).

<sup>3</sup> *Saturn*, or *Chronos*. According to Greek myths, Kronos dethroned his father Uranos, and, dreading a similar fate, devoured his own children, except Jupiter, who, rescued by his mother, afterwards dethroned Kronos. According to later myths, Kronos fled to Italy (*Aeneid*, viii. 319 ff.), and was thus wrongly identified with Saturn, the Latin God of Agriculture. Kronos also is erroneously identified with Chronos, Time.

his Children: only by incessant Running, by incessant Working, may you (for some threescore-and-ten years) escape him; and you too he devours at last. Can any Sovereign, or Holy Alliance of Sovereigns, bid Time stand still; even in thought, shake themselves free of Time? Our whole terrestrial being is based on Time, and built

Time; it is wholly a Movement, a Time-impulse; Time is the author of it, the material of it. Hence also our Whole Duty, which is to move, to work,—in the right direction. Are not our Bodies and our Souls in continual movement, whether we will or not; in a continual Waste, requiring a continual Repair? Utmost satisfaction of our whole outward and inward Wants were but satisfaction for a space of Time; thus, whatso we have done, is done, and for us annihilated, and ever must we go and do anew. O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed<sup>1</sup> and imprisoned us, and sunk us so deep in thy troublous dim Time-Element, that only in lucid moments can so much as glimpses of our upper Azure Home be revealed to us! Me, however, as a Son of Time, unhappier than some others, was Time threatening to eat quite prematurely; for, strive as I might, there was no good Running, so obstructed was the path, so gyved<sup>2</sup> were the feet.' That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufels-dröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, 'to work,—in the right direction,' and that no work was to be had; whereby he became wretched enough. As was natural: with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras's sword by rust,<sup>3</sup>

To eat into itself, for lack  
Of something else to hew and hack!

<sup>1</sup> **Environed, etc.** As Satan was "environed" in the dark Chaos. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 1016, 1046-47.

<sup>2</sup> **Gyved.** Fettered. *Hamlet*, II. i. 80.

<sup>3</sup> **Sir Hudibras's sword.**

"The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself, for lack  
Of some body to hew and hack."

*Hudibras*, I. i. 359.

But on the whole, that same 'excellent Passivity,'<sup>1</sup> as it has all along done, is here again vigorously flourishing ; in which circumstance may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor ; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself ? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive ; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. 'So far hitherto,' he says, 'as I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, if for anything, for a certain stillness of manner, which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill express the keen ardour of my feelings. I, in truth, regarded men with an excess both of love and of fear. The mystery of a Person, indeed, is ever divine to him that has a sense for the Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed, and by half-strangers hated, for my so-called Hardness (*Härte*), my Indifferentism towards men ; and the seemingly ironic tone I had adopted, as my favourite dialect in conversation. Alas, the panoply of Sarcasm was but as a buckram case,<sup>2</sup> wherein I had striven to envelope myself ; that so my own poor Person might live safe there, and in all friendliness, being no longer exasperated by wounds. Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil ; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it. But how many individuals did I, in those days, provoke into some degree of hostility thereby ! An ironic man, with his sly stillness, and ambuscading ways, more especially an ironic young man, from whom it is least expected, may be viewed as a pest to society. Have we not seen persons of weight and name coming forward, with gentlest indifference, to tread such a one out of sight, as an insignificancy and worm, start ceiling-high (*balkenhoch*), and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne home on shutters, not without indignation, when he proved electric and a torpedo !'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Excellent Passivity,' p. 139, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> Buckram case. Linen cloth stiffened with glue. *I. Henry IV.*, II. iv. 213.

<sup>3</sup> He proved . . . a torpedo. *i.e.* torpedo-fish. "No sooner does he

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life; where the first problem, as Teufelsdröckh too admits, is 'to unite yourself with some one and with somewhat<sup>1</sup> (*sich anzuschliessen*)'? Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zäh darm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the death of the 'not uncholeric' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*,<sup>2</sup> huddled into the present Bag, among so much else; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By request of that worthy Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I undertook to compose his Epitaph; and not unmindful of my own rules, produced the following; which however, for an alleged defect of Latinity, a defect never yet fully visible to myself, still remains unengraven';—wherein, we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader:

take a pen in his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties" (Boswell's *Johnson*, 1743). "In Edinburgh [cirea 1818] from my fellow-creatures, little or nothing but vinegar was my reception, . . . my own blame mainly, so proud, shy, poor, at once so insignificant-looking and so grim and sorrowful. That in *Sartor* of the worm trodden on and proving a torpedo is not wholly a fable, but did actually befall once or twice, as I still with a kind of sniall, not ungenial, malice can remember."

<sup>1</sup> 'To unite yourself with . . . somewhat.' The quotation is from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> **Epitaphs.** Johnson wrote an Essay on Epitaphs, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740; also Wordsworth in *The Friend*, 1810.

HIC JACET<sup>1</sup>

PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,  
 ZAEHDARMI COMES,  
 EX IMPERII CONCILIO,  
 VELLERIS AUREI PERISCELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI  
 EQUES

QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,  
 QUINQUES MILLE PERDICES  
 PLUMBO CONFECIT :

VARI CIBI

CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,  
 PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,  
 HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,

IN STERCUS

PALAM CONVERTIT.

NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM  
 OPERA SEQUUNTUR.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,  
 FIMETUM ADSPIKE.

PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECIT [sub dato]; POSTREMUM [sub dato]

<sup>1</sup> **Hic jacet**, etc. "Here lies Philip Zachdarm, surnamed the Great, Count of Zachdarm, of the Imperial Council, Knight of the Golden Fleece, of the Garter, and also of the Black Vulture. Who, while he lived under the moon, destroyed 5000 partridges with lead: Of manifold victuals a hundred million hundredweights, through himself, and through his servants, quadrupeds or bipeds, not without racket consuming, he openly converted into soil. Now resting from his labour his works follow him. If you seek his monument, look at this heap. Began (*as given*); finished (*as given*)."  
 Carlyle practically repeats this in *Past and Present*, pp. 153, 242. The epitaph was a satire on the idleness of the 'Corn-law, game-preserving Aristocracy.' "We have private individuals whose wages are equal to the wages of seven or eight thousand other individuals. What do those highly beneficed individuals *do* to Society for their wages? —*Kill partridges. Can this last?* No, by the soul that is in man it cannot, and will not, and shall not!" In 1831 the average price of wheat was 66s. 4d. per quarter, at which price the import duty was 20s. 8d. The Corn Law was abolished in 1846 by Sir Robert Peel. As to "game-preserving," *vide* p. 271.

<sup>2</sup> **Si monumentum quæris**, etc. The wall near Wren's tomb in St. Paul's, London, bears: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." i.e. "If you seek his monument,—look around!"

## CHAPTER V

## ROMANCE

'FOR long years,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'had the poor Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once struck him with entire force: For what?—*Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable?—Come of it what might, I resolved to try.'

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses<sup>1</sup> and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not *a Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter Northwest Passage<sup>2</sup> to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere?—A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island<sup>3</sup> detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

'If in youth,' writes he once, 'the Universe is

<sup>1</sup> **Herring-busses.** Buss (Fr. *buis*), a small boat used in herring-fishery.

<sup>2</sup> **Northwest Passage.** From the year 1497, numerous attempts were made by English captains to find a passage to Eastern Asia by rounding North America, in order to avoid the Spanish Main; and at the date in question, for merely scientific reasons, by Parry (1821), and Ross (1829).

<sup>3</sup> **Calypso-Island.** According to Homer, the shipwrecked Ulysses was detained seven years, on a wooded island, by Calypso, the daughter of Atlas.

majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Persönlichkeit*) is ever holy to us ; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love : but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns-out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us ? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him ; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear ; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him ? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike ! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth ; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames-forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

‘In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve ; nor, in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps too the whole is but the lovelier, if Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all footsteps of men ; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable celestial barrier ; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality ; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free !

‘As for our young Forlorn,’ continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, ‘in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace,<sup>1</sup> his feeling

<sup>1</sup> **Reverberating furnace.** ‘Reverberierfeuer. Jean Paul, *Siebenkaes*, book i. chap. ii.

towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them ; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-coloured angel-plumage ; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Aesthetic Tea* : all of air they were, all Soul and Form ; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's-ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*)—*Ach Gott !* how could he hope it ; should he not have died under it ? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

‘Thus was the young man, if all-sceptical of Demons and Angels such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Sky-born, who visibly and audibly hovered round him wheresoever he went ; and they had that religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly and trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility and reality, should cast any electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, “Thou too mayest love and be loved” ; and so kindle him,—good Heaven, what a volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled !’

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst-forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes ; as indeed how could it fail ? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability ; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour enough ; the whole lying in such hot neighbourhood, close by ‘a reverberating furnace of Fantasy’ : have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze-up ? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving ‘the outskirts of *Aesthetic Tea*,’

flit nigher ; and, by electric Promethean<sup>1</sup> glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed-off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love ; till the whole were safely burnt-out ; and the young soul relieved with little damage ! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion ; painfully lacerating the heart itself ; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death) ; or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness) : till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'crater of an extinct volcano'!<sup>2</sup>

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love : here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give way. He loved once ; not wisely but too well.<sup>3</sup> And once only : for as your Congreve<sup>4</sup> needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one ; the 'First Love which is infinite'<sup>5</sup> can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt ; whom the grand-climacteric<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Promethean*, i.e. fire-bearing ; p. 203, note.

<sup>2</sup> 'Crater of an extinct volcano,' p. 75, note.

<sup>3</sup> Not wisely but too well. *Othello*, V. ii. 344.

<sup>4</sup> *Congreve*, Sir William (1772-1828), inventor of the rocket used as a weapon of war.

<sup>5</sup> 'First Love which is infinite,' etc. From Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, xiii. ; cf. *Essays*, i. 191.

<sup>6</sup> *Grand-climacteric*. When a person's age corresponded to the multiples of 7 with each of the odd numbers, the period was considered critical, especially in the case of the two mysterious numbers 7 and 9, which was termed the *grand climacteric*. *Vide* Scott's *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

itself, and *St. Martin's Summer*<sup>1</sup> of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle-garland.<sup>2</sup> To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art, indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialties of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes-off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan<sup>3</sup> and Werterean<sup>4</sup> wain lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Pre-established Harmony<sup>5</sup> of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.'

<sup>1</sup> **St. Martin's Summer**, *i.e.* fine weather in November. St. Martin's Day is 11th November. Cf. *J. Henry VT.*, I. ii. 131. A similar phrase, 'Indian Summer,' is used in North America and Canada.

<sup>2</sup> **Myrtle-garland.** The myrtle was sacred to Venus.

<sup>3</sup> **Petrarchan.** Petrarch (1304-74), the Italian poet, celebrated chiefly for his *Rime*—a collection of love lyrics.

<sup>4</sup> **Werterean, p. 195, note.**

<sup>5</sup> **Pre-established Harmony.** Leibnitz (1646-1716) held that changes in mind and matter are not mutually causal, but merely concomitant, according to what he termed a "pre-established harmony."

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed,<sup>1</sup> beautiful, and some one's Cousin; highborn, and of high spirit; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer'<sup>2</sup> into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,'<sup>3</sup> writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved Auscultator,'<sup>4</sup> officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis*<sup>5</sup> he would ever write, but must have paused to wonder! Noble Mansion! There stoodest thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude; stately, massive, all of granite; glittering in 'the western sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado,<sup>6</sup> overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills; of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple,<sup>7</sup> in the Libyan Waste; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze; in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed-in his *Relatio ex Actis*; been

<sup>1</sup> Hazel-eyed, p. 186, "dark eyes."

<sup>2</sup> 'The Wanderer,' p. 120, note.

<sup>3</sup> Waldschloss. Forest-castle.

<sup>4</sup> Auscultator, p. 165, note.

<sup>5</sup> *Relatio ex Actis*. Law Report; MS.

<sup>6</sup> El Dorado. *The gilded land* which the Spanish conquerors of America imagined, and to find which Raleigh went to Guiana in 1595.

<sup>7</sup> Ammon's Temple. The oracle of Ammon (the Jupiter of Egyptian mythology) in the Libyan Desert; it was consulted by Alexander the Great in 332-1 B.C.

invited to a glass of Rhine-wine ; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gardenhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers : if not engaged in *Aesthetic* Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the stillness live.' Scarcely, it would seem, is the Gardenhouse inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. 'Empowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odours of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company ; in front, from the wide-opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peaks : so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures : it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself. How came it that the Wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart (*ahndungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host ? Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut ; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to try him ; to mock him, and see whether there were Humour in him ?

'Next moment he finds himself presented to the party ; and especially by name to—Blumine !<sup>1</sup> Peculiar among

<sup>1</sup> **Blumine.** The original of "Blumine," the "Goddess of Flowers," undoubtedly appears to have been Margaret Gordon, an ex-pupil of Irving's, whom Carlyle met at Kirkealdy, 1816-18. Her last letter to Carlyle is remarkable in many ways : ". . . In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. . . . Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved ! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. . . . Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart ?" The writer afterwards married Sir Alexander Bannerman, M.P. for Aberdeen, Carlyle's poor circumstances having made him an undesirable suitor in the eyes of Miss Gordon's aunt and guardian. In *Wotton Reinfred* "Blumine" appears as "Jane Montagu." The romance episode in *Sartor* is coloured by recollections of a certain Miss Aurora Kirkpatrick, whose birth was an Indian *Romance* (vide *Reminiscences* ; and *Nineteenth Century*, September 1892 ; *Westminster Review*, August 1894 ; *Blackwood*, July 1893). Thus the "aunt" of Miss Gordon and of "Jane Montagu" appears in *Sartor* as the "Duenna Cousin,"

all dames and damosels glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom he bent to, in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

'Blumine's was a name well known to him; far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices: from all which vague colourings of Rumour, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts,<sup>1</sup> and blooming warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places; that light yet so stately form; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps: but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his; how should she ever think of him; O Heaven! how should they so much as once meet together? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of *her* eyes has smiled on him; if he speak, she will hear it! Nay, who knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine herself might have aforetime noted the so

i.e. Mrs. Strachey, whose house at Shooter's Hill, with its "umbrageous little Park, with roses, gardens," may have been the original of the "Noble Mansion." It has even been affirmed that Blumine represents Miss Kirkpatrick and not Margaret Gordon. Against this view we must take into account (1) the testimony of Carlyle's intimate friends, Froude and Masson; (2) the fact that Carlyle had been in intimate correspondence with Miss Welsh for three years before he met Miss Kirkpatrick; (3) the latter, being sole mistress of £50,000, was not "unhappily dependent and insolvent"; (4) Carlyle's own statement, which seems to be conclusive: "Mrs. Strachey took to me from the first, nor ever swerved: it strikes me now, more than it then did, she silently could have liked to see 'dear Kitty' and myself come together, and so continue near her, both of us, through life: the good kind soul,—and Kitty, too, was charming in her beautiful *Begum* sort, had wealth abundant, and might perhaps have been charmed? None knows."

<sup>1</sup> **Queen of Hearts.** An epithet applied to the much-beloved daughter of James VI. of Scotland, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia; also an expression found in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 117.

unnotable ; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favour for him ? Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then ; pole and pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into neighbourhood ? Say rather, heart swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts ; like the Sea swelling when once near its Moon !<sup>1</sup> With the Wanderer it was even so : as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of a Seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses ; and all that was painful and that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

'Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend shrunk forcibly together ; and shrouded-up his tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness ? It was his guiding Genius (*Dämon*) that inspired him ; he must go forth and meet his Destiny. Show thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it ; that she rises above it, in fiery victory ; and borne on new-found wings of victory, moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the Wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation ; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words ; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect ; wherein

<sup>1</sup> **Sea swelling when once near its Moon.** So Jean Paul. *Translations*, ii. 220.

also Fantasy bodies-forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues.'

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine';<sup>1</sup> who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring-forth Philistinism (*Philistiniositäten*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances,<sup>2</sup> not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, 'the discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention: nay what if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice; what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush!'

'The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle; for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of Ceremony,

<sup>1</sup> **Philistine.** In German University towns *Philister* designates every non-student. The word, as applied generally to a narrow-minded, unenlightened person, came into use in the period of the *Xenien*. *Essays*, i. 278. Milton had employed the word *Philistims*, with more restricted significance, in his *Church Government*. The present is one of the earliest instances of its use in English (as also of the word *Philistinism*), as an equivalent to the German *Philister* in its second sense. Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* (1865), and later works, brought the word into general use in England. Arnold writes: " *Philistinism!*—we have not the expression in English." He then criticises the Carlylean expression, 'respectability with its thousand gigs,' and finally remarks: " I think we had much better take the term *Philistine* itself." (l) Fischer notes that *Philistiniositäten* should be *Philistinositäten*.

<sup>2</sup> **Socratic . . . Diogenic utterances.** Socrates, the Greek philosopher (469-399 B.C.), was wont to assume an appearance of ignorance, then to question his opponent until the latter contradicted himself. This is termed Socratic irony. Diogenes, *vide p. 128, note.*

which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapour ; and the poor claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another ; and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more aerial on the mountain-tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart ; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of Man's Existence decline into dust and darkness ; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

'To our Friend the hours seemed moments ; holy was he and happy : the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass ;<sup>1</sup> all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper, *It is good for us to be here.*<sup>2</sup> At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his : in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted ; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.'

Poor-Teufelsdröckh ! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit : the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her ; and there, by art-magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love is not altogether a Delirium,' says he elsewhere ; 'yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real ; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to sight ; on

<sup>1</sup> Dew on thirsty grass. Scotch Paraphrase xxx.

<sup>2</sup> Good for us to be here. Matt. xvii. 4.

the so petty domain of the Actual plants its Archimedes-lever,<sup>1</sup> whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate<sup>2</sup> of man: his sensuous life is but the small temporary stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon thick-streaming influences from both these far yet near regions meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteenpence a day; but for Fantasy planets and solar-systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine<sup>3</sup> than he had before.' Alas! witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the earth held but one and not several of these!

He says that, in Town, they met again: 'day after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet in all darkness: him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn, in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now! "She looks on thee," cried he: "she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes<sup>4</sup> tell thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven's-Messenger! All Heaven's blessings be hers!" Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intim-

<sup>1</sup> **Archimedes-lever.** Archimedes, born at Syracuse 287 B.C., and famed for his investigations in mathematics and mechanics, said that, if he had a fixed point or fulcrum, he could move the world.

<sup>2</sup> **Heaven-gate and Hell-gate.** Miltonic expressions, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 541; ii. 725. Fantasy is the bridge (p. 121) from the sensuous life to the unseen Beyond.

<sup>3</sup> **Pyrrhus . . . drinking no better red wine, etc.** Pyrrhus, p. 132, note. The story occurs in the *Spectator*, No. 180, from Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus*.

<sup>4</sup> **Dark eyes.** "Hazl-eyed" on p. 180; *vide* p. 181, "Blumine," note.

tions that he also was a man,<sup>1</sup> that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

'In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of Music: such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a "caprice," he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from *Aëolian Harps*<sup>2</sup> in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue<sup>3</sup> struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed-up with happiness and hope. The past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.'

<sup>1</sup> **He also was a man, etc.**

"Ich hörte schon des Dorfs Getümmel,

Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein!"

*GOETHE, Faust*, part i. l. 930.

"And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!"

Here may I feel that I too am a man!"

*Ibid.* Astor's Translation.

<sup>2</sup> **Aëolian Harps.** (Lat.) *Aëolus*: god of the winds. A favourite expression of Jean Paul's, referring to the stringed instruments which emit musical notes when played on by currents of air.

<sup>3</sup> **Memnon's Statuo.** Memnon (vide *Odyssey*, iv. 188; xi. 522), son of Eos, or Aurora, was a supposed early hero of *Aethiopia*, and took part in the Trojan war. The later Greeks applied the name to a colossal statue in the Theban plain, which was said to emit metallic notes when struck by the "rosy finger" of Dawn. Tacitus, *Annals*, ii. 61. The expression occurs in Novalis; vide *Essays*, ii. 217.

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped ; for neither Disenchanter nor Disenchantress, mere 'Children of Time,' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in her soft, fervid bosom the Lovely found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to cut-asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question. What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig,<sup>1</sup> or even a simple iron-spring one? 'Thou foolish 'absolved Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young hearts' keep the human kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blunquine, when she 'resigned herself to wed some richer,' shows more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state ; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised? Besides, of what profit were it? We view, with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier<sup>2</sup> start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star :

<sup>1</sup> **Gig.** "Keeping a gig," was Carlyle's habitual expression for "respectability." He adopted it from the *Quarterly Review's* report of Thurtell's trial, 1823-24. 'Q. "What do you mean by respectability?" A. "He always kept a gig." The same Thurtell, the murderer, figures in De Quincey's famous essay : *On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts.*

<sup>2</sup> **Montgolfier.** Two brothers, Montgolfier, paper manufacturers in France, succeeded in making a small balloon (which was raised by means of heated air), in 1782-83. *French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 45.

but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean,<sup>1</sup> by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself: considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil<sup>2</sup> Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene:

'One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, 'They were to meet no more.' The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. "'Farewell, then, Madam!" said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops,<sup>3</sup> rushed into one,—for the first time, and for the last! Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss.<sup>4</sup> And then? Why, then—thick curtains of Night rushed over

<sup>1</sup> **Empyrean.** The Heaven above the physical Universe; in starting to approach it, Satan dropped "plumb-down." Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 933.

<sup>2</sup> **Nonpareil.** *Unequalled.* "He himself calls her a nonpareil" (*Tempest*, III. ii. 108).

<sup>3</sup> **Two souls, like two dew-drops, etc.** So Jean Paul. *Translations* ii. 149.

<sup>4</sup> **Made immortal by a kiss.** Marlowe, *Faustus*, V. i.

his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom ; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.'

## CHAPTER VI

## SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH

WE have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, matters must often be expected to take a course of their own ; that in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might be channels, both for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychologist had seldom noted ; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh, precipitated through 'a shivered Universe' in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do : Establish himself in Bedlam ; begin writing Satanic Poetry ;<sup>1</sup> or blow-out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough ; breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smitings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself ?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), 'old business being soon wound-up' ; and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous Globe ! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling, above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration<sup>2</sup> in speech, he combines that wonderful

<sup>1</sup> *Satanic Poetry*, p. 192, "Satanic School," note.

<sup>2</sup> *Exaggeration*. "The fault was," wrote Carlyle of his father, "that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherit) ; yet only in description and for the sake chiefly of *humorous* effect : he was a man of rigid . . . veracity."

stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush-out tumultuous, boundless, like genii<sup>1</sup> enfranchised from their glass phial: but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs-to again; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it; for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second time. Singular Diogenes! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. ‘One highest hope, seemingly legible in the eyes of an Angel, had recalled him as out of Death-shadows into celestial Life: but a gleam of Tophet<sup>2</sup> passed over the face of his Angel; he was rapt away in whirlwinds, and heard the laughter of Demons. It was a Calenture,’<sup>3</sup> adds he, ‘whereby the Youth saw green Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean-waters: a lying vision, yet not wholly a lie, for *he* saw it.’ But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh’s soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the Journals: only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Ghenna<sup>4</sup> was

<sup>1</sup> **Genii.** *Vide* “The History of the Fisherman” in the *Arabian Nights*.

<sup>2</sup> **Tophet.** Part of the valley of Gehenna, p. 149, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Calenture** (Spanish). Fever with delirium.

<sup>4</sup> **Gehenna**, p. 149, *note*.

within ; that a whole Satanic School<sup>1</sup> were spouting, though inaudibly, there. To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke ; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon, there was not a touch of latent Insanity ; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim ; internal Unrest seems his sole guidance ; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were 'made like unto a wheel.'<sup>2</sup> Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paper-bags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip : 'A peculiar feeling it is that will rise in the Traveller, when turning some hill-range in his desert road, he descries lying far below, embosomed among its groves and green natural bulwarks, and all diminished to a toybox,<sup>3</sup> the fair Town, where so many souls, as it were seen and yet unseen, are driving their multifarious traffic. Its white steeple is then truly a starward-pointing finger ;<sup>4</sup> the canopy of blue smoke seems like a sort of Life-breath : for always, of its own unity, the soul gives unity to whatsoever it looks on with love ; thus does the little Dwelling-place of men, in itself a congeries of houses and huts,

<sup>1</sup> **Satanic School.** An expression used by Southey in 1821, of Byron, Moore, Shelley and others, whose works were "characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety." Preface to Southey's *Vision of Judgement*. There is a play on *School* : a school of whales spout.

<sup>2</sup> 'Made like unto a wheel.' *Tristram Shandy*, vol. vii. chap. xiii ; from Psalm lxxiii. 13.

<sup>3</sup> **Toybox, etc.** Fischer refers to Jean Paul ; vide *Translations*, ii. 95. Also cf. *infra*, p. 228, note.

<sup>4</sup> **Starward-pointing finger.** "Churches . . . with spire-steeple, which . . . point as with silent finger to the sky" (Coleridge in *The Friend*, No. 14) ; quoted by Wordsworth, *Excursion*. Milton (*On Shakespeare*) has "star-pointing pyramid."

become for us an individual, almost a person. But what thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the place has to ourselves been the arena of joyous or mournful experiences; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still stands there, if our Loving ones still dwell there, if our Buried ones there slumber!<sup>1</sup> Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birthland,—fly first, in this extremity, towards his native Entepefuhl; but reflecting that there no help awaits him, take only one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhere?

Little happier seems to be his next flight: into the wilds of Nature; as if in her mother-bosom<sup>2</sup> he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing noteworthy:

‘Mountains were not new to him; but rarely are Mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks are of that sort called Primitive<sup>3</sup> by the mineralogists, which always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic character; which ruggedness, however, is here tempered by a singular airiness of form, and softness of environment: in a climate favourable to vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots-up through a garment of foliage or verdure; and white, bright cottages, tree shaded, cluster round the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, Beauty alternates with Grandeur: you ride through stony hollows, along strait passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by high walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, and huge fragments; now

<sup>1</sup> But what . . . slumber! So, too, Jean Paul looks at the “bloody urn” of his childhood. *Translations*, ii. 118.

<sup>2</sup> Nature; as if in her mother-bosom, etc. Goethe, *Faust*, part i. ll. 454-459.

<sup>3</sup> Primitive. The supposed oldest formations (e.g. granite), which contain no organic remains, were formerly termed *Primitive*, “from a notion that they originated before the earth was inhabited by living beings, and while yet the planet was in a nascent state.”

suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength.

‘To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, can the Son of Time not pretend: still less if some Spectre haunt him from the Past; and the Future is wholly a Stygian Darkness, spectre-bearing.<sup>1</sup> Reasonably might the Wanderer<sup>2</sup> exclaim to himself: Are not the gates of this world’s Happiness inexorably shut against thee; hast thou a hope that is not mad? Nevertheless, one may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit thee better: “Whoso can look on Death will start at no shadows.”<sup>3</sup>

From such meditations is the Wanderer’s attention called outwards; for now the Valley closes-in abruptly, intersected by a huge mountain mass, the stony water-worn ascent of which is not to be accomplished on horseback. Arrived aloft, he finds himself again lifted into the evening sunset light; and cannot but pause, and gaze round him, some moments there. An upland irregular expanse of wold, where valleys in complex branchings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent towards every quarter of the sky. The mountain-ranges are beneath your feet, and folded together: only the loftier summits look down here and there as on a second plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest in their solitude. No trace of man now visible; unless indeed it were he who fashioned that little visible link of Highway, here, as would seem, scaling the inaccessible, to unite Province with Province. But sunwards, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world of Mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of Day; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night

<sup>1</sup> **Stygian Darkness, spectre-bearing.** Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 290-294.

<sup>2</sup> **The Wanderer**, p. 120, note.

<sup>3</sup> “Whoso can look on Death . . . shadows.” Αδην δ’ ἔχων βοηθὸν οὐ τρέμω σκιάς. Carlyle elsewhere attributes the words to Euripides.

when Noah's Deluge first dried ! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those stupendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire ; never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that she was his Mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had now departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through his soul ; and he felt as if Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

'The spell was broken by a sound of carriage-wheels. Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into the hidden Southward, came a gay Barouche-and-four : it was open ; servants and postillions wore wedding-favours : that happy pair, then, had found each other, it was their marriage evening ! Few moments brought them near : *Du Himmel !* It was Herr Towgood and —— Blumine ! With slight unrecognising salutation they passed me ; plunged down amid the neighbouring thickets, onwards, to Heaven, and to England ; and I, in my friend Richter's words, *I remained alone, behind them, with the Night.*'<sup>1</sup>

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great *Clothes-Volume*, where it stands with quite other intent : 'Some time before Small-pox was extirpated,' says the Professor, 'there came a new malady of the spiritual sort on Europe : I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature ; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us ; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental commentary : never, as I compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter*,<sup>2</sup> was there man found who would say : Come let

<sup>1</sup> *I remained alone, . . . Night.* *Quintus Fixlein* (*Translations*, ii. 219).

<sup>2</sup> **Sorrows of Werter.** Written by Goethe in 1774 (*Essays*, i. 188 ; iv. 21), under circumstances described in his *Autobiography*, book xiii.

us make a Description! Having drunk the liquor, come let us eat the glass! Of which endemic the Jenner<sup>1</sup> is unhappily still to seek.' Too true!

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor's Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance<sup>2</sup> of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered-up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him: Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God in some European capital, you may next find him as Hadjee<sup>3</sup> in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing; as if our Traveller, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing-carpet,<sup>4</sup> or Fortunatus' Hat.<sup>5</sup> The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim

<sup>1</sup> Jenner, Edward (1749-1823), discovered vaccination with cow-pox.

<sup>2</sup> Basilisk-glance. A fabled monster whose glance was fatal.

"Come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight."

*II. Henry VI., III. ii. 52.*

<sup>3</sup> Hadjee. A Moslem who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

<sup>4</sup> Wishing-carpet. *Vide* "The History of Prince Ahmed," in the *Arabian Nights*.

<sup>5</sup> Fortunatus' Hat, p. 300, note.

multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street-Advertisements);<sup>1</sup> with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed: little light-islets in the world of haze! So that, from this point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap;<sup>2</sup> and, as a mad foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and plashes;<sup>3</sup> yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and plashes, and trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. *Teufelsdröckh*, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan M.ahmoud,<sup>4</sup> the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present; a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook

<sup>1</sup> Collection of Street-Advertisements, p. 120, note.

<sup>2</sup> Lover's Leap. A cliff on Santa Maura (Western Greece) whence Sappho threw herself into the sea.

<sup>3</sup> Pools and plashes, p. 244.

<sup>4</sup> Sultan Mahmoud, II. of Turkey (1785-1839).

and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than favourable. ‘A nameless Unrest,’ says he, ‘urged me forward; to which the outward motion was some momentary lying solace. Whither should I go? My Loadstars<sup>1</sup> were blotted out; in that canopy of grim fire shone no star. Yet forward must I; the ground burnt under me; there was no rest for the sole of my foot. I was alone, alone! Ever too the strong inward longing shaped Fantasms for itself: towards these, one after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I had, that for my fever-thirst there was and must be somewhere a healing Fountain. To many fondly imagined Fountains, the Saints’ Wells of these days, did I pilgrim; to great Men, to great Cities, to great Events: but found there no healing. In strange countries, as in the well-known; in savage deserts, as in the press of corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same: how could your Wanderer<sup>2</sup> escape from—*his own Shadow?*<sup>3</sup> Nevertheless still Forward! I felt as if in great haste; to do I saw not what. From the depths of my own heart, it called to me, Forwards! The winds and the streams, and all Nature sounded to me, Forwards! *Ach Gott*, I was even, once for all, a Son of Time.’

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic School was still active enough? He says elsewhere: ‘The *Enchiridion of Epictetus*<sup>4</sup> I had ever with me, often as my sole rational companion; and regret to mention that the nourishment it yielded was trifling.’ Thou foolish Teufels-

<sup>1</sup> **Loadstars.** The *Cynosure*, or Constellation of the Little Bear, containing the Polar Star, by which mariners used to direct their course.

<sup>2</sup> **Wanderer**, p. 120, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **His own Shadow.**

“‘Was lehr’ ich dich vor allen Dingen?’—  
Könntest mich lehren von meiner Schatte zu springen!

“‘What shall I teach thee, the foremost thing?’  
Couldst teach me off my own Shadow to spring!”

Goethe’s Epigram and Carlyle’s Translation; vide *John Sterling*, p. 115.

<sup>4</sup> **Enchiridion of Epictetus.** Epictetus, a slave at Rome, first century A.D., was afterwards freed, and devoted himself to the Stoic philosophy; the *Enchiridion*, or *Handbook*, is the work of his pupil Arrianus.

dröckh ! How could it else ? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much : *The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought*,<sup>1</sup> though it were the noblest ?

‘How I lived ?’ writes he once : ‘Friend, hast thou considered the “rugged all-nourishing Earth,”<sup>2</sup> as Sophocles well names her; how she feeds the sparrow on the house-top, much more her darling, man ? While thou stirrest and livest, thou hast a probability of victual. My breakfast of tea has been cooked by a Tartar woman, with water of the Amur,<sup>3</sup> who wiped her earthen kettle with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild-eggs in the sand of Sahara ; I have awakened in Paris *Estrapades*<sup>4</sup> and Vienna *Malzleins*,<sup>5</sup> with no prospect of breakfast beyond elemental liquid. That I had my Living to seek saved me from Dying,—by suicide. In our busy Europe, is there not an everlasting demand for Intellect, in the chemical, mechanical, political, religious, educational, commercial departments ? In Pagan countries, cannot one write Fetishes ?<sup>6</sup> Living ! Little knowest thou what alchemy<sup>7</sup> is in an inventive Soul ; how, as with its little finger, it can create provision enough for the body (of a Philosopher) ; and then, as with both hands, create quite other than provision ; namely, spectres to torment itself withal.’

<sup>1</sup> *The end of Man is an Action, . . . Thought.* ἐπειδὴ τὸ τέλος [τῆς πολεικῆς] ἔστιν οὐ γνῶσις ἀλλὰ πρᾶξις. Aristotle, *Nic. Ethics*, I. iii.

“For the true object of ethical study is not merely the knowledge of what is good, but the application of that knowledge.” *Ibid.* Williams’s Translation.

<sup>2</sup> “*Rugged all-nourishing Earth.*” ὀρεστέρα παμβῶτι Γά (Soph. *Phil.* 391).

<sup>3</sup> *Amur.* A river near the south-east border of Russia-in-Asia.

<sup>4</sup> *Estrapades.* A street near the Pantheon.

<sup>5</sup> *Malzleins.* Fischer says “*Malzlein*” is probably a printer’s error for *Matzlein*, a poor district in the suburbs of Vienna. Jean Paul, however, in his *Journey to Flætz*, which Carlyle translated, has : “nach Malzleinsdorf (einer Wiener Vorstadt).”

<sup>6</sup> *Fetishes.* The Portuguese traders described the religion of the natives of Western Africa as *feitiçao*, *i.e.* magic ; a fetish is any object to which magical power is temporarily ascribed.

<sup>7</sup> *Alchemy.* The pseudo-science of the early centuries, which aimed at transmuting baser metals into gold.

Poor 'Teufelsdröckh ! Flying with Hunger always parallel to him ; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear ; so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's ! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew,<sup>1</sup>—save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffering<sup>2</sup> the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the Earth (by footprints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh* ; even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*,<sup>3</sup> before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape 'from his own Shadow' ! Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first descries himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair ? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him ? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise : your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon* Opera, in an all-too stupendous style ; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world ; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration ; his rhyme and recitative are the tramp of embattled Hosts and the sound of falling Cities.—Happier is he who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only ; and also survive the writing thereof !

<sup>1</sup> *Wandering Jew*, p. 60, note.

<sup>2</sup> *Not guilty . . . but suffering.* Of his dyspepsia, Carlyle wrote in 1823 : "My curse seems deeper and blacker than that of any man : to be immured in a rotten carcase, every avenue of which is changed into an inlet of pain, till my . . . head and heart are alike desolate and dark. How have I deserved this ?" <sup>3</sup> *Sorrows of Werter*, p. 195, note.

## CHAPTER VII

THE EVERLASTING NO<sup>1</sup>

UNDER the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the 'Son of Time,' in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition: his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer,<sup>2</sup> in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within; coruscations of which flash out: as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity'; but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted: till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since that first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine

<sup>1</sup> **The Everlasting NO.** This title, says Norton, was suggested to Carlyle by reflections on the death of his Uncle Tom. Cf. p. 149. "the inexorable word, NEVER!"

<sup>2</sup> **Our Wanderer**, p. 120, *note*.

business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality: 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.' What, then, was our Professor's possession? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient,<sup>1</sup> but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious: 'Doubt had darkened into Unbelief,' says he; 'shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black.'<sup>2</sup> To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy,<sup>3</sup> speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, 'that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the one thing needful;<sup>4</sup> how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it, Worldlings puke-up<sup>5</sup> their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury:' to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love,

<sup>1</sup> *Orient*, p. 52, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> *Tartarean black*. Tartarus, the inner region of Hell: "nigra Tartara" (Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 135). "This gloom of Tartarus profound" (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 858).

<sup>3</sup> **Profit-and-Loss Philosophy.** *Vide* p. 160, "Utilitarian Philosophy," *note*.

<sup>4</sup> *One thing needful*. Luke x. 42.

<sup>5</sup> *Puke-up*. Vomit, p. 100, *note*.

all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way: 'Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God,<sup>1</sup> sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe, and *seeing* it go? Has the word Duty no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from the Gallows and from Doctor Graham's Celestial-Bed?<sup>2</sup> Happiness of an approving Conscience! Did not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have since named Saint, feel that *he* was "the chief of sinners";<sup>3</sup> and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit (*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling?<sup>4</sup> Foolish Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure,—I tell thee, Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vinctus<sup>5</sup> of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of

<sup>1</sup> **An absentee God.** From the 'marks of design' in Nature, Paley (in his *Natural Theology*, published 1802) sought to prove the existence of God—the world-Architect, as, from the marks of design in a watch, one may infer the existence of a watchmaker. Carlyle scorned such 'faint possible Theism'—'a God *there*, but not *here*.' "'Think ye,' says Goethe, 'that God made the Universe, and then let it run round his finger?' ("Essays," v. 50).

<sup>2</sup> **Doctor Graham's Celestial-Bed.** James Graham, M.D. (1745-94), a quack doctor, lectured and prescribed in the "Temple of Health," an elaborately decorated house in London, which is said to have cost £10,000. The "Celestial-Bed," for the use of which he charged £50, was a gorgeous structure made by a tinman named Denton. Vide *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* Scott, in childhood, was a patient of Graham's. Carlyle may have got a reference to Graham in Musæus's *Melechsalal*, which he translated.

<sup>3</sup> "The chief of sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15.

<sup>4</sup> **Nero of Rome, . . . fiddling.** "Vetus illi cupido erat curriculo quadrigarum insistere, nec minus foedium studium cithara ludicrum in modum canere." (Nero had a persistent desire to figure in the race with a chariot and four horses, and an equally contemptible fondness for singing to the harp in a theatrical manner.) Tacitus, *Annals*, xiv. 14.

<sup>5</sup> **Prometheus Vinctus.** The title of Aeschylus's drama, typifying the conflict of wilful genius with Destiny. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and Zeus therefore chained him to a rock and sent a vulture to gnaw his liver. "But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver!"

Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice.<sup>1</sup> What then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our frying-pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect!'

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave<sup>2</sup> of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud<sup>3</sup> by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. 'But what boots it (*was that's?*)?' cries he: 'it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*,<sup>4</sup> and not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief; their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rainproof, crumble down; and men ask now: Where is the Godhead; our eyes never saw him?'

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants<sup>5</sup> as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the

<sup>1</sup> *Injustice*, p. 200, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> *Sibyl-cave*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 9-155.

<sup>3</sup> *Pillar of Cloud*. Exodus xiii. 21; a frequent metaphor of Jean Paul's.

<sup>4</sup> *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, *i.e.* the sceptical period of Voltaire and Diderot. Cf. *Essays*, ii. 175; v. 2 ff.

<sup>5</sup> *Unprofitable servants*. Luke xvii. 10.

Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. 'One circumstance I note,' says he: 'after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love of Truth,<sup>1</sup> had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would bate no jot<sup>2</sup> of my allegiance to her. "Truth!" I cried, "though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland<sup>3</sup> were the price of Apostasy." In conduct it was the same. Had a divine Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Hand-writing on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me: living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there.'

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! 'The painfulest feeling,' writes he, 'is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery.<sup>4</sup> And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have

<sup>1</sup> Love of Truth. Consult Plato, *Republic*, 485.

<sup>2</sup> Bate no jot.

"Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

MILTON, Sonnet xxii.

The words "of God's light . . . bereft," and "sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing," suggest a detailed comparison with the same sonnet.

<sup>3</sup> Celestial Lubberland. Mahometan Paradise; or *Pays de Cocagne*.

<sup>4</sup> To be weak is the true misery. \*

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable."

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, i. 157

done. Between vague wavering Capability<sup>1</sup> and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*;<sup>2</sup> till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*.

‘But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net-result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to—Nothing. How then could I believe in my Strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first, last Faith in myself, when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied? The speculative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living: was there, in the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O Heaven, No, there was none! I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain and too-hungry souls Friendship was but an incredible tradition? In such cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the Newspapers. Now when I

<sup>1</sup> **Capability, etc.** *Vide p. 162, note.*

<sup>2</sup> **Know thyself.** This maxim is attributed to Socrates, Thales, and others. Carlyle, under the influence of Goethe, recommends *action* which solves doubt, in place of Socratic self-examination. *Past and Present*, p. 168; *Essays*, iv. 22.

look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in.<sup>1</sup> The men and women around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures ; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary ; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil ; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were more frightful : but in our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility : it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha,<sup>2</sup> and Mill of Death !<sup>3</sup> Why was the Living banished thither companionless, conscious ? Why, if there is no Devil ; nay, unless the Devil is your God ?

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a *Teufelsdröckh* threaten to fail ? We conjecture that he has known sickness ;<sup>4</sup> and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example : ' How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper ! Quite another thing in practice ; every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, begrimed and

<sup>1</sup> **A strange isolation I then lived in.** "I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles [1819] ; solitary, eating my own heart, fast losing my health too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts." *Vide p. 172, note.*

<sup>2</sup> **Golgotha.** *Mark xv. 22.*

<sup>3</sup> **Mill of Death.** Triumphant learning, said Novalis, . . . opposed itself to Religion, " and changed the infinite, creative music of the Universe, into the monotonous clatter of a boundless Mill . . . turned by the stream of Chance. . . . For Nature too remains, . . . ever a frightful Machine of Death : everywhere monstrous revolution, inexplicable vortices of movement " (*Essays*, ii. 180, 211).

<sup>4</sup> **Sickness.** Carlyle's dyspepsia, which began in 1819, was especially severe in the next six years.

mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; the fordone soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!'

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough? 'From Suicide<sup>1</sup> a certain aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me: perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for, was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, was there a question present to me: Should some one now, at the turning of that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot,—how were it? On which ground, too, I have often, in sea-storms and sieged cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability, which passed, falsely enough, for courage.'

'So had it lasted,' concludes the Wanderer, 'so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear;<sup>2</sup> or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Deathsong,<sup>3</sup> that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom he finds in Battle's splendour), and thought

<sup>1</sup> **Suicide.** An allusion perhaps to the experiences related in Goethe's *Autobiography*, book xiii., quoted in *Essays*, i. 193; but the hypochondriac mood was not unknown to Carlyle himself. Froude, *Early Life of Carlyle*, vol. i. chap. xii.

<sup>2</sup> **Shed no tear**, p. 146.

<sup>3</sup> **Faust's Deathsong.**

"O selig der, dem er in Siegesglanze  
Die blut'gen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,  
Den er nach rasch durchras'tem Tanze  
In eines Mädchens Armen findet!  
O wär' ich vor des hohen Geistes Kraft  
Entzückt, entseelt dahingesunken!"

GOETHE, *Faust*, part i. iv

"Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour,  
Of splendour, Death around his temples binds  
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,  
Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,  
Death in his true love's arms reposing finds.  
Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,  
My individual being lost in his,  
Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,  
Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever!"

*Ibid.* Anster's Translation.

that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die.<sup>1</sup> Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or of Devil :<sup>2</sup> nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean<sup>3</sup> terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear ; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what : it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me ; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

‘Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l’Enfer*,<sup>4</sup> among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as

<sup>1</sup> **Destiny itself could not doom me not to die.** Carlyle connected this with Dante (Cary’s), *Hell*, iii. 45 ; but cf. especially Milton, *Paradise Lost*, x. 770-844.

<sup>2</sup> **Of Man or of Devil.**

“ Mich plagen keine Scrupel noch Zweifel,  
Fürchte mich weder vor Hölle noch Teufel.”  
GOETHE, *Faust*, part i. ll. 368-9.

“ Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,  
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil.”

*Ibid.* Anster’s Translation.

To Faust, the “Arch-Devil himself” did appear with “Tartarean terrors” enough.

<sup>3</sup> **Tartarean**, p. 202, note.

<sup>4</sup> **Rue . . . de l’Enfer.** “ . . . the incident in the Rue St. Thomas de l’Enfer, . . . occurred quite literally to myself in Leith Walk, during three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Incident was as I went down ; coming up I generally felt refreshed for the hour. I remember it well, and could go straight to about the place” (Froude, *Early Life of Carlyle*).

“The spot must have been just below Pilrig Street, which was Carlyle’s starting-point from his lodgings in Moray Street (now Spey Street) on his way to Leith” (Masson, *Edinburgh Sketches*).

The incident occurred shortly after the eventful visit to Haddington, which had ended in the first days of June, 1821. With this sudden mental crisis, compare a similar turning-point in the case of J. S. Mill in 1826 ; and in the case of Jean Paul : “One forenoon, . . . all at once the in-

Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace, whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself. "What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death, and say the pang of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart, canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be, and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet<sup>1</sup> itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then, I will meet it and defy it!" And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base Fear away from me forever I was strong, of unknown strength, a spirit, almost a god Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire eyed Defiance

"Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME, and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Ever lasting NO had said "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's)", to which my whole Me now made answer "I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!"

It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual

eternal vision, 'I am a ME come like a flash from Heaven before me' (*Essays*, iii 15)

Carlyle's description of the crisis in his own case, of which no *contemporary* account exists, is doubtless coloured by his subsequent reading and experience. The essential point was the inspiring feeling of our Freedom a feeling which was mainly Defiance of the iron Law of Fate, and which had not yet become "devout submission to the Law of Wisdom" (p. 238, 'Conversion note

<sup>1</sup> **Tophet.** Part of the valley of Gehenna p. 149, note

New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism ;<sup>1</sup> perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man.'<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER VIII

## CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE

THOUGH, after this 'Baphometic Fire-baptism' of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased ; as, indeed, 'Indignation and Defiance,' especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates ; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest ; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so sheathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometic Baptism : the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable ; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School<sup>3</sup> was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit ;—whereby,

<sup>1</sup> **Baphometic Fire-baptism.** Baphometus (the name of the double-headed idol which the Templars were said to worship) may mean "wisdom-baptism," or be a form of the name Mahomet ; or, as De Quincey suggests, it may be Bap (Pap, Papa, Pope)—(Ma-) homet, on the hypothesis that the idol represented the Pope and Mahomet. Carlyle, however, adopted the phrase without definite knowledge of, or allusion to, the actual practice of the Templars, from Werner's *The Sons of the Valley. Essays*, i. 86-100.

<sup>2</sup> **Began to be a Man.**

"Denn ich bin ein Mensch gewesen  
Und das heiszt ein Kämpfer sein."

*i.e.* "For I have been a Man, and that means a Fighter."—GOETHE.

"No, when the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something," etc.

BROWNING. *Bishop Blougram's Apology*.

<sup>3</sup> **Satanic School**, p. 192.

for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings,<sup>1</sup> and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the mean while, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinise these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness.<sup>2</sup> Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many 'Saints' Wells,' and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart';<sup>3</sup> and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME<sup>4</sup> for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two-thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also

<sup>1</sup> *Ernulphus-cursings*, i.e. "The Pope's dreadful Curse. Being the form of Excommunication of the Church of Rome. Taken out of the Leger-Book of the Church of Rochester; now in the Custody of the Dean and Chapter there. Writ by Frnulphus the Bishop" (b. 1040, d. 1124). *Vide* Tract of 1681, in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vi. 533. The text of the famous curse is found in *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iii. chap. xi., whence probably Carlyle borrowed the expression.

<sup>2</sup> *Method in their madness*. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 208.

<sup>3</sup> 'Eat his own heart.' Carlyle (*Essays*, i. 137) adds "like Belerophon": referring to "*δν θυμὸν κατέδωρ*" (*Iliad*, vi. 202).

<sup>4</sup> **NOT-ME.** Carlyle thought the Fichtean *Ich* and *Nicht-Ich*, "shadowy concerns"; he here employs the *Nicht-Ich* loosely, as the world of material objects.

put down there ; and still miraculously burns and spreads ; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest ; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

‘Of Man’s Activity and Attainment the chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only : such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on ; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-habits ; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired of manipulating Nature : all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son ; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain<sup>1</sup> downwards : but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused ? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun’s rays (by Hearing and by Vision) ; it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS ; where is the GOVERNMENT ? In vain wilt thou go to Schönbrunn,<sup>2</sup> to Downing Street,<sup>3</sup> to the Palais Bourbon :<sup>4</sup> thou findest nothing there but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on ? Everywhere, yet nowhere : seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible ; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life : all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force ;

<sup>1</sup> Cain and Tubalcain. Genesis iv. 2, 22.

<sup>2</sup> Schönbrunn. An Imperial château near Vienna.

<sup>3</sup> Downing Street, in London, containing the Government Offices and the official residence of the English Premier.

<sup>4</sup> Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies, in Paris.

only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace,<sup>1</sup> air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

'Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon - up to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly — Books.<sup>2</sup> In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic,<sup>3</sup> for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim.—Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of

<sup>1</sup> **Armida's Palace.** A Romance-Castle in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

<sup>2</sup> **Books, etc.** Books are our University, Church, and Parliament. *On Heroes*, Lecture V.

"Homer yet *is*, veritably present face to face with every open soul of us; and, Greece, where is *it*?" (*Ibid.*, Lecture III.).

Occasionally Carlyle expressed a different view:—"When I think of our Oliver Cromwell and of the fate of a Burns and other such phenomena, I am very indifferent on the book side. Greater, I often think, is he that can hold his peace, that can *do* his bit of light, instead of speaking it."

<sup>3</sup> **Thaumaturgic.** *Wonder-working*.

Geeza,<sup>1</sup> or the clay ones of Saccara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years—but canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's Version<sup>2</sup> thereof?

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field, which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram, so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

'Horrible enough! A whole Marchfeld<sup>3</sup> strewed with shell splinters, cannon shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and horses, stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And those red mould heaps ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue has been blown, and now are they swept together, and crummed down out of sight, like blown Egg shells!—Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his mould cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, richest level, intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a corn bearing Nursery, wherein her children might be nursed, or for a Cockpit,<sup>4</sup> wherein they might the more commodiously be throttled and tattered? Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from the ends of Europe, made for Ammunition wagons, then? Were thy Warams and Stillfrieds but so many ready built Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered? König Ottokar, amid yonder hillocks, dies

<sup>1</sup> Geeza, or Ghizeh and Sakkara, both near Cairo. Cf. *Spectator* No. 1.

<sup>2</sup> **Luther's Version** Luther's translation of the Bible was printed in 1534-35.

<sup>3</sup> **Marchfeld, etc.** A plain near Vienna bounded on the south by the Danube (Donau). Here Ottokar King of Bohemia, was slain by Rudolph of Hapsburg at the battle of Stillfried in 1278. "Curious moreover it was here again after more than five centuries that the House of Hapsburg received its worst overthrow from Napoleon at Wagram [1809] which lies in the middle of this same Marchfeld" (*Essays* in 166).

<sup>4</sup> **Cockpit** Belgium owing to the number of its battle-fields has been called the "Cockpit of Europe."

under Rodolf's truncheon ; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon's : within which five centuries, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled ! The greensward is torn-up and trampled-down ; man's fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, blown-away with gunpowder ; and the kind seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Skulls.— Nevertheless, Nature is at work ; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her : but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded-in, absorbed into manure ; and next year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. Thrifty unwearied Nature, ever out of our great waste educating some little profit of thy own,—how dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer,<sup>1</sup> bring Life for the Living !

'What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war ?<sup>2</sup> To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five-hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies"<sup>3</sup> of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men : Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them : she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected ; all dressed in red ; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two-thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain ;<sup>4</sup> and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are

<sup>1</sup> **Carcass of the Killer.** Judges xiv. 9.

<sup>2</sup> **War.** "A perpetual solecism, and blasphemy (of its sort), set to march openly among us, dressed in scarlet !" Cf. *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 125.

<sup>3</sup> **"Natural Enemies."** This epithet, which expresses the doctrine of Hobbes ("homo homini lupus"), was applied to the Orangemen by the members of The Catholic Association in 1824. *Vide* Alison.

<sup>4</sup> **Spain.** The Peninsular War, 1808-14.

thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? • Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen-out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, "what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!"<sup>1</sup> —In that fiction of the English Smollet,<sup>2</sup> it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in: but from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us!

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders

<sup>1</sup> "What devilry soever Kings do," etc. "Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi" (Horace, *Epistles*, I. n. 14).

<sup>2</sup> Fiction of the English Smollet. Smollett's *Count Fathom*, chap. xli.

to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough: in these so boundless Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School<sup>1</sup> was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire!

‘I have read in most Public Libraries,’ says he, ‘including those of Constantinople<sup>2</sup> and Samarcand<sup>3</sup>: in most Colleges, except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I have studied, or seen that there was no studying. Unknown Languages have I oftenest gathered from their natural repertory, the Air, by my organ of Hearing; Statistics, Geographics, Topographics came, through the Eye, almost of their own accord. The ways of Man, how he seeks food, and warmth, and protection for himself, in most regions, are ocularly known to me. Like the great Hadrian,<sup>4</sup> I meted-out much of the terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses<sup>5</sup> that belonged to myself only.

Of great Scenes why speak? Three summer days, I lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*), by the Pine-chasms of Vaucluse;<sup>6</sup> and in that clear Lakelet moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-trees of Tadmor;<sup>7</sup> smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The great Wall of China I have seen; and can testify that

<sup>1</sup> **Satanic School**, p. 192, note.

<sup>2</sup> **Constantinople**. The Mosque of St. Sophia contains a famous library.

<sup>3</sup> **Samarcand**. An important town in Turkestan, and a seat of learning in the fifteenth century. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 389.

<sup>4</sup> **Hadrian**. The Roman Emperor (76-138), who held that an emperor should, like the sun, visit all parts of his dominion; he spent many years in travelling through Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, Spain, Germany, and Britain. So Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 204.

<sup>5</sup> **A pair of Compasses**. “The son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; with those he shall measure continents” (Pope, *Martin. Scrib.* chap. ii.).

<sup>6</sup> **Vaucluse**, near Avignon in South-east France, where Petrarch lived for some years.

<sup>7</sup> **Tadmor**, *i.e.* Palmyra: the *City of Palms*, 100 miles north-east from Damascus.

it is of gray brick, coped and covered with granite, and shows only second-rate masonry.—Great Events, also, have not I witnessed? Kings sweated-down (*ausgemergelt*) into Berlin-and-Milan Customhouse-Officers; the World well won, and the World well lost; oftener than once a hundred-thousand individuals shot (by each other) in one day. All kindreds and peoples and nations dashed together, and shifted and shovelled into heaps, that they might ferment there, and in time unite. The birth-pangs of Democracy,<sup>1</sup> wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached Heaven, could not escape me.

‘For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilection; and can perhaps boast that few such in this era have wholly escaped me. Great Men<sup>2</sup> are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine Book of REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the inspired Texts themselves! Thus did not I, in very early days, having disguised me as tavern-waiter, stand behind the field-chairs, under that shady Tree at Treisnitz<sup>3</sup> by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great Schiller and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have not forgotten. For—’

—But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurelled, still more, of

<sup>1</sup> **Birth-pangs of Democracy.** In July 1830, the famous Three Days Revolution occurred in Paris. During that and the following year, riots took place in many towns in Britain, on account of the Reform agitation.

<sup>2</sup> **Great men, etc.** “In the name of the democratic spirit of the age, I protest against such views. History is not the biography of great men. . . . The great men of the earth are but the marking-stones on the road of humanity” (Mazzini).

<sup>3</sup> **Tree at Treisnitz.** Near Jena in Germany. Carlyle’s *Life of Schiller*, p. 108. So, at Dijon, certain persons wished to dress themselves as tavern-waiters, to see Voltaire “by stratagem.”

Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eaves-droppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang,<sup>1</sup> and the 'White Water-roses'<sup>2</sup> (Chinesé Carbonari)<sup>3</sup> with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an 'Ideologist.'<sup>4</sup> 'He himself,' says the Professor, 'was among the completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists: in the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, moved and fought. The man was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it; and preached, through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, notwithstanding

<sup>1</sup> **Tarakwang.** The Chinese Emperor Taoukwang (1781-1850): he ascended the throne in 1820.

<sup>2</sup> 'White Water-roses.' The Pe-leen-keaou, or Pih-leen-keaou: the "Water Lily" Secret Society in China. The name appears to have been discontinued about 1803.

<sup>3</sup> **Carbonari** (Italian). *Charcoal-burners*: a secret political Society, which had many adherents in Italy and France, *circa* 1820.

<sup>4</sup> 'Ideologist,' *i.e.* theorist. Ideopraxist=one who acts out his ideas. The statements regarding Napoleon are expanded in *On Heroes*, Lecture VI. The paragraph is quoted in *Essays*, v. 207, as "from a New-England book"; *i.e.* from the American edition of *Sartor*!

ing, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a 'light-blue Spanish cloak' hanging round him, as his 'most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-garment'; and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he; 'for Midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, Solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp?

'Nevertheless, in this solemn moment comes a man, or monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows; and, shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean<sup>1</sup> Bear, hails me in Russian speech: most probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. With courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet strong wish to be private.. In vain: the monster, counting doubtless on

<sup>1</sup> **Hyperborean.** The Hyperboreans were a people who, according to the Greeks, dwelt in the extreme North: *beyond Boreas*, or the North Wind.

"What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
. . . . . and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble."

*Macbeth*, III. iv. 99.

his superior stature, and minded to make sport for himself, or perhaps profit, were it with murder, continues to advance, ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil<sup>1</sup> breath; and now has advanced, till we stand both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea rippling greedily down below. What argument will avail? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. • Prepared for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside one step; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, "Be so obliging as retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with promptitude!" This logic even the Hyperborean understands: fast enough, with apologetic, petitionary growl, he sidles off; and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal purposes, need not return.

'Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body* whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the David resistless; savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all.<sup>2</sup>

'With respect to Duels,<sup>3</sup> indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual Spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into Dissolution; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant! Deuce on it (*verdamm't*), the little spitfires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trimberg:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Train-oil, *i.e.* whale oil. *Reminiscences* (Norton), vol. ii. p. 35.

<sup>2</sup> Inventive Spiritualism, *e.g.* the art of printing, the use of powder, and of money (p. 82); also Christian humility, superseding Norse valour. Vide *On Heroes*.

<sup>3</sup> Duels. Vide *Essays*, vii. 111.

<sup>4</sup> Hugo von Trimberg. A German author, *circa* 1300; *Essays*, iii. 177-181.

"God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be,  
to see his wondrous Manikins here below."

But amid these specialties, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here: How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting? Does Legion<sup>1</sup> still lurk in him, though repressed; or has he exorcised that Devil's Brood? We can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor; and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room; whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

'At length, after so much roasting,' thus writes our Autobiographer, 'I was what you might name calcined. Pray only that it be not rather, as is the more frequent issue, reduced to a *caput-mortuum*!<sup>2</sup> But in any case, by mere dint of practice, I had grown familiar with many things. Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could now partly see through it, and despise it. Which highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted; and, when I looked through his brave garnitures, miserable enough? Thy wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I: but what, had they even been all granted! Did not the Boy Alexander<sup>3</sup> weep because he had not two Planets to conquer; or a whole Solar System; or after that, a whole Universe? *Ach Gott,*

<sup>1</sup> **Legion.** Mark v. 9; and Swift's poem, the *Legion Club*. Cf. p. 192, note.

<sup>2</sup> **Caput-mortuum.** i.e. dead-head: the "calcined" residue after distillation of any substance.

<sup>3</sup> **Alexander** (p. 305, note). So *Hudibras*, I. iii. 1022. Alexander, according to Plutarch, wept because, out of so many worlds, he had not conquered one.

when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked-down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces; like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar.<sup>1</sup> Pshaw! what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an Earth; what art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true; but who, then, is Something, Somebody? For thee the Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a dissevered limb:<sup>2</sup> so be it; perhaps it is better so!

Too-heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh! Yet surely his bands are loosening; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free and with a second youth.

'This,' says our Professor, 'was the CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE I had now reached; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass.'

## CHAPTER IX

### THE EVERLASTING YEA

'TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness!'<sup>3</sup> exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam,<sup>4</sup> lodged in us by birth, be

<sup>1</sup> **Shinar.** Genesis xi. 2; Job ix. 9.

<sup>2</sup> **A dissevered limb.** 'I am a 'dismembered limb,' and feel it again too deeply. . . . Stand to it tightly, man, and do thy utmost. Thou hast little or no hold on the world; promotion will never reach thee, nor true fellowship with any active body of men; but hast thou not still a hold on thyself? *Ja, beym Himmel!*' (Carlyle's *Journal*, 1830).

<sup>3</sup> **Temptations in the Wilderness.** Matt. iv. 1; Milton, *Paradise Regained*, i. 193 ff.

<sup>4</sup> **Old Adam.** "When I came to the foot of the hill called Difficulty, I met with a very aged man. . . . He said his name was Adam the First" (Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*). "Put off. . . the old man" (Eph. iv. 22).

dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*,<sup>1</sup> lies mysteriously written, in Promethean<sup>2</sup> Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper?

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit<sup>3</sup> into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendour; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours!—Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight

<sup>1</sup> **Work thou in Welldoing.** <sup>2</sup> Thess. iii. 13.

<sup>2</sup> **Promethean** = *Fire-bearing*, p. 203; *i.e.* The 'divine handwriting had blazed forth, . . . in true sun-splendour.'

<sup>3</sup> **Carried of the spirit, etc.** Matt. iv. 1.

and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain<sup>1</sup> which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only !'

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure ; as figures are, once for all, natural to him : 'Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation ? An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs : this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial ! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under umbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt); herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even exemplars.'

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a 'glorious revolution' : these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying 'Temptation in the Wilderness,' before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin ; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted ! Was 'that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*,' then, properly the turning-point of the battle ; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds* ; and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?*<sup>2</sup>—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words ! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendos, figurative crotchetts : a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetic-satiric ; no clear logical Picture. 'How paint to the sensual eye,' asks he once, 'what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul ; in what words, known to these profane times, speak

<sup>1</sup> **That Mountain.** Dante's "Mountain of Purification." Cf. *On Heroes*, p. 89. For "enchanted forests," *vide* Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, cantos xiii. xviii.

<sup>2</sup> **Apage Satana.** "Get thee hence, Satan !" Matt. iv. 8-10.

even afar-off of the unspeakable?' We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*.<sup>1</sup> Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says: 'The hot Harmattan<sup>2</sup> wind had raged itself out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me;<sup>3</sup> alike insignificant.'—And again: 'Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, doubtless by benevolent upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self<sup>4</sup> (*Selbst-tötung*), had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.'<sup>5</sup>

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep'; that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land'; and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in

<sup>1</sup> **Chiaroscuro.** (Ital.) *chiaro-oscuro*; *i.e.* clear-obscure: light and shade.

<sup>2</sup> **Harmattan.** The dry wind from the interior of Africa, is so named on the West Coast.

<sup>3</sup> **To die or to live is alike to me.** A saying attributed to Thales (seventh century B.C.) by Diogenes Laertius

<sup>4</sup> **Annihilation of Self.** From Novalis; vide *Essays*, ii. 216.

<sup>5</sup> **Ungyved.** p. 171, note.

some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected ! However, in Teufelsdrockh, there is always the strangest Dualism : light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

‘ Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating ; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains ; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows ; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough : or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her :—all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds ; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat,<sup>1</sup> which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue ; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds ; whercon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands’ kettles ; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say : Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting ! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongerries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

<sup>1</sup> **Mountain-seat.** The view of Dumfries, etc., from Dunscore Hill *Reminiscences* (Norton), vol. i. p. 168.

‘Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance: round some Schreckhorn,<sup>1</sup> as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch’s hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat<sup>2</sup> and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature!—Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art not thou the “Living Garment of God”?<sup>3</sup> O Heavens, is it, in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

‘Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zenibla; ah, like the mother’s voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres;<sup>4</sup> but godlike, and my Father’s!

‘With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar’s gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind’s organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobs of a dumb creature, which in the ear of

<sup>1</sup> **Schreckhorn.** A mountain near Grindelwald, Switzerland.

<sup>2</sup> **Fermenting-vat,** p. 65, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> “**Living Garment of God,**” p. 97, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> **Charnel-house with spectres.** *Gebeinhäus.* *Vide* Jean Paul’s *The Dead Christ*; translated in *Essays*, iii. 55-58.

Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame ; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me ; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow*";<sup>1</sup> by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither ; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie disclosed to me.'

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world ; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy ; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes-out in different terms ; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century ; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands : meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness,<sup>2</sup> as I

<sup>1</sup> "**Sanctuary of Sorrow.**" "*Das Heilighum des Schmerzes*"; and "**Divine Depth of Sorrow,**" "*Die göttliche Tiefe des Leidens*"; "**Worship of Sorrow,**" "*Verehrung des Widerwartigen, Verhassten,*" "*Diese Leiden [dieses göttlichen Mannes] . . . wie sie so hoch verehren,*" etc. By these expressions Goethe signifies the spirit of the Christian Religion, and especially that "**exalted patience**" exemplified in the sufferings and death of the divine Man. ". . . Not only to be patient with the Earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace ; but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, . . . as divine ; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy." Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. chaps. x. xi.

<sup>2</sup> **Unhappiness, etc.** With the succeeding paragraphs on 'Happiness, cf. Hooker, *Eccles. Pol.* book i. chap. xi.

construe, comes of his Greatness ; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite.<sup>1</sup> Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoebblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two ; for the Shoebblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach ; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less : *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer,<sup>2</sup> a Throat like that of Ophiuchus :<sup>3</sup> speak not of them ; to the infinite Shoebblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a black spot in our sunshine : it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.<sup>4</sup>

' But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot ; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts ; requires neither thanks nor complaint ; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness ; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance

<sup>1</sup> **Cannot quite bury under the Finite.** Cf. "Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise," etc., in Goethe's *Faust*, part i. Prologue.

"Child though he be of human birth,  
His food and drink are not of earth."

*Ibid.* Anster's Translation.

<sup>2</sup> **Hochheimer.** A Rhine wine from Hochheim near Mayence ; hence the word Hock.

<sup>3</sup> **Ophiuchus.** Probably the throat of the *Serpent*, which constellation is, however, astronomically distinct from that of *Ophiuchus*, the Serpent beare

<sup>4</sup> **Shadow of Ourselves**, p. 198, note.

should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.<sup>1</sup>

‘So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life<sup>2</sup> can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: “It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.”<sup>3</sup>

‘I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not *HAPPY*? Because the *THOU* (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be *Happy*? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be *Happy*, but to be *Unhappy*! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*; open thy *Goethe*.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **Die in hemp.** R. Cochrane (favourite of James III. of Scotland), before his execution at Lauder Bridge, asked that his hands might be bound with silk instead of hemp, “for he thought shame to be bound with ane hemp tow lyk ane thiese.” To degrade him still further, his enemies procured a hair halter, and hanged him with that. Cf. Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*.

<sup>2</sup> **Fraction of Life**, p. 170, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Renunciation, etc.** Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 133.

<sup>4</sup> **Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe.** “A change from inward imprisonment, doubt and discontent, into freedom, belief and clear activity, . . . must take place . . . in every character that attains to spiritual manhood. *Byron . . . faithfully and manfully struggling, . . . died*

*'Es leuchtet mir ein,'*<sup>1</sup> I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness!<sup>2</sup> Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these;<sup>3</sup> thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno<sup>4</sup> trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures

while the victory was . . . only beginning to be gained. Goethe's success in this matter has been more complete than that of any other man in his age" (*Essays*, i. 211).

<sup>1</sup> *Es leuchtet mir ein.* This expression occurs in Carlyle's favourite passage in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 71.

<sup>2</sup> **Blessedness.** Teufelsdrückh, baffled by the EVERLASTING NO in his futile search for happiness—the satisfaction of the natural impulses, infinite in their number and content, being impossible,—*renounces* all that, and finds a higher satisfaction in obeying the dictates of Duty,—the rational and pure moral nature. As duty, for the sake of duty, *necessarily* gives satisfaction, independent of all external conditions, he can only, with Fichte, term the resultant state 'Blessedness.'

<sup>3</sup> **Thank thy Destiny for these.** "All the *good* I ever got came to me rather in the shape of sorrow" (Letter of Carlyle to Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, 1847).

<sup>4</sup> **Greek Zeno.** The Athenian philosopher and Stoic, third century B.C.; his chief doctrine was self-denial.

thee, and even because it injures thee ; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that "*Worship of Sorrow*" ?<sup>1</sup> The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures :<sup>2</sup> nevertheless, venture forward ; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.'

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character ; unsuited to the general apprehension ; nay wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour ; on the 'perennial continuance of Inspiration' ; on Prophecy ; that there are 'true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests,<sup>3</sup> in our own day' : with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.<sup>4</sup>

• 'Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,'<sup>5</sup> thus apostrophises the Professor : 'shut thy sweet voice ; for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise : That the Mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas,

<sup>1</sup> "*Worship of Sorrow*," p. 230, note. Stoic self-denial is superseded by Christian patience,—the recognition, "in soft devoutness of submission, . . . that the thing, stronger than we, is also the better—wiser." Cf. *Essays*, ii. 173.

<sup>2</sup> **Doleful creatures.** *Isaiah* xiii. 21. "The Christian Religion of late ages, has been continually dissipating itself into Metaphysics," 'Discourses on the Evidences,' 'Essays on Miracles,' instead of "heroic martyr Conduct." *Essays*, iv. 20; *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 283. But the soul of the Christian Religion is not dead. *Essays*, vii. 224.

<sup>3</sup> **Baal-Priests.** 1 Kings xviii.

<sup>4</sup> **Farrago.** Fodder : a confused mass. "Farrago libelli" (Juvenal).

<sup>5</sup> **Voltaire** (1694-1778), French poet, critic and novelist : a Deist who ardently "warred against Christianity, without understanding beyond the mere superficies what Christianity was" (*Essays*, ii. 172). In opposition to Voltaire's attacks on the form of the Scriptures, Carlyle asserts that "the Inspiration of the Almighty" is indubitably *experienced* in each heart, and is visibly embodied in the "Bible of Universal History."

were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and——thyself away.

‘Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the “*Worship of Sorrow*” ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated; is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief; all else is Opinion,—for which latter whoso will, let him worry and be worried.’

‘Neither,’ observes he elsewhere, ‘shall ye tear-out one another’s eyes, struggling over “Plenary Inspiration,” and such-like: try rather to get a little even Partial Inspiration, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the God’s-Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves,—say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty.’

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

‘To me, in this our life,’ says the Professor, ‘which is an interneceine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: “Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share: which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay I will fight thee

rather."—Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a "feast of shells,"<sup>1</sup> for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one Appetite; and the collective human species clutching at them!—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: "Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wartest, take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I had enough for thee!"—If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, "to a certain extent, Applied Christianity,"<sup>2</sup> surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man,<sup>3</sup> yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

'But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action."<sup>4</sup> On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*"<sup>5</sup> which thou knowest to be a Duty! 'Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World,

<sup>1</sup> "Feast of shells" (*Essays*, iv. 54). Shells were used as drinking-cups; hence "feast of shells," "the King of generous shells," "the strength of the shells goes round," etc. Ossian's *Fingal*, *passim*. Carlyle borrowed the phrase, but interpreted it as if it meant empty egg-shells!

<sup>2</sup> **Applied Christianity.** "Fichte's Philosophy too is perhaps applied Christianity." Novalis; quoted in *Essays*, ii. 219.

<sup>3</sup> **Whole Duty of Man (The).** *Eccles.* xii. 13. The title of a book of unknown authorship, published 1659. A supplement: *The Complete Duty of Man*, by Henry Venn, was published in 1764.

<sup>4</sup> **Doubt of any sort, etc.** Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 59.

<sup>5</sup> "Do the Duty . . . thee." *Ibid.* pp. 125, 133.

wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and in expressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your "America is here or nowhere"?<sup>1</sup> The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

"But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing;<sup>2</sup> even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments: deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above: instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-compassed World.

"I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a

<sup>1</sup> "America is here or nowhere." Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. n. p. 133.

<sup>2</sup> **Miraculous and God-announcing.** "Is not real Conviction," says Novalis, "the only true God-announcing Miracle?" (*Essays*, n. 219).

Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER X

## PAUSE

THUS have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion.<sup>2</sup> 'Blame not the word,' says he; 'rejoice rather that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come to light in our modern Era, though hidden from the wisest Ancients. The Old World knew nothing of Conversion; instead of an *Ecce Homo*,<sup>3</sup> they had only some *Choice of Hercules*.<sup>4</sup> It was a new-attained progress in the Moral

<sup>1</sup> **Whatsoever thy hand, etc.** Eccles. ix. 10. **Work while it is called, etc.** John ix. 4. The latter was a favourite text of Goethe's, as:—

"Noch ist es Tag, da röhre sich der Mann!  
Die Nacht tritt ein, wo Niemand wirken kann."

The dial plate of Samuel Johnson's watch bore: *νῦξ γὰρ ἐρχεται*.

<sup>2</sup> **Conversion.** Carlyle's Conversion, of which the "high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*" was the beginning, was more fully experienced at Hoddam Hill, 1825-26. "This year I found that I had conquered all my scepticisms, agonising doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul and vile and soul-murdering Mud-gods of my Epoch; . . . and was emerging, free in spirit, into the eternal blue of ether. . . . I understood well what the old Christian people meant by their 'Conversion.' . . . I had . . . a constant inward happiness, that was quite royal and supreme; in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant. . . . I then felt, and still feel, endlessly indebted to *Goethe* in the business." *Reminiscences* (Norton), vol. ii. p. 179; and cf. Masson, *Edinburgh Sketches*.

<sup>3</sup> **Ecce Homo.** "Behold the man!" (John xix. 5). The name of Correggio's famous picture. Here it implies the life of Christ.

<sup>4</sup> **Choice of Hercules.** The young Hercules, in a lonely place, met two women who represented Virtue and Vice; he chose Virtue to be his

Development of man : hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms of the most Limited ; what to Plato<sup>1</sup> was but a hallucination, and to Socrates<sup>2</sup> a chimera,<sup>3</sup> is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs,<sup>4</sup> your Wesleys,<sup>5</sup> and the poorest of their Pietists and Methodists.'

It is here, then, that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdrockh commences : we are henceforth to see him 'work in well-doing,' with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself : 'Tools? Thou hast no Tools? Why, there is not a Man, or a Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of created animalcules, the Spider itself, has a spinning-jenny, and warping-mill, and power-loom within its head :<sup>6</sup> the stupidest of Oysters has a Papin's-Digester,<sup>7</sup> with stone-and-lime house to hold it in : every being that can live can do something : this let him *do*.—Tools? Hast thou not a Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of Light ; and three fingers to hold a Pen withal? Never since Aaron's Rod<sup>8</sup> went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working Tool : greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by Pens. For strangely in

companion. The story was told by Prodicus, the teacher of Socrates. Xenophon, *Athen.* II. i. 21.

<sup>1</sup> **Plato.** The celebrated Greek philosopher (429-347 B.C.). Plato speaks of "Conversion." Vide *Republic*, 518, 519.

<sup>2</sup> **Socrates**, p. 184, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Chimera**, p. 144, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> **Zinzendorf** (1700-60) was influenced by Spener, the Pietist, and became the leader of the Moravian Brethren.

<sup>5</sup> **Wesley, John** (1703-91), founded the sect called Methodists.

<sup>6</sup> **The Spider itself, has a spinning-jenny, . . . within its head.** (?)

• "Those spider saints, that hang by threads  
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads."

*Hudibras*, III. i. 1461.

<sup>7</sup> **Papin's-Digester.** Denis Papin (1647-1712), French scientist. The 'Digester' was a strong boiler, in which gelatine could be extracted from bones, and articles of food could be boiled, at a very high temperature (400° F.). Papin was the first to apply the piston and safety-valve ; and Watt used a 'Digester' when experimenting on the force of steam.

<sup>8</sup> **Aaron's Rod.** Exodus vii. viii.

this so solid-seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in this world; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Wiat*. Awake, arise! Speak forth what is in thee; what God has given thee, what the Devil shall not take away. Higher task than that of Priesthood was allotted to no man: wert thou but the meanest in that sacred Hierarchy, is it not honour enough therein to spend and be spent?

‘By this Art, which whoso will may sacrilegiously degrade into a handicraft,’ adds Teufelsdröckh, ‘have I thenceforth abidden. Writings of mine, not indeed known as mine (for what am *I*?), have fallen, perhaps not altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of Opinion; fruits of my unseen sowing gratifyingly meet me here and there. I thank the Heavens that I have now found my Calling; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I am minded diligently to persevere.’

‘Nay how knowest thou,’ cries he, ‘but this and the other pregnant Device, now grown to be a world-renowned far-working Institution; like a grain of right mustard-seed<sup>1</sup> once cast into the right soil, and now stretching-out strong boughs to the four winds, for the birds of the air to lodge in,—may have been properly my doing? Some one’s doing, it without doubt was; from some Idea, in some single Head, it did first of all take beginning: why not from some Idea in mine?’ Does Teufelsdröckh here glance at that ‘SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY<sup>2</sup> (*Eigenthums-conservirende Gesellschaft*),’ of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paper-bags? ‘An Institution,’ hints he, ‘not unsuitable to the wants of the time; as indeed such

<sup>1</sup> Mustard-seed. Matt. xiii. 31. Or does Carlyle refer to the “Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed,”—a religious Society founded by Zinzendor when a young man?

<sup>2</sup> Society for the Conservation of Property. Vide *Essays*, vi 149, and Carlyle’s views on the Land question, *Past and Present*, pp. 150, 242.

sudden extension proves: for already can the Society number, among its office-bearers or corresponding members, the highest Names, if not the highest Persons, in Germany, England, France; and contributions, both of money and of meditation, pour in from all quarters; to, if possible, enlist the remaining Integrity of the world, and, defensively and with forethought, marshal it round this Palladium.' Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* ('Owndom-conserving') *Gesellschaft*; and if so, what, in the Devil's name, is it? He again hints: 'At a time when the divine Commandment, *Thou shall not steal*, wherein truly, if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew Decalogue, with Solon's<sup>1</sup> and Lycurgus's<sup>2</sup> Constitutions, Justinian's Pandects,<sup>3</sup> the Code Napoléon,<sup>4</sup> and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities whatsoever, that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance: at a time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all-but faded away from the general remembrance; and, with little disguise, a new opposite Commandment, *Thou shall steal*, is everywhere promulgated,—it perhaps behoved, in this universal dotage and delirium, the sound portion of mankind to bestir themselves and rally. When the widest and wildest violations of that divine right of Property, the only divine right now extant or conceivable, are sanctioned and recommended by a vicious Press, and the world has lived to hear it asserted that *we have no Property in our very Bodies, but only an accidental Possession and Life-rent*,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **Solon.** The Greek lawgiver, born *circa* 638 B.C.

<sup>2</sup> **Lycurgus.** The Spartan lawgiver, ninth century B.C.

<sup>3</sup> **Justinian's Pandects.** Justinian, born 483, was Emperor at Constantinople. Under his direction, a Code or compilation of all previous Roman laws was drawn up; also a Pandect, or Digest, of the commentaries of the Jurists upon these laws.

<sup>4</sup> **Code Napoléon.** In 1802-8 an Assembly of French Jurists, at the instigation of Napoleon, compiled the various Codes of Civil, Commercial, and Criminal Law, which are usually termed the *Code Napoléon*, and which form the basis of the French, Italian, and Belgian legal systems.

<sup>5</sup> **We have no Property, etc.** "I have no *property* in anything what-

what is the issue to be looked for? Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by their noose-gins and baited fall-traps, keep down the smaller sort of vermin; but what, except perhaps some such Universal Association, can protect us against whole meat-devouring and man-devouring hosts of Boa-constrictors? If, therefore, the more sequestered Thinker have wondered, in his privacy, from what hand that perhaps not ill-written *Program* in the Public Journals, with its high *Prize-Questions* and so liberal *Prizes*, could have proceeded,—let him now cease such wonder; and, with undivided faculty, betake himself to the *Concurrenz* (Competition).

We ask: Has this same ‘perhaps not ill-written *Program*,’ or any other authentic Transaction of that Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any Journal foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions*; what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper-leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paper-bags! Or is the whole business one other of those whimsicalities and perverse inexplicabilities, whereby Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast-and-loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion, which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion, in one word, that these Autobiographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little soever; except . . . in my own freewill. Of my body I have only a life rent” (*Journal*, 1830). These words suggest a connection with Proudhon’s famous maxim: “*La Propriété, c'est le Vol*”; but Proudhon’s work, *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?* did not appear until 1840.

better than a Fiction ; if here we had no direct Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor's History ; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing-forth the same ! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax,<sup>1</sup> was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel to an English Editor and a German Hofrath ; and not rather deceptively *inlock* both Editor and Hofrath in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered-ways<sup>2</sup> of said citadel (having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look ?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip, formerly thrown aside as blank, the ink being all but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher, the following : 'What are your historical Facts ; still more your biographical ? Wilt thou know a Man, above all a Mankind, by stringing-together beadrolls of what thou namest Facts ?<sup>3</sup> The Man is the spirit he worked in ; not what he did, but what he became. Facts are engraved Hierograms, for which the fewest have the key. And then how your Blockhead (*Dummkopf*) studies not their Meaning ; but simply whether they are well or ill cut, what he calls Moral or Immoral ! Still worse is it with your Bungler (*Pfuscher*) : such I have seen reading some Rousseau,<sup>4</sup> with pretences of interpretation ; and mistaking

<sup>1</sup> **Nose-of-Wax.** The expression occurs in Burton's Preface to his *Anat. of Melan.* ; also as—

"A nose of wax,  
To be turn'd every way."  
MASSINGER, *The Unnatural Combat*, V. ii.

<sup>2</sup> **Covered-ways.** The sunken path outside the ditch surrounding a fortified place ; it formed the outer rampart on which sharpshooters were stationed.

<sup>3</sup> **Beadrolls of what thou namest Facts.** Vide *Essays*, ii. 257-259 ; iv. 84.

<sup>4</sup> **Rousseau, Jean Jacques** (1712-78), advocated sensibility, not duty, as the guide of life, and a return to the natural condition of the savage.

the ill-cut Serpent-of-Eternity for a common poisonous reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of-Eternity in like manner? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop? We say not with certainty; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our suspicion be wholly unfounded, let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.

But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paper-bags for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if 'not what he did, yet what he became': the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche: and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what complex gyrations (flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes herself in civic Titles, without altering her now fixed nature,—would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspicuous of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's-Leap,<sup>1</sup> we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough that by survey of certain 'pools and plashes,'<sup>2</sup> we have ascertained its general direction; do

Carlyle termed him 'a sadly contracted Hero,— . . . heartily *in earnest*,' half-sage, half-maniac, with a passion for truth, and a sensibility, pathos, and earnest eloquence superior to Voltaire's; the *Confessions*, likewise, Carlyle called an "elegiaco-didactic Poem." The "Bungler" alluded to was either Burke or Johnson. The latter said that Rousseau was "one of the worst of men,—a rascal who ought to be hunted out of Society." The Serpent-with-tail-in-moult is an emblem of Eternity.

<sup>1</sup> Lover's-Leap, p. 197, note.

<sup>2</sup> 'Pools and plashes,' p. 197.

we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained-down again into a stream ; and even now at Weissnichtwo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon ? Over much invaluable matter, that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper-catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and somewhat will demand insertion at the right place : meanwhile be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge<sup>1</sup> over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood ; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate : Through many a little loophole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh ; his strange mystic, almost magic Diagram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on TIME, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature, the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature.<sup>2</sup> How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment,'<sup>3</sup> woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time';<sup>4</sup> is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy* ; at least the arena it is to work in ? Remark, too, that the Character of the Man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic : amid so much tumultuous obscurity, almost like diluted madness, do not a certain

<sup>1</sup> Hell-gate Bridge, p. 121, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> The decisive Oneness, etc., pp. 112, 195, 284 *ff.*

<sup>3</sup> 'Living Garment,' p. 97, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> 'Loom of Time,' p. 98.

indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built?

Nay further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biography, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man, as it were preappointed for Clothes-Philosophy? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude, and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task: that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearfullest destruction: only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking-through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a *Philosophy of Clothes*? Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound! nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting between whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.

## BOOK THIRD

### CHAPTER I

#### INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of this Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible: and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic mysticism.<sup>1</sup> What the man ultimately purposed by thus casting his Greek-fire<sup>2</sup> into the general Wardrobe of the Universe; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilised Life and Speculation, should lead to; the rather as he was no Adamite,<sup>3</sup> in any

<sup>1</sup> Platonic mysticism, p. 108, note.

<sup>2</sup> Greek-fire. An inflammable compound, known previously in India and China, and used with success in war by the Emperor Constantine IV. in the seventh century. *Vide* Scott's *Count Robert of Paris*, chap. xxix.

<sup>3</sup> Adamite, p. 100, note.

sense, and could not, like Rousseau,<sup>1</sup> recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity, and a return to the savage state: all this our readers are now bent to discover; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved, as detected to lie ready for evolving.<sup>2</sup> We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and show them the mines; nowise to dig out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible. Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand-out here and there; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole: to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure)<sup>3</sup> by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected: this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at:

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of Worms,<sup>3</sup> still less the Battle of Austerlitz,<sup>4</sup> Waterloo, Peterloo,<sup>5</sup> or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule

<sup>1</sup> Rousseau, p. 243, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> Our old figure, etc., p. 121, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> Diet of Worms. "Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April 1521," before the young Emperor Charles Fifth, "may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History" (*On Heroes*, p. 124).

<sup>4</sup> Austerlitz. A town in Moravia where Napoleon defeated the armies of Austria and Russia in 1805. Waterloo, 1815.

<sup>5</sup> Peterloo. Named after Waterloo. In 1819 a crowd of Lancashire operatives, assembled in St. Peter's Field, Manchester, was dispersed by the military.

by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers,<sup>1</sup> and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe<sup>2</sup> is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed; or even Gods,<sup>3</sup> as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred,<sup>4</sup> as the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came

<sup>1</sup> **George Fox . . . first of the Quakers, etc.** Fox (1624-90), born at Drayton in Leicestershire, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but at the age of nineteen, "at the command of God," left his relations and broke off all fellowship with young or old. "I fasted much, and walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible, and went and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places, . . . for I was a man of sorrows . . . having forsaken all evil company, and taken leave of father and mother, and all other relations, and travelled up and down as a stranger in the earth, . . . If I had had a king's diet, palace, and attendance, all would have been as nothing; for nothing gave me comfort, but the Lord by His power. . . . Another ancient priest . . . bade me take tobacco and sing psalms." "Justice Bennet of Derby was the first that called us Quakers, because I bid them tremble at the word of the Lord. This was in the year 1650." In his travels Fox was called "the man in leather breeches." Fox's *Journal*.

<sup>2</sup> **Divine Idea of the Universe.** *Vide*, p. 254, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Or even Gods.** As Odin: the Norse Hero-divinity. *On Heroes*, Lecture I.

<sup>4</sup> **Thirdborough in his hundred.** Under-constable in that part of a county which contained a hundred families or manors; as in the phrase "Chiltern Hundreds." Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, Induct. i. 12.

Splendours and Terrors, for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; and the Temple of Immensity,<sup>1</sup> wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him

'The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to "drink beer and dance with the girls" Blind leaders<sup>2</sup> of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten, for what were their shovel hats scooped out, and their surplices and cassock aprons girt on; and such a church repairing, and chattering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God's Earth,—if Man were but a Patent Digester,<sup>3</sup> and the Belly with its adjuncts the grand Reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than *Aetna*,<sup>4</sup> had been heaped over that Spirit but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! That Leicester shoe shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Ioreto shrine<sup>5</sup>—"So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in," groaned he, "with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see

<sup>1</sup> **Temple of Immensity** From Jean Paul's *The Dead Christ*, *Essays* iii 58

<sup>2</sup> **Blind leaders** *Matt* xv 14

<sup>3</sup> **Patent Digester**, i.e. Pipin's Digester p 239 *note*.

<sup>4</sup> **Mountains . . . higher than Aetna, etc** Enceladus, the giant, was buried under Mount *Aetna* by Jupiter, and as often as he moved his wearied body, the whole of Sicily shook and veiled the heavens with smoke. *Virgil Aeneid* iii 578 *ff*

<sup>5</sup> **Loretto shrine** The house of the Virgin was believed to have been miraculously brought from Nazareth to Ioreto (*sic*) in Italy. Descartes Werner and others pilgrimaged to it and Montaigne describes it in his *Journey into Italy*

nor move: not my own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want, want!—Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light?<sup>1</sup> Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather!"

'Historical Oil-painting,' continues Teufelsdröckh, 'is one of the Arts I never practised; therefore shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History. Let some living Angelo<sup>2</sup> or Rosa,<sup>3</sup> with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads-out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including Case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery, and World-wc.ship, and the Mammon god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Ragfair,<sup>4</sup> into lands of true Liberty; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!

<sup>1</sup> Will all... Light? *Vide* p. 249, "George Fox," note. Cf. "I do not want cheaper cotton, swifter railways; I want what Novalis calls 'God, Freedom, Immortality'" (*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 236).

<sup>2</sup> Angelo. Michelangelo (1475-1564), the famous Italian painter and sculptor.

<sup>3</sup> Rosa. Salvator Rosa (1615-73), the Italian painter.

<sup>4</sup> Vanity holds her Workhouse and Ragfair. "And the name of that town is Vanity, and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair" (Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*).

‘Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height ; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely if, as D'Alembert<sup>1</sup> asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes,<sup>2</sup> was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself : for he too stands on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting aside all props and shoars ; yet not, in half-savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth ; valuing it rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells in an clement of Mercy and Worship, with a still Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that Tub ; a temple from which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad : but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in Scorn but in Love.’

George Fox's ‘perennial suit,’ with all that it held, has been worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries : why, in a discussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*, reproduce it now ? Not out of blind sectarian partisanship : Teufels-dröckh himself is no Quaker ; with all his pacific tendencies, did not we see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler, exhibit fire-arms ?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism,<sup>3</sup> there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Boëotian simplicity<sup>4</sup> (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which that ‘Incident’ is here brought

<sup>1</sup> D'Alembert, Jean (1717-83), French mathematician and Encyclopaedist. *Essays*, v. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Diogenes, p. 128, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> Sansculottism, p. 100, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> Boëotian simplicity. The inhabitants of Boëotia, a district of ancient Greece, were said to be phlegmatic on account of the numerous marshes ; hence the proverbial ‘Boëoticum ingenium,’ or rustic wit, was synonymous with dulness. Horace, *Epist.* II. i. 244 ; Pope's *Dunciad*, iii. 50.

forward ; and, in the Professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in *Weissnichtwo*, recommended to imitation ! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'Mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and *Ragfajr*,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently,-- will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide? By which change Huddersfield<sup>1</sup> and Manchester,<sup>2</sup> and Coventry<sup>3</sup> and Paisley,<sup>4</sup> and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes ; and only Day and Martin<sup>5</sup> could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*leveling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh !), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences,-- be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather ; and the high-born Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy : the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites<sup>6</sup> of the world ; and so all the old Distinctions be re-established ?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention ; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof?

<sup>1</sup> **Huddersfield**, in Yorkshire, famous for its manufacture of woollen goods.

<sup>2</sup> **Manchester**. Cotton manufactures.

<sup>3</sup> **Coventry**. Ribbons and watches.

<sup>4</sup> **Paisley**. \*Cotton manufactures and shawls.

<sup>5</sup> **Day and Martin**. Manufacturers of Blacking.

<sup>6</sup> **Gibeonites**. Joshua ix.

## CHAPTER II

## CHURCH-CLOTHES

NOT less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*,<sup>1</sup> which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire :

‘ By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised that I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices ; and do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to Church in. Far from it ! Church-Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the Religious Principle ; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World<sup>2</sup> with a sensible and practically active Body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving WORD.

‘ These are unspeakably the most important of all the *vestures* and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of wonders, SOCIETY ;<sup>3</sup> for it is still only when “ two or three are gathered together,”<sup>4</sup> that Religion, spiritually existent, and

<sup>1</sup> **Church-Clothes.** Fischer refers to Swift’s *Tale of a Tub*, sect. ii.

<sup>2</sup> **Divine Idea of the World.** Vide *On Heroes*, p. 145. Fichte held that the whole sensible world is merely the condition for realising the moral order, or Divine Idea, of the world. He who acts in conformity with Duty, and inspired by the idea of the moral order of the world, realises that moral order, and so far shares in the Divine Life. The Church (a community of persons who co operate in the realisation of that Divine end) is thus an embodiment, or vesture, of the Divine Idea, and is here termed “ Church-clothes.”

<sup>3</sup> **Society.** From Novalis, Carlyle learned the *mystical* influence of spiritual communion among men of like purpose. After Coleridge (vide the Conclusion of *Aids to Reflection*), he said enthusiasm means *swarm-making* (Ger. *Schwärmerey*).

“ The devout meditation of the isolated man, which flitted through his soul, like a transient tone of Love and Awe from unknown lands, acquires certainty, continuance, when it is shared in by his brother men. . . . Society is the standing wonder of our existence ; a true region of the Supernatural ” (*Essays*, iv. 11).

<sup>4</sup> **Two or three are gathered together.** Matt. xviii. 20.

indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with "cloven tongues of fire"),<sup>1</sup> and seeks to be embodied in a visible Communior and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward: here properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalis:<sup>2</sup> "It is certain, my Belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind thereof"! Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of Anger; feel how thy own so quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing Love, or of deadly-grappling Hate); and then say what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man. But if so, through all the thick-plied hulls of our Earthly Life; how much more when it is of the Divine Life we speak, and inmost Me is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost Me!

'Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first spun and woven by Society; outward Religion originates by Society, Society becomes possible by Religion. Nay, perhaps, every conceivable Society, past and present, may well be figured as properly and wholly a Church, in one or other of these three predicaments: an audibly preaching and prophesying Church, which is the best; second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy, but cannot as yet, till its Pentecost come; and third and worst, a Church gone dumb with old age, or which only mumbles delirium prior to dissolution. Whoso fancies that by Church is here meant Chapterhouses and Cathedrals, or

<sup>1</sup> "Cloven tongues of fire." Acts ii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> **Novalis.** The pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772-1801), a German poet and Idealist, whose works were to Carlyle "an unfathomed mine of philosophical ideas" (*Essays*, ii. 183 ff.).

by preaching and prophesying, mere speech and chanting, let him,' says the oracular Professor, 'read on, light of heart (*getrosten Muthes*).

'But with regard to your Church proper, and the Church-Clothes specially recognised as Church-Clothes, I remark, fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures and sacred Tissues Society has not existed, and will not exist.<sup>1</sup> For if Government is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body Politic, holding the whole together and protecting it; and all your Craft-Guilds, and Associations for Industry, of hand or of head, are the Fleshly Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues (lying *under* such SKIN), whereby Society stands and works;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circulation to the whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue the Bones and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a Galvanic vitality; the SKIN would become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw-hide; and Society itself a dead carcass,—deserving to be buried. Men were no longer Social, but Gregarious; which latter state also could not continue, but must gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isolation, and dispersion;—whereby, as we might continue to say, the very dust and dead body of Society would have evaporated and become abolished. Such, and so all-important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes to civilised or even to rational men.

'Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those same Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out-at-elbows: nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks, under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass-eyes, in ghastly affectation of Life,—some generation-and-half after Religion has quite withdrawn from

<sup>1</sup> Without such Vestures . . . Society . . . will not exist. *Essay*, ii. 176; iv. 36. Cf. "Religion being the chief band of human society" (Bacon's *Essay*, "Of Unity in Religion").

it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As a Priest, or Interpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all men, so is a Sham-priest (*Schein-priester*) the falsest and basest; neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals, were they Popes' Tiaras,<sup>1</sup> will one day be torn from him, to make bandages for the wounds of mankind; or even to burn into tinder, for general scientific or culinary purposes.

'All which, as out of place here, falls to be handled in my Second Volume, *On the Palingenesia, or Newbirth of Society*; which volume, as treating practically of the Wear, Destruction, and Retexture of Spiritual Tissues, or Garments, forms, properly speaking, the Transcendental or ultimate Portion of this my work on *Clothes*, and is already in a state of forwardness.'

And herewith, no farther exposition, note, or commentary being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and must his Editor now, terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes!

### CHAPTER III

#### SYMBOLS

PROBABLY it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*.<sup>2</sup> To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass: nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of 'Fantasy being the organ of the Godlike'; and how 'Man thereby, though based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps of the Invisible, of which Invisible, indeed, his Life is properly the bodying forth.' Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the

<sup>1</sup> Popes' Tiaras, p. 281, note.

<sup>2</sup> Symbols. "All Symbols are properly Clothes," p. 310.

Paper-bags or the Printed Volume)<sup>1</sup> what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks :

'The benignant efficacies of Concealment,' cries our Professor, 'who shall speak or sing? SILENCE and SECRECY!<sup>2</sup> Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only,<sup>3</sup> but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day*: on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing Thought;<sup>4</sup> but of quite stifling and suspending Thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech too is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss Inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvēr, Silence is golden); or as I might rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

'Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will not work except in Silence: neither will Virtue work

<sup>1</sup> Paper-bags, p. 119; and Printed Volume, pp. 51, 121.

<sup>2</sup> Silence, etc. This whole passage is based on Carlyle's *Journal* of 1830; *vide* Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. pp. 143, 144.

<sup>3</sup> Not William the Silent only. William of Nassau (1533-84), Founder of the Dutch Republic (who was silent *only* about secrets), "spoke himself best in a country liberated; Oliver Cromwell [“the inarticulate Prophet,”] did not shine in rhetoric; Goethe, when he had but a book in view, found that he must say nothing even of that, if it was to succeed with him" (*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 166).

<sup>4</sup> The Frenchman . . . Thought. The saying has been attributed to Voltaire and to Talleyrand.

except in Secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth!<sup>1</sup> Neither shalt thou prate even to thy own heart of "those secrets known to all."<sup>2</sup> Is not Shame (*Schaam*) the soil of all Virtue,<sup>3</sup> of all good manners and good morals? Like other plants, Virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee. O my Friends, when we view the fair clustering flowers that overwreathe, for example, the Marriage-bower, and encircle man's life with the fragrance and hues of Heaven, what hand will not smite the foul plunderer that grubs them up by the roots, and with grinning, grunting satisfaction, shows us the dung they flourish in! Men speak much of the Printing-Press with its Newspapers: *du Himmel!* what are these to Clothes and the Tailor's Goose?<sup>4</sup>

'Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of *Symbol*. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation: here therefore, by Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a double significance. And if both the Speech be itself high, and the Silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union be!<sup>5</sup> Thus in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us proclaimed with quite new emphasis.

'For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonderland plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and

<sup>1</sup> Let not thy left hand know . . . doeth! Matt. vi. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Those secrets known to all." Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 66.

<sup>3</sup> Shame . . . the soil of all Virtue. "To speak of shame as a virtue is hardly accurate" etc. Aristotle's *Nic. Eth.* (Williams) book iv. chap. ix. ". . . shame, or to call it better, the reverence of our elders, . . . was the greatest incitement to virtuous deeds" (Milton, *Church Government*).

<sup>4</sup> Tailor's Goose. A smoothing iron. *Macbeth*, II. iii. 17.

<sup>5</sup> Their union be. Sydney Smith said that Macaulay had 'occasional flashes of silence.'

directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite ; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised : the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God ; nay if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God ; is not all that he does symbolical ; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given force that is in him ; a "Gospel of Freedom," which he, the "Messias of Nature,"<sup>1</sup> preaches, as he can, by act and word ? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought ; but bears visible record of invisible things ; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.'

'Man,' says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal contrast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here cut-short on the verge of the inane, 'Man is by birth somewhat of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owlries that ever possessed him, the most owlish, if we consider it, is that of your actually existing Motive-Millwrights.<sup>2</sup> Fantastic tricks enough man has played, in his time ; has fancied himself to be most things, down even to an animated heap of Glass : but to fancy himself a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleasures on, was reserved for this his latter era. There stands he, his Universe one huge Manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against each other ; and looks long-eared enough.<sup>3</sup> Alas, poor devil ! spectres are appointed to haunt him : one age

<sup>1</sup> "Gospel of Freedom" (pp. 113, 225) and "Messias of Nature." "Man," said Novalis, "has ever expressed some symbolical Philosophy of his Being in his Works and Conduct ; he announces himself and his Gospel of Nature ; he is the Messiah of Nature" (*Essays*, ii. 216).

<sup>2</sup> Motive-Millwrights, p. 160, "Utilitarian," note.

<sup>3</sup> There stands he, . . . and looks long-eared enough. The famous sophism known as *Buridan's Ass* (viz. that if an ass be placed exactly between two similar bundles of hay, it must starve, as there is nothing to determine its will to prefer either bundle), is here used to ridicule the 'mechanical doctrine of motives,' the view namely, that the will is influenced by a supposed 'strongest motive' external to it. Jean Buridan was a metaphysician of the fourteenth century.

he is hagridden, bewitched ; the next, priestridden, befooled ; in all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism<sup>1</sup> smothers him worse than any Nightmare did ; till the Soul is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he can see nothing but Mechanism ; has fear for nothing else, hope in nothing else : the world would indeed grind him to pieces ; but cannot he fathom the Doctrine of Motives, and cunningly compute these, and mechanise them to grind the other way ?

‘Were he not, as has been said, purblindled by enchantment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look. In which country, in which time, was it hitherto that man’s history, or the history of any man, went-on by calculated or calculable “Motives” ? What make ye of your Christianities, and Chivalries, and Reformations, and Marseilles Hymns,<sup>2</sup> and Reigns of Terror ? Nay, has not perhaps the Motive-grinder himself been *in Love*?<sup>3</sup> Did he never stand so much as a contested Election ? Leave him to Time, and the medicating virtue of Nature.’

‘Yes, Friends,’ elsewhere observes the Professor, ‘not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is King over us ; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead us heavenward ; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward. Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense but the implement of Fantasy ; the vessel it drinks out of ? Ever in the dullest existence there is a sheen either of Inspiration or of Madness (thou partly hast it in thy choice, which of the two), that gleams-in from the circumambient Eternity, and colours with its own hues our little islet of Time. The Understanding is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst

<sup>1</sup> **Mechanism.** Carlyle’s definition of *Mechanic* and *Dynamic* Thought, apparently derived from Novalis, is expounded in his essays, ‘Signs of the Times,’ and ‘Characteristics.’ *Mechanism*, briefly, is the consideration of relation, and the adaptation of means to end, instead of thought about, and action under the influence of, the primary powers, *viz.* Duty, etc.

<sup>2</sup> **Marseilles Hymns.** Vide *French Revolution*, *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> **In Love.** Enthusiasm (*e.g.* Christianity, Chivalry, Love) is, according to Novalis, *magical*, and not to be explained by calculable ‘motives.’ Cf. p. 255 ; and *Essays*, ii. 217.

not make it ; but Fantasy is thy eye, with its colour-giving retina, healthy or diseased. Have not I myself known five-hundred living soldiers sabred into crows'-meat for a piece of glazed cotton, which they called their Flag ; which, had you sold it at any market-cross, would not have brought above three groschen ?<sup>1</sup> Did not the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous moon-stirred Atlantic, when Kaiser Joseph<sup>2</sup> pocketed their Iron Crown ; an implement, as was sagaciously observed, in size and commercial value little differing from a horse-shoe ? It is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being : those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognise symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike ?

'Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have both an extrinsic and intrinsic value ; ostendest the former only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, which the Peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in their *Bauernkrieg* (Peasants' War) ?<sup>3</sup> Or in the Wallet-and-staff round which the Netherland *Gueux*,<sup>4</sup> glorying in that nickname of Beggars, heroically rallied and prevailed, though against King Philip himself ? Intrinsic significance these had none : only extrinsic ; as the accidental Standards of

<sup>1</sup> *Groschen*, a silver coin, value about one penny.

<sup>2</sup> **Kaiser Joseph.** In 1784, Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, ordered the Hungarian crown to be sent to Vienna ; he also attempted to make German the official language, and thus roused the whole Hungarian nation. The Hungarian sacred crown of St. Stephen was, however, distinct from the so-called Iron Crown ; this latter, which contained a thin iron plate said to have been hammered from a nail of the true Cross, belonged to the ancient Kings of Lombardy.

<sup>3</sup> **Peasants' War.** The *Laced Shoe* Rebellion of the German Peasants against the nobles and clergy in 1502.

<sup>4</sup> **Gueux**, *i.e.* Beggars. The party of nobles and others who, in 1566 in the Netherlands, opposed the tyranny of Philip II. of Spain. The name originated in a remark which Berlaymont addressed to the Regent Margaret, that she should not fear "these Beggars." Their leader, Henry de Brederode, adopted the term, and wore as symbol, a leathern wallet. *Vide Motley's Dutch Republic.*

multitudes more or less sacredly uniting together ; in which union itself, as above noted, there is ever something mystical and borrowing of the Godlike. Under a like category, too, stand, or stood, the stupidest heraldic Coats-of-arms ; military Banners everywhere ; and generally all national or other sectarian Costumes and Customs : they have no intrinsic, necessary divineness, or even worth ; but have acquired an extrinsic one. Nevertheless through all these there glimmers something of a Divine Idea;<sup>1</sup> as through military Banners themselves, the Divine Idea of Duty, of heroic Daring ; in some instances of Freedom, of Right. Nay the highest ensign that men ever met and embraced under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an accidental extrinsic one.

‘Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has intrinsic meaning, and is of itself fit that men should unite round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to Sense ; let but Eternity look, more or less visibly, through the Time-Figure (*Zeitbild*) ! Then is it fit that men unite there ; and worship together before such Symbol ; and so from day to day, and from age to age, superadd to it new divineness.

‘Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art ;<sup>2</sup> in them (if thou know a Work of Art from a Daub of Artifice) wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time ; the Godlike rendered visible. Here too may an extrinsic value gradually superadd itself : thus certain *Iliads*, and the like, have, in three-thousand years, attained quite new significance. But nobler than all in this kind are the Lives of heroic god-inspired Men ; for what other Work of Art is so divine ? In Death too, in the Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art, may we not discern symbolic meaning ? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence of Time with Eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering through.

‘Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or

<sup>1</sup> *Divine Idea*, p. 254, note.

<sup>2</sup> *Works of Art*. Carlyle on, *Life of Sterling*, p. 154 ; *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 270.

Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise a present God, and worship the same: I mean religious Symbols. Various enough have been such religious Symbols, what we call *Religions*; as men stood in this stage of culture or the other, and could worse or better body-forth the Godlike: some Symbols with a transient intrinsic worth; many with only an extrinsic. If thou ask to what height man has carried it in this manner, look on our divinest Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached: this is Christianity and Christendom; a Symbol of quite perennial, infinite character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest.<sup>1</sup>

'But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacredness of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length defaces, or even desecrates them; and Symbols, like all terrestrial Garments, wax old. Homer's Epos has not ceased to be true; yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but shines in the distance, if clearer and clearer, yet also smaller and smaller, like a receding Star. It needs a scientific telescope, it needs to be reinterpreted and artificially brought near us, before we can so much as know that it *was* a Sun. So likewise a day comes when the Runic Thor, with his Eddas,<sup>2</sup> must withdraw into dimness; and many an African Mumbo-Jumbo<sup>3</sup> and Indian Pawaw<sup>4</sup> be utterly abolished. For all things, even Celestial Lumin-

<sup>1</sup> **Anew made manifest.** "Were the memory of this Faith never so obscured . . . ; yet in every pure soul, . . . it finds a new Missionary, a new Martyr, till the great volume of Universal History is finally closed. . . . 'It is a height to which the human species were fated and enabled to attain; and from which, . . . they can never retrograde'" (*Essays*, ii. 173, quoting from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 72).

<sup>2</sup> **Runic Thor, with his Eddas.** Eddas, or collections of Norse myths in prose and poetry, written in *Runes* (i.e. the old Scandinavian alphabet), describe, among other things, the deeds of Thor, the Thunder-god. . Vide *On Heroes*, Lecture I.

<sup>3</sup> **Mumbo-Jumbo.** Among the Kaffirs, a bogie who frightens and punishes unruly wives.

<sup>4</sup> **Pawaw, or Powwow:** a sorcerer, among the North American Indians.

aries, much more atmospheric meteors, have their rise, their culmination, their decline.'

'Small is this which thou tellest me, that the koyal Sceptre is but a piece of gilt-wood; that the Pyx has become a most foolish box, and truly, as Ancient Pistol thought, "of little price."<sup>1</sup> A right Conjuror might I name thee, couldst thou conjure back into these wooden tools the divine virtue they once held.'

'Of this thing, however, be certain: wouldst thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love and Arithmetical Understanding.<sup>2</sup> what will grow there. A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of the World<sup>3</sup> will we call him, the Poet and inspired Maker;<sup>4</sup> who, Prometheus-like,<sup>5</sup> can shape new Symbols, and bring new Fire from Heaven to fix it there. Such too will not always be wanting; neither perhaps now are. Meanwhile, as the average of matters goes, we account him Legislator and wise who can so much as tell when a Symbol has grown old, and gently remove it.

'When, as the last English Coronation<sup>6</sup> was preparing,' concludes this wonderful Professor, 'I read in their News-

<sup>1</sup> **Pyx . . . "of little price."** The *box* ( $\piυξίς$ ) containing the consecrated elements.

<sup>2</sup> "But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For Pax (pyx) of little price."  
*Henry V.* III. vi. 46.

"He is called Auncient Pistol" (*ibid.* III. vi. 19). The early form *entyne*, was confused with *ancyen*; hence "Ancient" =ancient-bearer, *i.e.* ensign-bearer.

<sup>3</sup> **Fantasy and Heart; . . . and Arithmetical Understanding.** This is Carlyle's rendering of the distinction between Reason and Understanding, which he had learned from the German Transcendentalists, and from Coleridge. *Essays*, i. 69; ii. 205. "What is Jesus Christ's significance? *Altogether moral*. What is Jeremy Bentham's significance? Altogether intellectual, logical, . . . a *machine* and cannot *grow*" (*Journal*, 1830).

<sup>4</sup> **Pontiff of the World**, p. 121, "Pontifex," *note*.

<sup>5</sup> **Poet and inspired Maker.** Maker=(Greek) Poet; cf. Troubadour, p. 329, "The Poet first made Gods for men," *note*.

<sup>6</sup> **Prometheus-like**, p. 203, *note*.

<sup>6</sup> That of George IV.—Ed. [Note by T. C.]

papers that the "Champion of England,"<sup>1</sup> he who has to offer battle to the Universe for his new King, had brought it so far that he could now "mount his horse with little assistance," I said to myself: Here also we have a Symbol well-nigh superannuated. Alas, move whithersoever you may, are not the tatters and rags of superannuated worn-out Symbols (in this Ragsfair of a World) dropping off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, to tether you; nay, if you shake them not aside, threatening to accumulate, and perhaps produce suffocation?

## CHAPTER IV

### HELOTAGE<sup>2</sup>

AT this point we determine on advertizing shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population*; which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*.<sup>3</sup> Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in their right place here.

Into the Hofrath's *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Champion of England," whose function is to challenge any one who, at a coronation at Westminster, may dispute the sovereign's right of succession. The office dates from William the Conqueror. The ceremony at the coronation of George IV., when Mr. Henry Dymoke represented the hereditary Champion, is fully described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1821, part ii. pp. 15, 109; in Scott's *Redgauntlet*, chap. xviii., the ceremony at the coronation of George III. is alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> *Helotage*. Carlyle's views are expounded in "Chartism," *Essays*, vi.

<sup>3</sup> *Pisces*, p. 164; at p. 244 the Paper-Bags were "shut for the present."

<sup>4</sup> *Malthus, Thomas R.* (1766-1834). In the celebrated *Essay on the*

and so zealous for the doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up.<sup>1</sup> A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath ; something like a fixed-idea ; undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light ; nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger ; open mouths opening wider and wider ; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation : by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath finds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity ; that the Zähdarm palaces<sup>2</sup> and courtesies have not made him forgetful of the Futteral cottages.<sup>3</sup> On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract we find the following indistinctly engrossed :

'Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman<sup>4</sup> that with earth made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity

*Principle of Population* (first published 1798), after stating that population increases in a geometrical, and food in an arithmetical ratio, he proceeded to inquire what effects these laws had produced and were likely to produce on Society. Emigration, he said, was "only a slight palliative." To infer that he was an enemy to population, would be a misconception of his argument.

<sup>1</sup> Zeal . . . eats him up. Psalm lxix. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Zähdarm palaces, p. 168.

<sup>3</sup> Futteral cottages, p. 124.

<sup>4</sup> Toilworn Craftsman, etc. Cf. noble passages Labour, in *Past and Present*, book iii. chaps. xi. xii.

as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilst for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

'A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

'Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint,<sup>1</sup> could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.'

And again: 'It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds

<sup>1</sup> **Peasant Saint.** Carlyle's favourite examples were his own father and the father of Robert Burns.

his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst ; but for him also there is food and drink : he is heavy-laden and weary ; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest ; in his smoky cribs,<sup>1</sup> a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out ; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him ; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated ! Alas, was this too a Breath of God : bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded !— That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all ?<sup>2</sup>

Quite in an opposite strain is the following : 'The old Spartans had a wiser method ; and went out and hunted-down their Helots,<sup>3</sup> and speared and spitted them, when they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr Hofrath, now after the invention of fire-

<sup>1</sup> Smoky cribs. *II. Henry IV.* III. i. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Imparted to all. Carlyle on Education, cf. p. 148, note.

<sup>3</sup> Helots. The *captives*, or slaves (perhaps, originally, the conquered race), were cruelly treated by the Spartans and were even murdered in large numbers when they grew too numerous. Carlyle doubtless had in mind Swift's *Modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the Public*. Carlyle's vehement attacks on the "interesting white Felony" who *would* not work ("Devil's regiments of the line," to whom he said: 'Shirk the heavy labour and I will flog you ; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you.' *Latter-Day Pamphlets*), might lead the reader to suppose that this paragraph was written in grim earnest. But *vide* his remarks on *Marcus's Pamphlet* and its suggestion of 'painless extinction' by charcoal vapour, etc. : "Ah, it is bitter jesting on such a subject. One's heart is sick to look at the dreary chaos, and valley of Jehosaphat, scattered with the limbs and souls of one's fellow-men" (*Essays*, vi. 184)

arms, and standing-armies, how much easier were such a hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled country, some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the year. Let Governments think of this. The expense were trifling: nay the very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted and barrelled; could not you victual therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep alive?

‘And yet,’ writes he farther on, ‘there must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two-hundred Friedrichs d’or:<sup>1</sup> such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine? Good Heavens! A white European Man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses!’

‘True, thou Gold-Hofrath,’<sup>2</sup> cries the Professor elsewhere: ‘too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more? How thick stands your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America; round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa; on both slopes of the Altaic chain,<sup>3</sup> in the central Platform of Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary,<sup>4</sup> the Curragh of Kildare? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts<sup>5</sup> and Alarics<sup>6</sup> of our

<sup>1</sup> Friedrichs d’or, p. 126 *note*.

<sup>2</sup> Gold-Hofrath, *i.e.* excellent Councillor.

<sup>3</sup> Altaic chain. A mountain range, north-west of Mongolia.

<sup>4</sup> Crim Tartary, p. 152, *note*.

<sup>5</sup> Hengsts, p. 64, *note*.

<sup>6</sup> Alarics. Alaric led the Goths to Rome, 409 A.D.

still-glowing, still-expanding Europe ; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour ; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare ? Where are they ?—Preserving their Game !'<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER V

THE PHÆNIX<sup>2</sup>

PUTTING which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct ; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war ! He says expressly : 'For the last three centuries, above all for the last three quarters of a

Carlyle held that a free Emigration Service should be established as part of the required 'Organisation of Labour,' and "England's sure markets will be among new Colonies of Englishmen in all quarters of the globe" (*Past and Present*, p. 229) ; that Malthus and *Laissez-faire* must part company (*Essays*, vi. 185), the laws of Political Economy being subordinate to higher laws (*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 39).

<sup>1</sup> **Preserving their Game !** Carlyle frequently satirises the Corn-Law-loving, Game-preserving, idle Aristocracy, as in the *Epitaph*, p. 174. It should be remembered that the game laws were more exclusive before the important statute of 1831.

<sup>2</sup> **The Phœnix.** A fabulous Arabian bird which was said to burn itself in spice-wood from the ashes of which a new Phœnix arose ; it visited Egypt once every 500 years. Tacitus, *Annals*, vi. 28 ; Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1699 ff.

It has been suggested that the doctrine of the World-Phœnix, the historic development of Society in successive periods, is borrowed from the Italian Vico (whose *Scienza Nuova* appeared in 1725, and in German in 1822). But the absence of references to Vico is remarkable ; and Carlyle expressly says the doctrine was common among the Germans, and refers to Müller's *Universal History*. *Essays*, i. 123, 124.

century, that same Pericardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life-essence of Society, has been smote-at and perforated, needfully and needlessly ; till now it is quite rent into shreds ; and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, can be regarded as defunct ; for those spasmotic, galvanic sprawlings are not life ; neither indeed will they endure, galvanise as you may, beyond two days.'

'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where there is no longer any Social Idea extant ; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common over-crowded Lodging-house ? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and cries "Mine !" and calls it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble,<sup>1</sup> no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed ? Where Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible tradition ; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist ? Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate-licking : and your high Guides and Governors cannot guide ; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed : *Laissez faire*,<sup>2</sup> Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is darker than darkness ; eat you your wages, and sleep !

'Thus, too,' continues he, 'does an observant eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle : The Poor perishing, like neglected, founded Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Over-work ; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, and Over-growth. The Highest in rank, at length, without honour from the Lowest ; scarcely, with a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it

<sup>1</sup> **Cut-throat Scramble.** "Our life is not a mutual helpfulness ; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named 'fair competition' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings" (*Past and Present*, p. 126).

<sup>2</sup> **Laissez faire.** The phrase was perhaps first used by Quesnay (1694-1774), the father of Political Economy. The *Laissez-faire*, or Let-alone, principle is discussed in Mill's *Pol. Econ.* V. xi. 1.

in the bill.<sup>1</sup> Once-sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense ; a World becoming dismantled : in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy ; the STATE shrunken into a Police-Office, straitened to get its pay !'

We might ask, are there many 'observant eyes,' belonging to practical men in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena ; or is it only from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse*<sup>2</sup> that such wonders are visible ? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a 'deceased or expiring Society' fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. 'What, for example,' says he, 'is the universally arrogated Virtue, almost the sole remaining Catholic Virtue, of these days ? For some half century, it has been the thing you name "Independence."<sup>3</sup> Suspicion of "Servility," of reverence for Superiors, the very dogleech is anxious to disavow. Fools ! Were your Superiors worthy to govern, and you worthy to obey, reverence for them were even your only possible freedom. Independence, in all kinds, is rebellion ; if unjust rebellion, why parade it, and everywhere prescribe it ?'

But what then ? Are we returning, as Rousseau<sup>4</sup> prayed, to the state of Nature ? 'The Soul Politic having departed,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'what can follow but that the Body Politic be decently interred, to avoid putrescence ?' Liberals, Economists, Utilitarians enough I see marching with its bier, and chanting loud peans, towards the funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from some, and saturnalian revelries from the most, the venerable Corpse is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, that these men, Liberals, Utilitarians,<sup>5</sup> or whatsoever they are called, will ultimately carry their point, and dissever and destroy most existing Institutions of

<sup>1</sup> To put it in the bill. So Jean Paul. *Translations*, II. 79.

<sup>2</sup> *Wahngasse*, p. 63, note.

<sup>3</sup> "Independence," American, proclaimed 1776 ; French Revolution, 1793, with its 'Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.'

<sup>4</sup> Rousseau, p. 243, note.

<sup>5</sup> Utilitarians, p. 160, note.

Society, seems a thing which has some time ago ceased to be doubtful.

'Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand Utilitarian Armament come to light even in insulated England? A living nucleus, that will attract and grow, does at length appear there also; and under curious phasis; properly as the inconsiderable fag-end, and so far in the rear of the others as to fancy itself the van. Our European Mechanisers<sup>1</sup> are a sect of boundless diffusion, activity, and coöperative spirit: has not Utilitarianism flourished in high places of Thought, here among ourselves, and in every European country, at some time or other, within the last fifty years? If now in all countries, except perhaps England, it has ceased to flourish, or indeed to exist, among Thinkers, and sunk to Journalists and the popular mass,—who sees not that, as hereby it no longer preaches, so the reason is, it now needs no Preaching, but is in full universal Action, the doctrine everywhere known, and enthusiastically laid to heart? The fit pabulum, in these times, for a certain rugged workshop intellect and heart, nowise without their corresponding workshop strength and ferocity, it requires but to be stated in such scenes to make proselytes enough.—Admirably calculated for destroying, only not for rebuilding! It spreads like a sort of Dog-madness; till the whole World-kennel will be rabid: then woe to the Huntsmen, with or without their whips! They should have given the quadrupeds water,' adds he; 'the water, namely, of Knowledge and of Life, while it was yet time.'

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are at this hour in a most critical condition; beleaguered by that boundless 'Armament of Mechanisers' and Unbelievers, threatening to strip us bare! 'The World,' says he, 'as it needs must, is under a process of devastation and waste, which, whether by silent assiduous corrosion, or open quicker combustion, as the case chances, will effectually enough annihilate the past Forms of Society; replace them

<sup>1</sup> Mechanisers, p. 261, note.

with what it may. For the present, it is contemplated that when man's whole Spiritual Interests are once *divested*, these innumerable stript-off Garments shall mostly be burnt ; but the sounder Rags among them be quilted together into one huge Irish watchcoat<sup>1</sup> for the defence of the Body only !—This, we think, is but Job's-news to the humane reader.

‘Nevertheless,’ cries Teufelsdröckh, ‘who can hinder it; who is there that can clutch into the wheelspokes of Destiny, and say to the Spirit of the Time: Turn back, I command thee?—Wiser were it that we yielded to the Inevitable and Inexorable, and accounted even this the best.’

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same ‘Inevitable and Inexorable’ heartily enough; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical Indifference, if not even Placidity? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a ‘huge Ragfair,’ and the ‘rags and tatters of old Symbols’ were raining-down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him? What with those ‘unhunted Helots’ of his; and the uneven *sic vos non vobis*<sup>2</sup> pressure and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things; what with the so hateful ‘empty Masks,’<sup>3</sup> full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass eyes, ‘with a ghastly affectation of life,’—we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently! Safe himself in that ‘Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo,’ he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster

<sup>1</sup> **Watchcoat**, *i.e.* Watchman's coat. *Vide* Sterne's *History of a . . . Watch-coat.*

<sup>2</sup> **Sic vos non vobis.** ‘So you labour not for yourselves. From Virgil's lines :

“Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores ;  
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves,  
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apeis,  
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,  
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.”

<sup>3</sup> ‘Empty Masks,’ p. 256.

UTILITARIA, held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modification of rope, should go forth to do her work ;—to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built ! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

‘Society,’ says hé, ‘is not dead : that Carcass, which you call dead Society, is but her mortal coil which she has shuffled-off,<sup>1</sup> to assume a nobler ; she herself, through perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, has to live till Time also merge in Eternity. Wheresoever two or three Living Men are gathered together, there is Society ; or there it will be, with its cunning mechanisms and stupendous structures, overspreading this little Globe, and reaching upwards to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna :<sup>2</sup> for always, under one or the other figure, it has two authentic Revelations, of a God and of a Devil ; the Pulpit, namely, and the Gallows.’

Indeed, we already heard him speak of ‘Religion, in unnoticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vestures’ ;—Teufels-dröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles ? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon’s,<sup>3</sup> concerning which and whom so much were to be said : ‘*L’âge d’or, qu’une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu’ici dans le passé, est devant nous* ; The golden age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the Past, is Before us.’—But listen again :

‘When the Phœnix is fanning her funeral pyre, will there not be sparks flying ! Alas, some millions of men, and among them such as a Napoleon, have already been licked into that high-eddying Flame, and like moths consumed there. Still also have we to fear that incautious beards will get singed.

<sup>1</sup> Mortal coil . . . shuffled-off. *Hamlet*, III. i. 67.

<sup>2</sup> Gehenna, p. 149, note.

<sup>3</sup> Saint-Simon’s. Claude Henri, Comte de St. Simon (1760-1825), French philosopher, and founder of the sect named after him. p. 335.

‘For the rest, in what year of grace such Phœnix-cremation will be completed, you need not ask. The law of Perseverance is among the deepest in man: by nature he hates change; seldom will he quit his old house till it has actually fallen about his ears. Thus have I seen Solemnities linger as Ceremonies, sacred Symbols as idle Pageants, to the extent of three-hundred years and more after all life and sacredness had evaporated out of them. And then, finally, what time the Phenix Death-Birth itself will require, depends on unseen contingencies.—Meanwhile, would Destiny offer Mankind, that after, say two centuries of convulsion and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-creation should be accomplished, and we to find ourselves again in a Living Society, and no longer fighting but working,—were it not perhaps prudent in Mankind to strike the bargain?’

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society should be deliberately burnt (alas, with quite other fuel than spice wood); in the faith that she is a Phœnix; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator, shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think: From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*,<sup>1</sup> titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind), but books, tobacco and gukguk,<sup>2</sup> we expected more gratitude to his benefactress; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot-and-lot<sup>3</sup> in a Christian country.

<sup>1</sup> *Doctor utriusque juris*, i.e. *J.U.D.*, p. 51, note

<sup>2</sup> *Gukguk*, p. 58, note.

<sup>3</sup> *Scot-and-lot*. Parochial assessments; tax (as in *scot-free*) according to portion.

## CHAPTER VI

## OLD CLOTHES

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a sansculottist,<sup>1</sup> is in practice probably the politest man extant: his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries; like sun-light, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora<sup>2</sup> out of mere aqueous clouds; nay brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head:

‘Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connexion with wealth or birth: but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbour’s schoolmaster; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more be met with, than a Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

‘For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art not thou ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE? “There is but one temple in the world,” says Novalis,<sup>3</sup> “and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence

<sup>1</sup> Sansculottist, p. 100, note.

<sup>2</sup> Rosy-fingered . . . Aurora. ροδοδάκτυλος Ἡώς. *Odyssey*, ii. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Says Novalis (p. 255, note). *Essays*, ii. 216.

done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body."

'On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than most do; and whereas the English Johnson<sup>1</sup> only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is not he a Temple, then; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity? And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times); therefore must we withhold it.

'The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence: to the fine frogged<sup>2</sup> broadcloth, nowise to the "straddling animal with bandy legs"<sup>3</sup> which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of? Who ever saw any Lord mylorded in tattered blanket fastened with wooden skewer? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only! Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshippers, the Pagoda<sup>4</sup> is not less sacred than the God; so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervour, as when it contained the Man: nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself or of others.

<sup>1</sup> *Johnson*. For Johnson's *bow to an Archbishop*, vide *Boswell*, 1783.

<sup>2</sup> *Frogged*. Ornamented with braid.

<sup>3</sup> "Straddling animal with bandy legs," p. 99, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> *Pagoda*. Idol-house. From Jean Paul; vide *Translations*, ii. 108.

'Did not King *Toomtabard*,<sup>1</sup> or, in other words, John Baliol, reign long over Scotland; the man John Baliol being quite gone, and only the "Toom Tabard" (Empty Gown) remaining? What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honours! No haughty looks, no scornful gesture: silent and serene, it fronts the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have a graceful flow; the Waistcoat hides no evil passion, no riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, from the carking cares and foul vices of the World; and rides there, on its Clothes-horse; as, on a Pegasus,<sup>2</sup> might some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting our low Earth.

'Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of Civilised Life, the Capital of England; and meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth;<sup>3</sup> and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions;—often have I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street,<sup>4</sup> with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim<sup>5</sup> of stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence: the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil

<sup>1</sup> **Toomtabard.** John Baliol was King of Scotland 1292-96. Carlyle remarked the nickname in Sir W. Scott's *History of Scotland*, chap. viii. *Toom*=empty, as "a pantry toom" (Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, I. ii.).

<sup>2</sup> **Pegasus.** In Greek myth, the winged horse which arose from the blood of the Gorgon conquered by Perseus.

<sup>3</sup> **Spartan broth.** *Vide* Plutarch, *Life of Lycurgus*.

<sup>4</sup> **Monmouth Street.** Now Dudley Street, London.

<sup>5</sup> **Sanhedrim.** The chief Council (*συνέδριον*) of the Jews. Mark xiv. 55.

in "the Prison men call Life."<sup>1</sup> Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,— a real triple tiara;<sup>2</sup> on either hand are the similitude of wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to alight; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fatal note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming: "Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!" Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts: he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, one day, new-created ye shall reappear. O, let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austerest thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane,<sup>3</sup> with it, long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear,<sup>4</sup> where, in stifled

<sup>1</sup> "The Prison men call Life." From Werner's *Sons of the Valley*. *Essays*, i. 93. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 6.

<sup>2</sup> **Triple tiara.** To the original Papal crown of 1048, coronets were added in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. The expression is used by Jean Paul. Cf. Milton, *In Quintum Nov.* 55, 94; and Sonnet xviii. According to Josephus (*Antiq.* III. vii. 6), the Jewish High Priest's crown was triple also.

<sup>3</sup> **Field Lane.** "Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Hollow Hill meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the city, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Safton Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of second hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns,—for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows, or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself, the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they came. Here the clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief; and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars" (Dickens, *Oliver Twist*).

<sup>4</sup> **Dionysius' Ear.** A large cave, near Syracuse, having peculiar acoustic properties which enabled the tyrant, Dionysius, to hear what his imprisoned captives said. Fourth century B.C.

jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them there cast-out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness and the Devil,—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill,<sup>1</sup> where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlam of Creation!'

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of 'Devotion': probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers<sup>2</sup> who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy,<sup>3</sup> 'pacing and repacing in austerest thought' that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue,<sup>4</sup> and supernatural Whispering-gallery,<sup>5</sup> where the 'Ghosts of Life' rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!<sup>6</sup>

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paper-bag

<sup>1</sup> *Mirza's Hill*. *Vide Addison's Visions of Mirza; Spectator*, No. 159.

<sup>2</sup> *Money-changers*. John ii. 14.

<sup>3</sup> *Eyes in a fine frenzy*. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 12.

<sup>4</sup> *Delphic avenue*. The celebrated oracle of Apollo at Delphi (*Ιτυθώ*) in Greece.

<sup>5</sup> *Whispering-gallery*, in St. Paul's Church, London. An expression from *Quintus Fixlein*.

<sup>6</sup> *Hearest the grass grow*. Heimdal, the porter of the Norse Gods, was endowed with sharpest senses, that he might keep guard at the rainbow-bridge, lest the giants should enter heaven. He slept lightly as a bird; he could see even at night, and could hear the grass grow in the meadows.

Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London ; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows ? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English 'ink-sea,' that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros,<sup>1</sup> one day to be hatched into a Universe !

## CHAPTER VII

### ORGANIC FILAMENTS

FOR us, who happen to live while the World-Phoenix<sup>2</sup> is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done 'within two centuries,' there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. 'In the living subject,' says he, 'change is wont to be gradual : thus, while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed beneath. Little knowest thou of the burning of a World-Phoenix, who fanciest that she must first burn-out, and lie as a dead cinereous heap ; and therefrom the young one start-up by miracle, and fly

<sup>1</sup> **The Egg of Eros.** According to the ancients, Eros, or Love, was coeval with Chaos, and, proceeding from the Egg of Night, begat all things.

<sup>2</sup> **World-Phoenix**, p. 271, *note*. The primary elements of a new Religion and new Society, which form themselves as do the members ("organic filaments") of a new Phoenix from the ashes of the old, are here pointed out.

heavenward. Far otherwise ! In 'that' Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction proceed together ; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin themselves : and amid the rushing and the waving of the Whirlwind-element come tones of a melodious Deathsong, which end not but in tones of a more melodious Birthsong. Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own eyes, and thou wilt see.' Let us actually look, then : to poor individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general :

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor ; 'thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour : what is all this but an inverted Sympathy ? Were I a Steam-engine, wouldest thou take the trouble to tell lies of me ? Not thou ! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.

'Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all ; whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have I said to myself, of some perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts : "Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered-up within the largest imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for the world ! Post Letters, more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against thy Glass walls, but have to drop unread : neither from within comes there question or response into any Postbag ; thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no purchasing hand : thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, circulatest through all Space and all Time : there has a Hole fallen-out in the immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be darned-up again !"

'Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal Messages, paper and other Packages, going out from him

and coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to the eye: but the finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men,<sup>1</sup> and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing: all this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it: will not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the Universe.

'If now an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word, Tradition: how we inherit not Life only, but all the garniture and form of Life; and work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grandfathers, from the beginning, have given it us?—Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending Volume on the Philosophy of Clothes? Not the Herren Stillschweigen and Company;<sup>2</sup> but Cadmus<sup>3</sup> of Thebes, Faust<sup>4</sup> of Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. Had there been no Mœsogothic Ulfila,<sup>5</sup> there had been no English Shakspeare, or a different one. Simpleton! it was Tubalcain<sup>6</sup> that made thy very Tailor's needle, and sewed that court-suit of thine.

'Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual Mankind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable, flow on

<sup>1</sup> All things . . . influence all men, etc., p. 113, "Detached, separated!" *note*.

<sup>2</sup> Stillschweigen and Company, p. 51.

<sup>3</sup> Cadmus, according to a Greek myth, founded the Grecian Thebes and introduced the alphabet.

<sup>4</sup> Faust, p. 82, "Movable Types," *note*.

<sup>5</sup> Ulfila, or Ulpilas (318-388), a celebrated bishop of the Goths; the extant fragments of his translation of the Bible form the chief record of the early Gothic language.

<sup>6</sup> Tubalcain. Gen. iv. 22.

those main-currents of what we call Opinión ; as preserved in Institutions, Polities, Churches, above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest ; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses<sup>1</sup> and brothers ; and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*,<sup>2</sup> wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

'Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind : Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made, the Son can make and enjoy ; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards ; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing. Newton<sup>3</sup> has learned to see what Kepler<sup>4</sup> saw; but there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in Newton; he must mount to still higher points of vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver<sup>5</sup> is, in due time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles.<sup>6</sup> In the business of Destruction, as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like sequence and perseverance : for Luther<sup>7</sup> it was as yet hot

<sup>1</sup> *Cloud of witnesses.* Heb. xii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Communion of Saints.* Article IX. of the Creed ; but Carlyle probably refers to "Gemeinschaft der Heiligen," in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. pp. 73, 205. The sentiment recurs in Goethe's poem quoted in *Past and Present*, p. 204. Cf. Heb. xii. 22, 23.

<sup>3</sup> *Newton, Sir Isaac* (1642-1727).

<sup>4</sup> *Kepler, Johann* (1571-1630). "Newton proved that the laws of Kepler [in regard to planetary motion] were particular consequences of the laws of motion and the law of gravitation" (Huxley).

<sup>5</sup> *Hebrew Lawgiver.* John i. 17.

<sup>6</sup> *Apostle of the Gentiles.* Rom. xi. 13.

<sup>7</sup> *Luther, Martin* (1483-1546), protested against the 'indulgences'

enough to stand by that burning of the Pope's Bull ; Voltaire<sup>1</sup> could not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig has, in the second generation, become an English Radical ; who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower : the Phoenix<sup>2</sup> soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music ; or, as now, she sinks, and with spherical swan-song<sup>3</sup> immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer.'

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles :

'Remark, not without surprise,' says 'Teufelsdröckh,' 'how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from Fighting. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies ; your Earl<sup>4</sup> (*Fahl*) is Strong Man ; your Marshal<sup>5</sup> cavalry Horse-shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and becoming now daily more and more indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised ?

'The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity, is that of King. *König* (King), anciently *Könning*, means Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King.'<sup>6</sup>

of Monk Tetzel, and published two addresses against the Papal Indulgences in 1520. At Wittenberg he publicly burnt the Pope's edict. Cf. *On Heroes*.

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire, p. 234, note.

<sup>2</sup> Phoenix, p. 271, note.

<sup>3</sup> Swan-song. The swan was believed to sing more sweetly on the day of its death than at any other time. Plato, *Phedo*, 85 ; Horace, *Odes*, IV. iii. 20 ; *Othello*, V. ii. 247 ; *King John*, V. vii. 21.

<sup>4</sup> Earl. (O.E.) *ealdor*, elder.

<sup>5</sup> Marshal. (Ger.) *mähr-schalk*, horse-servant.

<sup>6</sup> King, etc. King (kin, genus, γένος) means 'father' ; while Cunning (*cunnan*, ken, can) and Can-ning mean 'knowing' or 'ability.'

'Well, also,' says he elsewhere, 'was it written by Theologians: a King rules by divine right. He carries in him an authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my own King Popinjay,<sup>1</sup> and play what farce or tragedy I may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such Obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.'

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis,<sup>2</sup> of rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable; much so disastrous, ghastly; your very radiances and straggling light-beams have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep,

The two words are thus distinct. Perhaps: "Ever must the Sovereign *Genius* of Mankind be fitly entitled King."

<sup>1</sup> King Popinjay, *i.e.* a merely ornamental figure-head. The Popinjay was the figure of a bird (decked with parti-coloured feathers to resemble a parrot) at which competitors shot with bows and arrows, and in later times with carbines. *Vide* Scott's *Old Mortality*, chap. ii., and Sir David Lindsay's *King's Papino*.

<sup>2</sup> Necropolis. "Catacomb-Necropolis of the Past." Jean Paul.

silent, slow burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise;<sup>1</sup> at least so we interpret the following: 'Satisfy yourselves,' he says, 'by universal, indubitable experiment, even as ye are now doing or will do, whether FREEDOM, heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so vitally essential for us all, cannot peradventure be mechanically hatched and brought to light in that same Ballot-Box of yours; or at worst, in some other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-mechanism. It were a mighty convenience; and beyond all feats of manufacture witnessed hitherto.' Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly?—He says, under another figure: 'But after all, were the problem, as indeed it now everywhere is, To rebuild your old House from the top downwards<sup>2</sup> (since you must live in it the while), what better, what other, than the Representative Machine will serve your turn? Meanwhile, however, mock me not with the name of Free, "when you have but knit-up my chains into ornamental festoons."'<sup>3</sup>—Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this: 'The lower people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely; there is then a demand for lower people—to be shot!'

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinthns of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our best, for

<sup>1</sup> **Franchise.** Carlyle's view was that (1) No nation could subsist on Democracy (*Letter- Day Pamphlets*, p. 16); (2) the essence of truth in Democracy is that the able man be chosen, regardless of his birth (*ibid.* p. 102); (3) this cannot be done by Ballot-boxes (*ibid.* pp. 13-29); (4) but may be done, either directly by the Crown (*ibid.* p. 97); or, as in the Catholic Church (*ibid.* p. 111); or by a system of competitive education, as in China. *On Heroes*, p. 156.

<sup>2</sup> **To rebuild your old House, etc.** As Goethe relates of his father's house; *vide Autobiography*, book i.

<sup>3</sup> **Ornamental festoons.** From Goethe's epigram, quoted in *Essays*, iv, 182. Carlyle means that Gurnh, though 'emancipated,' is under the thraldom of 'Fair Competition'—a system of regulated hostility. *Vide* p. 272, *supra*.

‘organic filaments,’ we ask, may not *this*, touching ‘Hero-worship,’ be of the number? It seems of a cheerful character; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes:

‘True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all things, only not obey. True likewise that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of Reverence; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious Independence, when it has become inevitable; only in loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does he feel himself exalted.

‘Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay even in this: that man had forever cast away Fear, which is the lower; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence,<sup>1</sup> which is the higher and highest?

‘Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsover man ought to obey, he cannot but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike did he ever stand irreverent; least of all, when the Godlike showed itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true religious Loyalty forever rooted in his heart; nay in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a more or less orthodox *Hero-worship*.<sup>2</sup> In which fact, that Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally among Mankind, mayest thou discern the corner-stone of

<sup>1</sup> *Fear . . . Reverence*, p. 141, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> **Hero-worship.** Carlyle’s doctrine is expanded in *On Heroes*. Heroes are characterised by *sincerity* and *insight*. Their rule, Hero-archy, an Aristocracy of talent=politics. *Past and Present*, p. 29.

The worship of Heroes=practical religion. *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 237.

Their biography=history. *On Heroes*, p. 27; and p. 219, *supra*.

Carlyle, apparently, derived the phrase from Hume (p. 314, *note*), and the sentiment from Goethe (p. 141, *note*).

living-rock, whercon all Polities for the remotest time may stand secure.'

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims, 'Or hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire?<sup>1</sup> How the aged, withered man, though but a Sceptic, Mocker, and millinery Court-poet, yet because even he seemed the Wisest, Best, could drag mankind at his chariot-wheels, so that princes coveted a smile from him, and the loveliest of France would have laid their hair beneath his feet! All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero-worship; though their Divinity, moreover, was of feature too apish.

'But if such things,' continues he, 'were done in the dry tree, what will be done in the green?<sup>2</sup> If, in the most parched season of Man's History, in the most parched spot of Europe, when Parisian life was at best but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*,<sup>3</sup> bedizened with some Italian Gumflowers, such virtue could come out of it; what is to be looked for when Life again waves leafy and bloomy, and your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing apelike, but be wholly human? Know that there is in man a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds of Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.'

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage:

'There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper.<sup>4</sup> Therefrom he

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire, p. 234, *note*; *Essays*, ii. 158.

<sup>2</sup> Done in the green. Luke xxiii. 31.

<sup>3</sup> *Hortus Siccus*. Dry garden: a collection of dried plants.

<sup>4</sup> *Newspaper*. "An author is the Town-chaplain of the Universe,"

preaches what most momentous doctrine\* is in him, for man's salvation ; and dost not thou listen, and believe ? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols ; and, though themselves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it ?'

Perhaps also in the following ; wherewith we now hasten to knit-up this ravelled sleeve :<sup>1</sup>

' But there is no Religion ? '<sup>2</sup> reiterates the Professor. ' Fool ! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE ? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homiletic* lie scattered there, which Time will assort : nay fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age ? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common ; and by him been again prophetically revealed : in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar

said Jean Paul, *Translations*, ii. 196. But Carlyle refers to Fichte's lectures, *On the Nature of the Literary Man*; vide *On Heroes*, p. 145, and cf. *Essays*, ii. 248.

<sup>1</sup> Knit-up this ravelled sleeve. *Macbeth*, II. ii. 37.

<sup>2</sup> There is no Religion. So said Novalis, implying the absence of spiritual Communion (*Essays*, ii. 219). To Carlyle, Religion = the awaking of the Moral Conscience, which issues in Reverence, practical Hero-worship, and work which is worship. The fractions of a modern Church-*Homiletic*, and of a *Liturgy*, would thus include Goethe's teachings on Reverence (vide p. 141, note) and Goethe's *Mason-Lodge* (quoted in *Past and Present*, p. 204) ; and all valiant endeavour and noble utterance.

But, "out of Goethe . . . there is no writing that speaks to me like the Hebrew Scriptures. Again : "The most wonderful words I ever heard of being uttered by man are those . . . by Jesus of Nazareth. Their intellectual talent is hardly inferior to their moral."

off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe.<sup>1</sup>

‘But thou as yet standest in no Temple;<sup>2</sup> jokest in no Psalm worship, feelst well that, where there is no ministering Priest, the people perish?<sup>3</sup> Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith Spake we not of a Communion of Saints,<sup>4</sup> unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere*,<sup>5</sup> their heroic Actions also, as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike Is not God’s Universe a Symbol of the Godlike, is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man’s History, and Men’s History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.’<sup>6</sup>

## CHAPTER VIII

### NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM<sup>7</sup>

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer, and,

<sup>1</sup> Goethe, pp 117 232, notes

<sup>2</sup> Temple ‘The soul, which by nature looks Heavenward is without a Temple in this age, said Jean Paul But Carlyle here refers to the ‘Temple of Immensity’ (p 250, note) with its ‘sacred Bond of the Immortals’ and ‘all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms — up to that ‘Agony of bloody sweat which all men have called divine!’ (Past and Present, pp 173 200)

<sup>3</sup> The people perish Prov xxix 18

<sup>4</sup> Communion of Saints, p 286, note

<sup>5</sup> Miserere. The 51st Psalm ‘Misericordia mea deus’ etc

<sup>6</sup> Morning Stars sing together. Job xxxviii 7 “All accidental tones . . . are, for the timidly devout Lancy, sounds out of Heaven, . . . church music of the morning worship, said Jean Paul Translations, II 125

<sup>7</sup> Natural Supernaturalism. This “Insignificant chapter” contains “the very first word of a higher philosophy that had been as yet spoken

after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with ; 'Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,' of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not : yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-enbracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering : but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away ; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism ;<sup>1</sup> this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*,<sup>2</sup> in all senses, may be considered as beginning. 'Courage, then !' may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First<sup>3</sup> once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible ; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part ; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours :

'Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,'<sup>4</sup>

in Great Britain,—I suppose the very first English word towards the restoration and rehabilitation of the *dethroned upper powers* (J. Hutchison Stirling, *Philosophy and Theology*).

<sup>1</sup> *Transcendentalism*, p. 58, *note* ; and *Last leap*, p. 248.

<sup>2</sup> *Palingenesia*, p. 257.

<sup>3</sup> *Diogenes the First*, p. 128. "Diogenes saw a youth blushing, and addressed him, 'Courage, my boy ! that is the complexion of virtue'" (Yonge's Translation of Laertius's *Lives of Philosophers*).

<sup>4</sup> *Miracles*. Carlyle reviews the positions of Locke and Hume, viz: "A miracle then I take to be a sensible operation, which, being above the comprehension of the spectator, and in his opinion contrary to the established course of nature, is taken by him to be divine" (Locke, *Discourse of Miracles*).

"A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature ; and as a firm and

thus quietly begins the Professor; 'far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical "*Open sesame!*"<sup>1</sup> every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

'Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim,<sup>2</sup> come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion?<sup>3</sup>

unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, . . . is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined, . . . But it is a miracle, that a dead man should come to life; because that has never been observed in any age or country" (Hume, *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding*, sect x.).

Perhaps the "Dutch King of Siam" does duty for Hume's "Indian prince, who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost."

Carlyle's general position was: (1) After reading Gibbon, he totally disbelieved in 'miracles'; (2) but, as against Hume, he held that experience, as formulated in the 'laws of nature,' is not sufficient to define the limits of the possible; (3) "Is anything more wonderful than another, if you consider it maturely? I have *seen* no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from *nothing*."

<sup>1</sup> "Open sesame!" The words which magically opened the door in the rock; *vide* "Ali Baba" in the *Arabian Nights*. Sesame=a kind of grain.

<sup>2</sup> Iron swim. <sup>2</sup> Kings vi. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Therefore he can teach Religion, etc. John iii. 2. "I crave leave to say, that he who comes with a message from God . . . , cannot be refused belief if he vouches his mission by a miracle, because his credentials have a right to it" (Locke, *Discourse of Miracles*).

To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough ; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

“But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant ?” cries an illuminated class : “Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules ?” Probable enough, good friends : nay I, too, must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be “without variableness or shadow of turning,”<sup>1</sup> does indeed never ‘change ; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry : What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be ?

‘They stand written in our Works of Science, say you ; in the accumulated records of Man’s Experience ?—Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on ? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there ? Did the Maker take them into His counsel ; that they read His groundplan of the incomprehensible All ; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this ? Alas, not in anywise ! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are ; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

‘Laplace’s<sup>2</sup> Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest “Mechanism of the Heavens,” and

<sup>1</sup> “Without variableness . . . turning.” James i. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Laplace, P. Simon (1749-1827), mathematician and astronomer, and author of *Mécanique Céleste*, and *Exposition du Système du Monde*. Newton’s *De Mundi Systemate* had appeared in 1728.

“System of the **World**”; this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel’s<sup>1</sup> Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-bill; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

‘System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature’s phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons,<sup>2</sup> and Moon’s Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*unmiraculously* enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is Man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through *Æ*ons of *Æ*ons.

‘We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true

<sup>1</sup> **Herschel, Sir William** (1738-1822), endeavoured to count the stars of the Northern Hemisphere, and estimated that in a dense part of the heavens 116,000 stars crossed the ( $\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ ) field of his stationary telescope in fifteen minutes.

<sup>2</sup> **Monsoons.** Periodic winds of the Indian Ocean.

Sacred-writing ; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line.<sup>1</sup> As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive bravely ; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwined hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

'Custom,' continues the Professor, 'doth make dotards of us all.<sup>2</sup> Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers ; and weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe ; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops ; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first ; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it ; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom ; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendent ?

'Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks of Custom : but, of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous.<sup>3</sup> True, it is by this

<sup>1</sup> *Here a line . . . there a line.* Isaiah xxviii. 10.

<sup>2</sup> **Custom, etc.** Hume regarded custom as the "ultimate principle" of all beliefs, reasoning, and judgment.

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

*Hamlet*, III. i. 83.

<sup>3</sup> **The Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous**  
*Cf.* p. 99.

"It is not strictly accurate to affirm, that every thing would appear a

means we live ; for man must work as well as wonder : and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurselings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million times ? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should : unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine ; a power whereby cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realised.

‘ Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names ;<sup>1</sup> which indeed are but one kind of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology,<sup>2</sup> we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us : What is Madness, what are Nerves ? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther’s Picture of the Devil<sup>3</sup> less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it ? In every the wisest Soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire ; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

miracle, if we were wholly uninfluenced by custom . . . :—for then the very ground of all miracles would probably vanish, namely, the heterogeneity of spirit and matter ” (Coleridge, *Omnia*).

<sup>1</sup> *Potency of Names.* *Vide p. 129.*

<sup>2</sup> *Demonology.* Scott’s *Demonology and Witchcraft* was reviewed by Dr. John Carlyle in *Fraser’s Magazine*, December 1830.

<sup>3</sup> *Luther’s Picture of the Devil.* Luther, while translating the Bible in the castle of the Wartburg, saw an image which he took to be that of the Evil One, and immediately ‘ flung his inkstand at the spectre.’ *On Heroes*, p. 129.

‘But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME.<sup>1</sup> These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

‘Fortunatus<sup>2</sup> had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen;<sup>3</sup> but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Anywhere, straightway to be *There!* Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Anywhen,<sup>4</sup> straightway to be *Then!* This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation;<sup>5</sup> here historically present in the First Century,

<sup>1</sup> **Space and Time.** Vide *Essays*, ii. 204, where the Kantian doctrine respecting this is stated.

<sup>2</sup> **Fortunatus.** Fortunatus, with his purse of gold and a wishing-cap, is the hero of a European chap-book of the sixteenth century; but Carlyle may have derived the story from Tieck’s *Phantasus*, though Jean Paul also alludes to it.

<sup>3</sup> **Groschen**, p. 262, note.

<sup>4</sup> **Anywhen.** This word is said to be common in Sussex and Surrey.

<sup>5</sup> **Fire-Consummation.** Heraclitus of Ephesus, fifth century B.C., taught that the world alternately resolves itself into fire, and again is recreated.

conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca;<sup>1</sup> there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

‘Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-existent, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man’s Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal *HERE*, so is it an everlasting *Now*.<sup>2</sup>

‘And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously *Here*, even as we are *Here* mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

That the Thought-forms,<sup>3</sup> Space and Time, wherein,

<sup>1</sup> **Seneca.** The philosopher and tutor of Nero, first century; his meeting, or corresponding with, St. Paul is legendary.

<sup>2</sup> **Everlasting Now**, p. 97, ‘God as omnipresent,’ *note*.

<sup>3</sup> **Thought-forms, etc.** Time and Space, according to Kant, are but the *forms of the internal and external senses*; subjective conditions of intuitions, *not* independent realities.

once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought ; nay even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities : and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-ess fulgences ! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun ?<sup>1</sup> Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight ; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all ;<sup>2</sup> that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith ? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practises on us.

‘ Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat ; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one. ’

‘ Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion,<sup>3</sup> built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound

<sup>1</sup> **Clutch the Sun, etc.** A reference, perhaps, to the ‘miracle’ of Mahomet who, stretching forth his hands, commanded the Moon to divide into two parts.

<sup>2</sup> **That I can stretch forth my hand at all, etc.** “To stretch out my arm is a miracle, unless the materialists should be more cunning than they have proved themselves hitherto” (Coleridge, *Omnia*).

<sup>3</sup> **Orpheus, or Amphion.** The Ancients fabled that Orpheus, Apollo’s son, could tame wild beasts with his lyre ; and that Amphion, the son of

of his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch*<sup>1</sup> (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilising Man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen-hundred years ago: his sphere-melody,<sup>2</sup> flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts;<sup>3</sup> and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

‘Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only

Jupiter, was so skilled in music as to move stones with the sound of his lute. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 391-396.

<sup>1</sup> **Steinbruch.** Quarry. Professor Masson suggests that this refers to Craigleith Quarry, near Edinburgh. The Troglodytes were a race of *Cave-dwellers* in Ethiopia; hence, Troglodyte=cavernous.

<sup>2</sup> **Sphere-melody.** The Pythagoreans held that the planets by rotating produced a series of tones, each of which was proportionate to the distance of the planet, and which together formed an octave or harmony (*vide* Zeller).

“Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

*Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 58 ff.

<sup>3</sup> **Through all our hearts.** Cf. p. 205, “Fantasy and Heart,” note.

had been struck, and sent flying? O could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God;<sup>1</sup> that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God,<sup>2</sup> and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

'Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane,<sup>3</sup> and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits,<sup>4</sup> that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no "metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as

<sup>1</sup> **Star-domed City of God.** "The streets of the City of God, . . . that cool, vast temple, that great cathedral whose dome is adorned with the sacred picture of the Most Holy, portrayed in a mosaic of stars." Jean Paul, *Siebenkaes* (*Trans. Ewing*), book ii. chap. viii.

<sup>2</sup> **The Time-vesture of God, etc.** "What Goethe calls 'the open secret.'"

<sup>3</sup> **Cock Lane**, Smithfield, where, in 1762, a ghost was said to have been seen in the house of a Mr. Parsons who was afterwards condemned to stand in the pillory for imposture.

<sup>4</sup> **Are we not Spirits, etc.** This passage, said Professor Nichol, is "the culmination of the English prose eloquence . . . of this century."

years and aeons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and jibber<sup>1</sup> (in our discordant, screech-owlish<sup>2</sup> debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,<sup>3</sup>—till the scent of the morning air<sup>4</sup> summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon:<sup>5</sup> does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats<sup>6</sup> and Austerlitz<sup>7</sup> Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous,<sup>8</sup> flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noon tide; some half-hundred have vanished

<sup>1</sup> **Squeak and jibber.**

“The sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

*Hamlet*, I. i. 116.

<sup>2</sup> **Screech-owlish.** *III. Henry VI.* II. vi. 56.

<sup>3</sup> **Dance of the Dead.** A common metaphor of Jean Paul, in allusion, apparently, to the Holbein frescoes at Basle.

<sup>4</sup> **Scent of the morning air.**

“*Ghost.* But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air.”

*Hamlet*, I. v. 58.

“It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

• • • • and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine.”

*Hamlet*, I. i. 147.

Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 380 ff.

<sup>5</sup> **Alexander of Macedon.** Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, defeated the Persian army under Darius, at Issus (333 B.C.) to the north of Antioch; after a victorious campaign in Palestine and Egypt, he again defeated (331 B.C.) Darius at Gaugamela, near Arbela, to the far north of Babylon.

<sup>6</sup> **Moscow Retreats.** In 1812, Napoleon invaded Russia as far as Moscow, with an army of 500,000; he found the city had been deserted, and shortly afterwards, a fire having reduced it to ruins, he was compelled to retreat. Before the end of the year his army had dwindled to 25,000.

<sup>7</sup> **Austerlitz**, p. 248, note.

<sup>8</sup> **Made Night hideous.** *Hamlet*, I. iv. 54.

from it, some half-hundred have arisep in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

‘O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him ; but are, in very deed, Ghosts ! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this stormy Force ; this life-blood with its burning Passion ? They are dust and shadow ;<sup>1</sup> a Shadow-system gathered round our ME ; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes ;<sup>2</sup> force dwells in his arm and heart : but warrior and war-horse are a vision ; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance : fool ! the Earth is but a film ; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet’s sounding.<sup>3</sup> Plummet’s ? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not ; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

‘So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night,<sup>4</sup> on Heaven’s mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends : one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even

<sup>1</sup> **Dust and shadow**, *i.e.* ‘earthly vesture’ and ‘future ghost,’ or shade.

“Nos, ubi decidimus,  
Pulvis et umbra sumus.”

HORACE, *Odes*, IV. vii. 16.

<sup>2</sup> **Fire flashes through his eyes, etc.** “Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye” (Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*).

<sup>3</sup> **Plummet’s sounding.** *The Tempest*, V. i. 56.

<sup>4</sup> **Forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night.** The Cimmerii were a people living in mist and darkness at the extreme limits of the ocean. *Odyssey*, xi. 14. Carlyle, however (*Essays*, i. 154, 164), borrowed the expression from (“dringend aus cimmerischer Nacht”) Goethe, *Faust*, part ii. act iii.

to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little Life  
Is rounded with a sleep!"<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER IX

HERE, then, arises the so momentous question: Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them? Long and adventurous has the journey been: from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space themselves! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappings, begin in any measure to reveal itself? Can many readers discern, as through a

<sup>1</sup> "We are such stuff," etc. *Tempest*, IV. i. 156. A passage impressed on Carlyle's memory, from Jean Paul's saying that it had 'created whole books' in him. Some editors correct: "As dreams are made on."

glass darkly,<sup>1</sup> in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable? Does that Earth Spirit's speech in *Faust*,—

"Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the Garment thou see'st I'llm by ;"<sup>2</sup>

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakspere,—

"And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloudcapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,  
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,  
And all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this unsubstantial p'regeant faded,  
Leave not a wrack behind ;"<sup>3</sup>

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phœnix Death-Birth<sup>4</sup> of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of-Bridge,<sup>5</sup> which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few! little band of Friends! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout;

<sup>1</sup> **Through a glass darkly.** 1 Cor xiii 12

<sup>2</sup> "Tis thus at the roaring Loom," etc., p. 97 note

<sup>3</sup> "And like the baseless fabric," etc. *Tempst.* IV i. 151 ff. For "And all," "unsubstantial," "wrack," read "Yea, all," "in substantial," "rake."

<sup>4</sup> **Phœnix Death-Birth**, p. 271, note.

<sup>5</sup> **Bridge**, p. 121, note.

the hand can stretch itself forth to work there : it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia<sup>1</sup> that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive ; new Bridges will be built ; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt ?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side ? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career : not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short ; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out ; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the Present Work ? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding with something like a snarl : Whereto does all this lead ; or what use is in it ?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it ; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate,<sup>2</sup> Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have

<sup>1</sup> *Palingenesia*, p. 257.

<sup>2</sup> **Horn-gate.** The reference is to Virgil's *Aeneid*, vi. 893 *ff* (from *Odyssey*, xix. 562), where the two gates of Dreams are described : viz. the "Horn-gate" whence issue true dreams, and the "Ivory-gate" for false dreams :—

"Sunt geminae Somni portæ : quarum altera fertur  
Cornea, que veris facilis datur exitus umbris,  
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,  
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia Manes."

Carlyle's meaning is that the Wahngasse is the gate for true dreams.

led thee into the true Land of Dreams ; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*,<sup>1</sup> thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth ; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor ; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes ; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes ; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment ; and the Thirty-nine Articles<sup>2</sup> themselves are articles of wearing-apparel (for the Religious Idea) ? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit : that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution ; nay rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and consecrate and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun ?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume<sup>3</sup> of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of

<sup>1</sup> *Pierre-Pertuis*. *Petra pertusa*, i.e. Rock-cutting : a deep natural opening in a rock, through which the road passes, near Bienne, Switzerland.

<sup>2</sup> **The Thirty-nine Articles.** The doctrinal tenets of the Church of England, which, in their present form, date from 1604.

<sup>3</sup> **That promised Volume**, p. 257.

Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science; nothing even of those ‘architectural ideas,’<sup>1</sup> which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Habilitory Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader’s attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

## CHAPTER X

### THE DANDIACAL BODY

FIRST, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-

<sup>1</sup> ‘Architectural ideas,’ p. 78.

importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius ; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth'<sup>1</sup> is born with him ; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action ; shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind ; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet : is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes,<sup>2</sup> a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow?<sup>3</sup> Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha Virumque cano*,<sup>4</sup> to the whole world, in Macaronic verses,<sup>5</sup> which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and, some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character ?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return ? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence ; would admit him to be a living object ; or even

<sup>1</sup> 'Divine Idea of Cloth,' p. 254, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> Huddersfield dyes, *i.e.* elegant dress, p. 253, *note*.

<sup>3</sup> Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow. *As You Like It*, II. vii. 149.

<sup>4</sup> *Clotha Virumque cano*, *i.e.* 'Clothes and the man I celebrate.' 'Arma virumque cano,' etc., the opening words of Virgil's *Aeneid*.

<sup>5</sup> **Macaronic verses.** The Italian dish 'macaroni' has given its name to a Dandy (p. 101), to a clown (*vide p. 104*, "Pickleherring" and *note*), and to a mixed poetical composition (cf. *farrago*, *hotch-pot*, etc.), in which English or other words are absurdly Latinised. The last meaning was first used by Folengo, author of *Macaronica*, in 1521. The well-known *Polemo-Middinia*, attributed to Drummond of Hawthornden, was published in 1684 ; and a rendering of "The Wife of Auchtermuchty" and other poems was published in Edinburgh in 1813, entitled *Carminum Rariorum Macaroniorum Delictus*.

failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins;<sup>1</sup> and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care;<sup>2</sup> when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone<sup>3</sup> may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry,<sup>4</sup> is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep: for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted, however, that here, as so often elsewhere,

<sup>1</sup> **Siamese Twins.** This *Iusus naturæ*, born in Siam, was exhibited in London, 1829-30, and again in various European towns at a later date.

<sup>2</sup> **Him . . . no Anatomist dissects with care, etc.** "Yesterday I ordered the carcass of a bear to be stripped in my presence; . . . Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen," etc. (Swift, *Tale of a Tub*, sect. ix.); and cf. especially, Addison's humorous account of the Dissection of a *Beau's Head* and of a *Coquel's Heart*, in the *Spectator*, Nos. 275, 281.

<sup>3</sup> **Lord Herringbone**, i.e. a dandy; the herringbone stitch.

<sup>4</sup> **Chivalry.** "But the age of chivalry is gone" (Burke, *Revolution in France*).

the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency ; our readers shall judge which :

'In these distracted times,' writes he, 'when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing and silently working there towards some new Revelation ; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself ! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Exponent ; yet does it continue indestructible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep : thus Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis.'

'Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of Darkness), in which such moon-calves and monstrosities are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that country, one of the most notable, and closely connected with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies* ; concerning which, what little information I have been able to procure may fitly stand here.'

'It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men generally without sense for the Religious Principle, or judgment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enigmatic notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, and not a Religious one ; nevertheless, to the psychologic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the class of Fetish-worships,<sup>1</sup> or of Hero-worships<sup>2</sup> or Polytheisms, or to what other class, may in the present state of

<sup>1</sup> *Fetish-worships*, p. 199, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hero-worships*, p. 290, *note*. Carlyle's phrase, "Hero-worship," is here clearly referred to Hume's (*Nat. Hist. of Religion*, sect. v.) "Various Forms of Polytheism : Allegory, Hero-Worship."

our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A certain touch of Manicheism,<sup>1</sup> not indeed in the Gnostic<sup>2</sup> shape, is discernible enough: also (for human Error walks in a cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not-inconsiderable resemblance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks,<sup>3</sup> who by fasting from all nourishment, and looking intensely for a length of time into their own navels, came to discern therein the true Apocalypse of Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my own surmise, it appears as if this Dandiacial Sect were but a new modification, adapted to the new time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-worship*; which Zerdusht,<sup>4</sup> Quangfoutchee,<sup>5</sup> Mohamed,<sup>6</sup> and others, strove rather to subordinate and restrain than to eradicate; and which only in the purer forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. Wherefore, if any one chooses to name it revived Ahrimanism,<sup>7</sup> or a new figure of Demon-Worship, I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

'For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of a new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what force there is in man's nature, though never so enslaved. They affect great purity and separatism; distinguish themselves by a particular costume (wherof some notices were given in the earlier part of this Volume); likewise, so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some broken *Lingua-franca*,<sup>8</sup> or English-French); and, on

<sup>1</sup> **Manicheism.** A religious sect founded by Mani, or Manicheus, and dating from the third century; their chief doctrine was that all things had sprung from two Principles, Light (the Ideal) and Darkness (Matter).

<sup>2</sup> **Gnostic.** The Gnostics, or Knowers, included a variety of Christian sects which sprang up in the first centuries.

<sup>3</sup> **Athos Monks.** Mount Athos, the *Holy Mountain*, on the coast of Macedonia, was the site of numerous monasteries in the Middle Ages; many of these still exist.

<sup>4</sup> **Zerdusht.** Zoroaster, founder of the Parsee, or Persian, religion.

<sup>5</sup> **Quangfoutchee.** Confucius, founder of the Chinese religion, fifth century B.C.

<sup>6</sup> **Mohamed,** or Mahomet, the Arabian prophet, born 570.

<sup>7</sup> **Ahrimanism.** In the Parsee religion, Ahriman, evil or darkness personified, is opposed to Ormuzd, light and goodness.

<sup>8</sup> **Lingua-Franca.** The mixed language spoken in the southern parts of Europe is so named by Italians.

the whole, strive to maintain a true Nazarene<sup>1</sup> deportment, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.<sup>2</sup>

‘They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the Jewish Temple did, stands in their Metropolis ; and is named *Almack’s*,<sup>3</sup> a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night ; and have their Highpriests and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not continue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic<sup>4</sup> sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian<sup>5</sup> or Cabiric<sup>6</sup> character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting to the Sect ; these they call *Fashionable Novels* : however, the Canon is not completed, and some are canonical and others not.

‘Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured myself some samples ; and in hope of true insight, and with the zeal which beseems an Inquirer into Clothes, set to interpret and study them. But wholly to no purpose : that tough faculty of reading, for which the world will not refuse me credit, was here for the first time foiled and set at naught. In vain that I summoned my whole energies (*mich weidlich anstrengte*), and did my very utmost ; at the end of some short space, I was uniformly seized with not so much what I can call a drumming in my ears, as a kind of infinite, unsufferable, Jew’s-harping and scrannel-piping<sup>7</sup> there ; to which the frightfullest species of Magnetic Sleep soon

<sup>1</sup> **Nazarene.** This title was applied to the early Christians to signify their connection with Nazareth. Carlyle means Nazarite, or Nazirite (Heb. *separated*). Numbers vi. 2.

<sup>2</sup> **Unspotted from the world.** James i. 27.

<sup>3</sup> **Almack’s.** Willis’s well-known Reception Rooms (King Street, London) were originally called Almack’s, by M’Call their first proprietor, who in this way endeavoured to conceal his Scotch name.

<sup>4</sup> **Menadic.** The worship of Bacchus, God of Wine, in Greece and Rome, whose priestesses were infuriated women called Mænades or Bacchantes.

<sup>5</sup> **Eleusinian.** The secret rites in the annual festival of Ceres (Goddess of Agriculture), at Eleusis near Athens.

<sup>6</sup> **Cabiric.** The Cabiri, as worshipped in Egypt and Greece, were inferior divinities said to represent the powers of nature.

<sup>7</sup> **Scrannel-piping.** Scrannel=slight, poor.

“Their lean and flashy song,  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.”  
MILTON, *Lycidas*, 124.

supervened. And if I strove to shake this away, and absolutely would not yield, there came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Delirium Tremens*, and a melting into total deliquium: till at last, by order of the Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and bodily faculties, and a general breaking-up of the constitution, I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. Was there some miracle at work here; like those Fire-balls,<sup>1</sup> and supernal and infernal prodigies, which, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries, have also more than once scared-back the Alien? Be this as it may, such failure on my part, after best efforts, must excuse the imperfection of this sketch; altogether incomplete, yet the completest I could give of a Sect too singular to be omitted.

‘Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall induce me, as a private individual, to open another *Fashionable Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes a hand from the clouds; whereby if not victory, deliverance is held out to me. Round one of those Book-packages, which the *Stillschweigen’sche Buchhandlung* is in the habit of importing from England, come, as is usual, various waste printed-sheets (*Muculatur-blätter*), by way of interior wrappage: into these the Clothes-Philosopher, with a certain Mohamedan reverence even for waste-paper,<sup>2</sup> where curious knowledge will sometimes hover, disdains not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his astonishment when on such a defaced stray-sheet, probably the outcast fraction of some English Periodical, such as they name *Magazine*, appears something like a Dissertation on this very subject of *Fashionable Novels!*<sup>3</sup> It sets out, indeed, chiefly from a Secular point of view; directing itself, not without asperity,

<sup>1</sup> **Those Fire-balls, etc.** “*Metuendi globi flammorum*,” and other prodigies, interrupted Julian’s attempt to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> **Mohamedan reverence even for waste-paper.** “It is the Custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written Paper upon the Ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some Piece of their *Alcoran*” (*Spectator*, No. 85).

<sup>3</sup> **Fashionable Novels**, *i.e.* a review of Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer’s novels, in *Fraser’s Magazine*, June 1830, probably by Carlyle himself.

against some to me unknown individual named *Pelham*,<sup>1</sup> who seems to be a Mystagogue, and leading Teacher and Preacher of the Sect; so that, what indeed otherwise was not to be expected in such a fugitive fragmentary sheet, the true secret, the Religious physiognomy and physiology of the Dandiaca Body, is nowise laid fully open there. Nevertheless, scattered lights do from time to time sparkle out, whereby I have endeavoured to profit. Nay, in one passage selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic Theogonies,<sup>2</sup> or whatever they are (for the style seems very mixed) of this Mystagogue,<sup>3</sup> I find what appears to be a Confession of Faith,<sup>4</sup> or Whole Duty of Man,<sup>5</sup> according to the tenets of that Sect. Which Confession or Whole Duty, therefore, as proceeding from a source so authentic, I shall here arrange under Seven distinct Articles, and in very abridged shape lay before the German world; therewith taking leave of this matter. Observe also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far as may be, quote literally from the Original:

‘ARTICLES OF FAITH.’<sup>6</sup>

“1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

“2. The collar is a very important point: it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

“3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

“4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

“5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

<sup>1</sup> *Pelham*. E. Lytton Bulwer's (Lord Lytton) novel, 1828.

<sup>2</sup> *Theogonies*. Genealogies of the gods.

<sup>3</sup> *Mystagogue*. An interpreter of mysteries.

<sup>4</sup> *Confession of Faith*. The celebrated summary of Protestant doctrine drawn up by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, 1646, is especially so named.

<sup>5</sup> *Whole Duty of Man*, p. 236, note.

<sup>6</sup> *Articles of Faith*. These maxims, arranged here “under Seven distinct Articles,” are quoted almost *verbatim* from Bulwer's *Pelham* (1828), vol. ii. chap. vii. in later editions of which they were significantly altered. The passage in *Pelham* containing them was also quoted in Carlyle's (?) Article in *Fraser*; vide *supra*, p. 317, note.

“6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

“7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips.”

‘All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

‘In strange contrast with this Dandiacial Body stands another British Sect, originally, as I understand, of Ireland, where its chief seat still is; but known also in the main Island, and indeed everywhere rapidly spreading. As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the Dandiacial, which has published Books that the unassisted human faculties are inadequate to read. The members appear to be designated by a considerable diversity of names, according to their various places of establishment: in England they are generally called the *Drudge* Sect; also, unphilosophically enough, the *White Negroes*; and, chiefly in scorn by those of other communions, the *Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them entitled *Hallanshakers*,<sup>1</sup> or the *Stook of Duds* Sect; any individual communicant is named *Stook of Duds* (that is, Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to their professional Costume. While in Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their grand parent hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity of designations, such as *Bogtrotters*,<sup>2</sup> *Redshanks*,<sup>3</sup> *Ribbonmen*, *Cottiers*,<sup>4</sup> *Peep-of-Day Boys*,<sup>5</sup> *Babes of*

<sup>1</sup> **Hallanshakers.** Beggars who shiver beside, or shake, the hallan, *i.e.* the low wall of turf or stone, built at the door of a cottage to shelter from the wind.

“*Tho' I were laird o' ten-score acres,  
Nodding to junks o' hallenshakers.*”

RAMSAY, *Epistles to Hamilton*. Answer III.

<sup>2</sup> **Bogtrotters.** A name applied to the wild Irish of the seventeenth century. “An impudent Irish bog-trotter” (Smollett’s *Count Fathom*, chap. xxxi.). •*Cf.* Moss-trooper.

<sup>3</sup> **Redshanks** = Bare-legs. “ . . . the Scottish hinds, . . . the Mountaineers of Wales, and the redshanks of Ireland” (Smollett’s *Humphrey Clinker*).

<sup>4</sup> **Cottiers.** Irish labourers whose rents were determined solely by competition. For their actual state, *vide* Lecky’s *History*. For remarks on the system of cottier tenancy, *vide* Mill’s *Political Economy*.

<sup>5</sup> **Peep-of-Day Boys.** The name of an Irish Protestant set who visited

*the Wood*,<sup>1</sup> *Rockites*,<sup>2</sup> *Poor-Slaves* : which last, however, seems to be the primary and generic name ; whereto, probably enough, the others are only subsidiary species, or slight varieties ; or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent stem, whose minute subdivisions, and shades of difference, it were here loss of time to dwell on. Enough for us to understand, what seems indubitable, that the original Sect is that of the *Poor-Slaves* ; whose doctrines, practices, and fundamental characteristics pervade and animate the whole Body, howsoever denominated or outwardly diversified.'

'The precise speculative tenets of this Brotherhood: how the Universe, and Man, and Man's Life, picture themselves to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave ; with what feelings and opinions he looks forward on the Future, round on the Present, back on the Past, it were extremely difficult to specify. Something Monastic there appears to be in their Constitution : we find them bound by the two Monastic Vows,<sup>3</sup> of Poverty and Obedience ; which Vows, especially the former, it is said, they observe with great strictness ; nay, as I have understood it, they are pledged, and be it by any solemn Nazarene<sup>4</sup> ordination or not, irrevocably consecrated thereto, even *before* birth. That the third Monastic Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly enforced among them, I find no ground to conjecture.

'Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal Sect in their grand principle of wearing a peculiar Costume. Of which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no description will indeed be found in the present Volume ; for this reason, that by the imperfect organ of Language it did not seem describable. Their raiment consists of innumerable skirts, lappets and

the houses of Catholics in the early mornings to search for arms, in 1785 ; they merged into Orangemen. The counter set of Catholics, termed Defenders, were called *Ribbonmen* (1808-23) from their wearing a green ribbon ; they merged into United Irishmen.

<sup>1</sup> *Babes of the Wood*. Bands of lawless Irishmen in Wicklow.

<sup>2</sup> *Rockites*. A leader of Irish insurgents in 1822 assumed the name *Captain Rock*.

<sup>3</sup> *Monastic Vows. Translations*, ii. 156.

<sup>4</sup> *Nazarene*, p. 316, note.

irregular wings, of all cloths and of all colours ; through the labyrinthic intricacies of which their bodies are introduced by some unknown process. It is fastened together by a multiplex combination of buttons, thrums<sup>1</sup> and skewers ; to which frequently is added a girdle of leather, of hempen or even of straw rope, round the loins. To straw rope, indeed, they seem partial, and often wear it by way of sandals. In head-dress they affect a certain freedom : hats with partial brim, without crown, or with only a loose, hinged, or valved crown ; in the former case, they sometimes invert the hat, and wear it brim uppermost, like a University-cap, with what view is unknown.

'The name Poor-Slaves seems to indicate a Slavonic, Polish, or Russian origin : not so, however, the interior essence and spirit of their Superstition, which rather displays a Teutonic or Druidical character. One might fancy them worshippers of Hertha, or the Earth : for they dig and affectionately work continually in her bosom ; or else, shut-up in private Oratories, meditate and manipulate the substances derived from her ; seldom looking-up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and then with comparative indifference. Like the Druids, on the other hand, they live in dark dwellings ; often even breaking their glass-windows, where they find such, and stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or other opaque substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like all followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to outbreaks of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity ; and burn men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod cottages.

'In respect of diet, they have also their observances. All Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous<sup>2</sup> (or Root-eaters) ; a few are Ichthyophagous,<sup>3</sup> and use Salted Herrings : other animal food they abstain from ; except indeed, with perhaps some strange inverted fragment of a Brahminical feeling,

<sup>1</sup> *Thrumis*, p. 107, note.

<sup>2</sup> **Rhizophagous.** The Rhizophagi (*Root-eaters*) were an Ethiopian tribe mentioned by Diodorus Siculus.

<sup>3</sup> **Ichthyophagous.** The same historian mentions an Indian tribe of Ichthyophagi (*Fish-eaters*).

such animals as die a natural death. Their universal sustenance is the root named Potato, cooked by fire alone ; and generally without condiment or relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have vainly inquired ; the victual *Potatoes-and-Point*<sup>1</sup> not appearing, at least not with specific accuracy of description, in any European Cookery-Book whatever. For drink, they use, with an almost epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, Milk, which is the mildest of liquors, and *Potheen*,<sup>2</sup> which is the fiercest. This latter I have tasted, as well as the English *Blue-Ruin*, and the Scotch *Whisky*, analogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries : it evidently contains some form of alcohol, in the highest state of concentration, though disguised with acrid oils ; and is, on the whole, the most pungent substance known to me,—indeed, a perfect liquid fire. In all their Religious Solemnities, Potheen is said to be an indispensable requisite, and largely consumed.

‘An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who presents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The late John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a domestic establishment, the inmates whereof, though such is not stated expressly, appear to have been of that Faith. Thereby shall my German readers now behold an Irish Poor-Slave, as it were with their own eyes ; and even see him at meat. Moreover, in the so precious waste-paper sheet above mentioned, I have found some corresponding picture of a Dandiacial Household, painted by that same Dandiacial Mystagogue, or Theogonist : this also, by way of counterpart and contrast, the world shall look into.

‘First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears likewise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from the original :

<sup>1</sup> **Potatoes-and-Point**, *i.e.* potatoes, and —the merely sentimental flavour added by *pointing* them towards an empty salt-cellar.

<sup>2</sup> **Potheen**. Irish whisky ; especially that made in an illicit still.

*Poor-Slave Household.*

“The furniture of this Caravansera<sup>1</sup> consisted of a large iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two Chairs, and a Potheen Noggin.<sup>2</sup> There was a Loft above (attainable by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept; and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two Apartments; the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests. On entering the house we discovered the family, eleven in number, at dinner: the father sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, the children on each side, of a large oaken Board, which was scooped-out in the middle, like a trough, to receive the contents of their Pot of Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal distances to contain Salt; and a bowl of Milk stood on the table: all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives and dishes were dispensed with.” The Poor-Slave himself our Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black-browed, of great personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. His Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman; and his young ones, bare and chubby, had the appetite of ravens. Of their Philosophical or Religious tenets or observances, no notice or hint.

‘But now, secondly, of the Dandiacial Household; in which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and inspired Perman himself has his abode:

*Dandiacial Household.<sup>3</sup>*

“A Dressing-room splendidly furnished; violet-coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table, which supports the luxuries of the Toilet. Several Bottles of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand

<sup>1</sup> **Caravansera** (Persian). An inn.

<sup>2</sup> **Noggin**. A wooden cup.

<sup>3</sup> **Dandiacial Household.** This passage, which is also quoted in Carlyle’s (?) Article in *Fraser* (vide *supra*, p. 317, note), is taken *verbatim* from Bulwer’s Introduction to *The Disowned* (2nd edit. 1829); in recent editions the introduction is omitted.

upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl: opposite to these are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl<sup>1</sup> is on the left; the doors of which, being partly open, discover a profusion of Clothes; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolise the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar gives some slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding-doors in the background.—Enter the Author,” our Theogonist in person, “obsequiously preceded by a French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric Apron.”

‘Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide the more unsettled portion of the British People; and agitate that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. These two principles of Dandiacial Self-worship or Demon-worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet indeed manifest themselves under distant and nowise considerable shapes: nevertheless, in their roots and subterranean ramifications, they extend through the entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the secret depths of English national Existence; striving to separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncommunicating masses.

‘In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. The Dandiacial, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect; but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is strong by union; whereas the Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-point; or at best only coöperate by means of partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as there is already a ‘Communion of Saints,<sup>2</sup> what strangest effects would follow therefrom!

<sup>1</sup> **Buhl.** Furniture veneered with tortoise-shell inlaid with brass or gold; named after the inventor, Boule, an Italian, resident in France in the time of Louis XIV.

<sup>2</sup> **Communion of Saints**, p. 286, *note*.

Dandyism as yet affects to look-down on Drudgism : but perhaps the hour of trial, when it will be practically seen which ought to look down, and which up, is not so distant.

‘To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one day part England between them ; each recruiting itself from the intermediate ranks, till there be none left to enlist on either side. Those Dandiaca1 Manicheans, with the host of Dandyising Christians, will form one body : the Drudges, gathering round them whosoever is Drudgical, be he Christian or Infidel Pagan ; sweeping-up likewise all manner of Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory Potwalloper<sup>1</sup>s, and so forth, into their general mass, will form another. I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken-out on opposite quarters of the firm land : as yet they appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man’s art might cover-in ; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening : they are hollow Cones that boil-up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind ! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling-in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-Bullers<sup>2</sup> extending ; till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them ; this too is washed-away : and then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah’s Deluge is outdeluged !

‘Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the “Machinery of Society”), with batteries of opposite quality ; Drudgism the Negative, Dandyism the Positive : one attracts hourly towards it and appropriates all the Positive Electricity of the nation (namely, the Money thereof) ; the other is equally busy with the Negative (that is to say the Hunger), which is equally potent. Hitherto you see only partial

<sup>1</sup> **Potwalloper**, *i.e.* **Pot-boiler** : a term used prior to the Reform Act of 1832, to designate persons who qualified themselves to vote by boiling a pot within the limits of a borough, thus proving themselves to be independent householders.

<sup>2</sup> **Buchan-Buller**. The name of a huge vertical well in the rocks on the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead ; the sea rushes into the bottom of it, and boils violently.

transient sparkles and sputters : but wait a little, till the entire nation is in an electric state ; till your whole vital Electricity, no longer healthfully Neutral, is cut into two isolated portions of Positive and Negative (of Money and of Hunger) ; and stands there bottled-up in two World-Batteries ! The stirring of a child's finger brings the two together ; and then—What then ? The Earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke by that Doom's-thunderpeal ; the Sun misses one of his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are no eclipses of the Moon.—Or better still, I might liken'—

O, enough, enough of likenings and similitudes ; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining ; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to *Mysticism*<sup>1</sup> and *Religiosity*, whereby in everything he was still scenting-out Religion : but never perhaps did these *amaurosis-suffusions*<sup>2</sup> so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body* ! Or was there something of intended satire ; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be ? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative ; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the mean while, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer : Does your Professor take us for simpletons ? His irony has overshot itself ; we see through it, and perhaps through him. .

<sup>1</sup> *Mysticism*, p. 111, note.

<sup>2</sup> *Amaurosis-suffusions*. One of the forms of blindness : disease of the optic nerve, accompanied with congestion.

## CHAPTER XI

## TAILORS

THUS, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume, to whom, therefore, we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way :

‘Upwards of a century,’ says he, ‘must elapse, and still the bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whoso is noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars like Pelion on Ossa,<sup>1</sup> and the Moloch<sup>2</sup> of Iniquity have his victims, and the Michael<sup>3</sup> of Justice his martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last wound of suffering Humanity be closed.

‘If aught in the history of the world’s blindness could surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species in Physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man.<sup>4</sup> Call any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in our

<sup>1</sup> **Pelion on Ossa.** The giants attempted to place Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion on Ossa (three mountains in Thessaly), that so they might enter heaven. *Odyssey*, xi. 305 ff. *Hamlet*, V. i. 306.

<sup>2</sup> **Moloch.** Properly Molech (Hebrew, *King*): the idol of the Ammonites, whose rites were fire-sacrifices. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 392.

<sup>3</sup> **Michael.** Daniel xii. 1; Revelation xii. 7. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 44.

<sup>4</sup> **Fractional Parts of a Man.** The proverb: “Nine tailors make a man,” is said by some to have originally meant that nine tellers, or tolling bells, announced the death of a man.

dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of Society, equivalent to defying his perpetual fellest enmity? The epithet *schneidermässig* (tailor-like) betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity: we introduce a *Tailor's-Melancholy*,<sup>1</sup> more opprobrious than any Leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage.<sup>2</sup> Why should I speak of Hans Sachs<sup>3</sup> (himself a Shoemaker, or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier*? Why of Shakspeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*,<sup>4</sup> and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them with a "Good morning, gentlemen both!" Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment, whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.

'Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physiologist, whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not at least presumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor has bones and viscera, and other muscles than the sartorius? Which function of manhood is the Tailor not conjectured to perform? Can he not arrest for debt? Is he not in most countries a tax-paying animal?

'To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which conviction is mine. Nay if the fruit of these long vigils, and almost preternatural Inquiries, is not to perish utterly, the world will have approximated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in clear light: that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something of a

<sup>1</sup> **Tailor's - Melancholy.** *Vide* Charles Lamb's *Essay, On the Melancholy of Tailors.*

<sup>2</sup> **Cabbage**, *i.e.* cloth pilfered by a tailor; as in Rabelais, *Works*, book iv. 'chap. iii. 'The vegetable cabbage, says Burton, "sends up black vapours to the brain."

<sup>3</sup> **Hans Sachs.** A German poet and voluminous writer (1494-1576).

<sup>4</sup> **Taming of the Shrew.** Act IV. scene iii.

Creator or Divinity.<sup>1</sup> Of Franklin<sup>2</sup> it was said, that "he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and the Sceptre from Kings": but which is greater, I would ask, he that lends, or he that snatches? For, looking away from individual cases, and how a Man is by the Tailor new-created into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with Wool but with Dignity and a Mystic Dominion,—is not the fair fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness and dismemberment, we are organised into Polities, into nations, and a whole co-operating Mankind, the creation, as has here been often irrefragably evinced, of the Tailor alone?—What too are all Poets and moral Teachers, but a species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching which high Guild the greatest living Guild-brother has triumphantly asked us: "Nay if thou wilt have it, who but the Poet first made Gods for men; brought them down to us; and raised us up to them?"<sup>3</sup>

'And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely, as the ninth part of a man! Look up, thou much-injured one, look up with the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic bodings of a noble better time. Too long hast thou sat there, on crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-joints to horn; like some sacred Anchorite,<sup>4</sup> or Catholic Fakir,<sup>5</sup> doing penance, drawing down Heaven's richest blessings, for

<sup>1</sup> **Creator or Divinity.** "For about this time it happened a sect arose. . . . They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. . . . The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle" (Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, sect. ii.).

<sup>2</sup> **Franklin.** The French Minister Turgot inscribed on a bust of Franklin (who discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, and was influential in obtaining the Independence of America) the words: "Eripuit coclo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

<sup>3</sup> "The Poet first made Gods for men," etc. Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 70.

<sup>4</sup> **Anchorite.** One who lives *retired* from the world, like the Christians during the persecutions of the early centuries.

<sup>5</sup> **Fakir.** The tailor sitting on crossed legs is compared to an Indian fanatic who chooses a life of *poverty* (= Fakir) and practises self-torture.

a world that scoffed at thee. Be of hope! Already streaks of blue peer through our clouds; the thick gloom of Ignorance is rolling asunder, and it will be Day. Mankind will repay with interest their long-accumulated debt: the Anchorite that was scoffed at will be worshipped; the Fraction will become not an Integer only, but a Square and Cube. With astonishment the world will recognise, that the Tailor is its Hierophant and Hierarch,<sup>1</sup> or even its God.

‘As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia,<sup>2</sup> and looked upon these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and embroidering that rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly for the Caaba of Mecca,<sup>3</sup> I thought within myself: How many other Unholies has your covering Art made holy, besides this Arabian Whinstone!

‘Still more touching was it when, turning the corner of a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon a Signpost, whereon stood written that such and such a one was “Breeches-Maker to his Majesty”; and stood painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between the knees these memorable words, *SIC ITUR AD ASTRA*.<sup>4</sup> Was not this the martyr prison-speech of a Tailor sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing towards deliverance, and prophetically appealing to a better day? A day of justice, when the worth of Breeches would be revealed to man, and the Scissors become forever venerable.

‘Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when the soul, rent, as it were, and shed asunder, is open to inspiring influence, that I first conceived this Work on Clothes: the

<sup>1</sup> **Hierophant and Hierarch.** A *revealer*, and *ruler*, of *holy* things; priest and king.

<sup>2</sup> **Mosque of St. Sophia**, or *Holy Wisdom*, at Constantinople.

<sup>3</sup> **Caaba of Mecca.** The Mahometan temple at Mecca, containing the sacred black stone which is said to be an aerolite. *Vide On Heroes*, p. 46.

<sup>4</sup> **Sic itur ad astra.** ‘This is the path to heaven’ (Virgil, *Aeneid*, ix. 641). “Such is the ancient motto,” says Scott, “attached to the armorial bearings of the Canongate,” and frequently inscribed on buildings in Edinburgh. *Chronicles of the Canongate*, chap. i.

greatest I can ever hope to do ; which has already, after long retardations, occupied, and will yet occupy, so large a section of my Life ; and of which the Primary and simpler Portion may here find its conclusion.'

## CHAPTER XII

## FAREWELL.

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise ; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire ? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur ? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him ; which having now done with, he sees his general Day's-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter ?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms ; nay too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces<sup>1</sup> are nowise the sole conquests ? Regret is unavoidable ; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad

<sup>1</sup> **Diamond-necklaces.** Carlyle's Essay, 'The Diamond Necklace,' though published in 1837, was commenced in 1833, and was probably projected still earlier.

humours British Criticism would essay in vain: enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become<sup>a</sup> portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively: which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant,<sup>1</sup> Begone; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me: a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-prince,' or Devil, to his face; nay perhaps, Hannibal-like,<sup>2</sup> was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man,<sup>3</sup> shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us: How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who

<sup>1</sup> **Cant.** Carlyle quoted with approval Johnson's 'Clear your mind of Cant' (*Boswell*, 1783).

<sup>2</sup> **Hannibal**, the Carthaginian general, and leader of the Second Punic War, was born 247 B.C. At the age of nine, he swore an oath of eternal hatred to the Romans.

<sup>3</sup> **Polack Scythe-man.** In 1830 the Poles were arming under Chłopicki. "Several battalions in the country were, in default of better weapons, armed with the scythes which they used in husbandry" (Alison, *History of Europe*).

should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper: that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint *Foam*? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in *Teufelsdröckh* desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is, that *Teufelsdröckh* is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his:<sup>1</sup> 'How were Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True: otherwise impossible; except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other: 'It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable Phantoms, **HYPOCRISY** and **ATHEISM**, with the Gowl, **SENSUALITY**, stalk abroad over

<sup>1</sup> **This saying of his, etc.** The first "saying" states Novalis's doctrine of the *magic* influence of communion, as shown in Love, Religion, and Society. The second "saying" is clearly a rendering of a sentence frequently quoted by Carlyle: "Aber noch streitet die zwölftste Stunde der Nacht: die Nachtraubvögel ziehen; die Gespenster poltern; die Todten gaukeln, die Lebendigen träumen," i.e. "But as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the Night. Birds of darkness are on the wing; spectres uproar; the dead walk; the living dream" (Carlyle, from Jean Paul's Preface to *Hesperus*).

the Earth, and cast it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality? Should not these unite; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom!—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it; that no pilgrim could now ask him: Watchman, what of the Night?<sup>1</sup> Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in space! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle; wherein much is said about the 'Population-Institute'; much repeated in praise of the Paper-bag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph:

'Ew. Wohlgeboren<sup>2</sup> will have seen from the public Prints, with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solicitude Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance of her Sage. Might but the united voice of Germany prevail on him to return; nay could we but so much as elucidate for ourselves by what mystery he went away! But, alas, old Lieschen<sup>3</sup> experiences or affects the profoundest deafness, the profoundest ignorance: in the Wahngasse<sup>4</sup> all lies

<sup>1</sup> Watchman, what of the Night? Isaiah xxi. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Ew. Wohlgeboren. Equivalent to *Esquire*. "You, Sir."

<sup>3</sup> Old Lieschen, p. 67.

<sup>4</sup> Wahngasse, p. 63.

swept, silent, sealed up ; the Privy Council itself can hitherto elicit no answer.

‘It had been remarked that while the agitating news of those Parisian Three Days<sup>1</sup> flew from mouth to mouth, and dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was not known, at the *Gans*<sup>2</sup> or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a whole week, any syllable except once these three : *Es geht an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Zw. Wohlgeboren* knows, was the public tranquillity here, as in Berlin, threatened by a Sedition of the Tailors. Nor did there want Evil-wishers, or perhaps mere desperate Alarmists, who asserted that the closing Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was to blame. In this appalling crisis, the serenity of our Philosopher was indescribable : nay, perhaps through one humble individual, something thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so contribute to the country’s deliverance. The Tailors are now entirely pacified.—

‘To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our loss : yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-Simonian Society*<sup>3</sup> transmitted its Propositions hither, and the whole *Gans* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamentation and astonishment, our Sage sat mute ; and at the end of the third evening said merely : “Here also are men who have discovered, not without amazement, that Man is still Man ; of which high, long-forgotten Truth you already see them make a false application.” Since then, as has been ascertained by examination of the Post-Director, there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin<sup>4</sup> and our Professor himself ; of

<sup>1</sup> **Parisian Three Days.** The Parisian Revolution of 27th to 29th July, 1830.

<sup>2</sup> **Gans**, *i.e.* the coffee-house, p. 58.

<sup>3</sup> **Saint-Simonian Society**, p. 276, *note*.

<sup>4</sup> **Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin.** Amand Bazard (1791-1832) and B. Prosper Enfantin (1796-1864), followers of St Simon, published conjointly the *Doctrine de St. Simon*, in 1830. The publication of Carlyle’s *Signs of the Times* (1829) brought him a letter from the St. Simonians.

what tenor can "now only be conjectured? On the fifth night following, he was seen for the last time!

"Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away by certain of their emissaries; or did he go forth voluntarily to their head-quarters to confer with them and confront them? Reason we have, at least of a negative sort, to believe the Lost still living; our widowed heart also whispers that ere long he will himself give a sign. Otherwise, indeed, his archives must, one day, be opened by Authority; where much, perhaps the *Palingenesie*<sup>1</sup> itself, is thought to be reposed."

Thus far the Hofrath; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an *Ignis Fatuus*, leaving the dark still darker.

So that Teufelsdröckh's public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor; nay, perhaps the better part thereof were only beginning? We stand in a region of conjectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also! Our own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London!

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an 'ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought

"These" people," he wrote, "have strange notions, not without a large spicing of truth, and are themselves among the *Signs*." And, notwithstanding Goethe's request that he should keep clear of the Society ("bitte Sich fern zu halten"), he translated St. Simon's *Nouveau Christianisme*.

<sup>1</sup> *Palingenesie*, p. 257.

not he to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER,<sup>1</sup> and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, fare-well! Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?

<sup>1</sup> **Yorke and Oliver.** p. 55, *note*. The "all-too Irish mirth" probably refers to the contributions of Dr. Maginn (*d.* 1842), whom Carlyle termed a "mad rattling Irishman." One of Dr. Maginn's articles in *Fraser* was named "Ruminations round the remains of a Punch-Bowl."



APPENDIX  
TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS  
AND ADDENDA



THIS questionable little Book was undoubtedly written among the mountain solitudes, in 1831; but, owing to impediments natural and accidental, could not, for seven years more, appear as a Volume in England;—and had at last to clip itself in pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous *Magazine* that offered. Whereby, now, to certain idly curious readers, and even to myself till I make study, the insignificant but at last irritating question, What its real history and chronology are, is, if not insoluble, considerably involved in haze.

To the first English Edition, 1838, which an American, or two American had now opened the way for, there was slightly prefixed, under the title ‘*Testimonies of Authors*,’ some straggle of real documents, which, now that I find it again, sets the matter into clear light and sequence;—and shall here, for removal of idle stumbling-blocks and nugatory guessings from the path of every reader, be reprinted as it stood. (*Author’s Note of 1868.*)

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## TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

### I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER’S TASTER

*Taster to Bookseller.*—“The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge: but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d’esprit* of that kind it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and

answered that he 'was learning to be lively, *Is* the work a translation?"

*Bookseller to Editor.*—“Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *Ms.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar: I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to” &c. &c.—*Ms. (penes nos), London, 17th September 1831.*

## II. CRITIC OF THE SUN

“*Fraser's Magazine* exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the” &c. “*Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call ‘a heap of clotted nonsense,’ mixed however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by ‘Baphometic fire-baptism’? Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus*; which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way: indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning: ‘The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacified.’ Here is a”— . . . —*Sun Newspaper, 1st April 1834.*

## III. NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEWER

... "After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the 'present Editor' is the only person who has ever written upon the *Philosophy of Clothes*; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject;—in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English, a *hum*.

"Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.*—Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Mother-land as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the 'extensive close-printed close-meditated volume,' which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the 'present Editor' upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*—

‘Know-not-where’—at which place the work is supposed to have been printed, and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be, called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*—‘Duck-pond’—where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as *Diogenes Teufelsdröckh*? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that ‘he had searched to no purpose through all the Heralds’ books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscribers’-lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues,’ but had nowhere been able to find ‘the name *Teufelsdröckh*, except as appended to his own person.’ We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of *Counsellor Heuschrecke*—‘Grasshopper’—though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a ‘fair business transaction.’ The same may be said of *Blumine*—‘Flower-Goddess’—the heroine of the fable; and so of the rest.

“In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of *Nobody-knows-where*, a Professor of Things

in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*—the Tailor Patched—which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes everywhere the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet, to the young men and maidens—*virginibus puerisque*—and calls upon them, by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this

purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will—to use the mildest term—not be in very good humour. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenour of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

“The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature; and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.”—*North-American Review*, No. 89, October 1835.

#### IV. NEW-ENGLAND EDITORS

“The Editors have been induced, by the express desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets<sup>1</sup> in which they first appeared, under the conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

<sup>1</sup> *Fraser's (London) Magazine*, 1833-34.

"The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom; and what work of imagination can hope to please all? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

"But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said, of the hour—in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue."—*Preface to Sartor Resartus: Boston, 1835, 1837.*

SUNT, FUERUNT VEL FUERE

*London, 30th June 1838.*



## ADDENDA

P. 2, l. 30. **The Dunscore Patmos.** From Luther's expression, "My Patmos, the castle of Wartburg"; during his confinement there, Luther dated his letters "from the Isle of Patmos." See Michelet, *Life of Luther* (Bohn), pp. 101-102.

P. 7, note 3. Through the kindness of Mr. Macphail, bookseller, Edinburgh, I have obtained a MS. copy of an old song, called *The Tailor*, in four verses; but I have failed to procure any reference to a printed copy. The first verse is:—

"I once was a tailor, I lived with great pleasure,  
I cut all my cloth to my customer's measure;  
Oh, I once was so lusty they called me Bill the Rover,  
But now I'm in a skeleton fairly done over.  
Oh hoover oho hoover, hoover hoover oho ho."

P. 21. **Carlyle's Vocabulary.** See *Studien zur englischen Philologie*: No. V., "Über Wortbildung bei Carlyle," von Dr. Otto Schmeding, Halle, 1900.

P. 44, l. 22. **Dunscore Patmos.** See p. 2, note.

P. 47, l. 12. **Philosophy of Intoxicating Liquors.** MacMechan notes that Carlyle probably refers to two works by Robert Macnish: *Anatomy of Drunkenness* (1827), and *Philosophy of Sheep* (1830). See *MacLise's Portrait Gallery* (Lond. 1898), pp. 352-353.

P. 63, l. 28. **Speculum** (Lat. "mirror") should be *specula* ("watch-tower").

P. 63, l. 33. **Bee-hive, etc.** The metaphor was perhaps suggested by *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 152.

P. 65. These "Night-thoughts" may have been suggested by Lytton Bulwer's *The Disowned* (chap. xiv.), as Carlyle elsewhere (p. 323) quotes from that novel.

P. 69, l. 22. **All ear.** Milton's *Comus*, 560.

P. 75, l. 3. **Saturnine.** The original meaning of this word is explained by a remark in Browne's *Religio Med. II. xi.*: "I was born in the Planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me."

P. 81, l. 18. **Ball of heavy Flint.** See pictures of Stone Balls, with description and notes, in Anderson's *Scotland in Pagan Times: the Iron Age* (Edinburgh, 1883), pp. 161-171.

P. 82, l. 8. **Cast forth thy Act, etc.** From Schiller's *Essays, Aesthetic and Philosophical* (Bohn), "Letter IX." ; quoted in Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 177.

P. 83, *note* 3. In his Note-book, however, Carlyle remarks: "Franklin, I find twice or thrice in Boswell, defines man as 'a Tool-making Animal.' 'Teufelsdreck therefore has so far been anticipated,' etc.

P. 84, l. 11. **French Definition of the Cooking Animal.** Perhaps Voltaire's saying, "Qu'un cuisinier est un mortel divin!"

P. 87, l. 19. **Journalists... Stamped Broad-sheet Dynasties, etc.** Cf. Jean Paul: "Learned Heads transform themselves into Books, Crowned Heads... into Government-paper." *Translations*, vol. ii. p. 54, *note*.

P. 94, *note* 2. "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy.... Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it." Browne's *Urn-Burial*, chap. v.

P. 92, l. 7. **Prayer of Themistocles for a talent of Forgetting.** MacMechan refers to Cicero, *De Oratore*, II. 299 and 351 ("oblivionis artem quam memorie," etc.).

P. 95, l. 11. **This takes us but a little way.** "Will carry us but a very little way": a phrase of Locke's, occurring twice in one section of his famous *Essay*, IV. xii. 9.

P. 95, l. 21. **But Him... we see not.** "Him the maker we behold not." Schiller's *Don Carlos*, III. x. ; translated in Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 66.

P. 96, l. 3. **This Dreaming... is what we on Earth call Life.**

"Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
Call Life," etc.

SHELLEY'S "Sonnet."

P. 96, l. 16. **Nature abhors a vacuum: how... false and calumnious!** Pascal, too, speaks of this notion as being "base" and "ridiculous." See his *Thoughts* (trans. by Kegan Paul, Lond. 1888), pp. 313-314.

P. 102, l. 23. **You see two individuals, etc.** The meaning of this passage—that clothes are emblemis of authority—is similar to that of *King Lear*, IV. vi. 151-169. See especially Pascal, *Thoughts* (trans. by Kegan Paul, Lond. 1888), p. 53.

P. 103, l. 1. **Improved-drop.** The "drop," which took the place of the "double ladder," was invented by the notorious "Deacon" Brodie of Edinburgh, who was hanged in 1788. See Cassell's *Old and New Edinburgh*.

P. 106, l. 15. **Chaos were come again.** *Othello*, III. iii. 92.

P. 111, l. 10. **Pair of Spectacles.** Locke (*Essay*, IV. xvii. 4), similarly, likens syllogisms to spectacles.

P. 114, l. 13. **Air-ships.** Montgolfier balloons (p. 188, *note*) were so termed.

P. 123, *note* 1. Mr. Alexander Carlyle states that there used to be a pool at Ecclefechan, close behind the shop formerly occupied by the Post Office.

P. 124, l. 17. **Peace, hound!** Used by Musæus and Jean Paul; *Translations*, i. 157, and ii. 61.

P. 125, l. 14. **Shaven grass-plots.** "Smooth-shaven green." *Il Penseroso*, 66.

P. 127, l. 34. **Thin penetrable curtains.** Schiller speaks of the "two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life," etc. Carlyle quotes the passage in his *Life of Schiller*, p. 45.

P. 131, l. 27. **Prophet, priest and king.** From the *Shorter Catechism* (Scot.), *Ans.* 23.

P. 132, note 5. **Pyrrhus, etc.** Cf. p. 186, note. The story of Pyrrhus seeking rest is told by Montaigne, *Essays*, I. xlvi.

P. 133, l. 14. **Fireclad body-guard, etc.** Evidently suggested by Museus: "The celestial body-guard, with diamond shields and flaming swords, posted on a gorgeous train of clouds," etc. *Translations*, i. 152.

P. 133, l. 16. **Those few meek Stars would not tell of them.**

"Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report."

*Comus*, 126-127.

P. 138, l. 5. **Hurlyburly.** *Macbeth*, I. i. 3.

P. 143, l. 15. **Reading he . . . had . . . by nature.** "To write and read comes by nature." *Much Ado about Nothing*, III. iii. 16.

P. 143, l. 29. **Sewed into volumes.** Scott (Lockhart's *Life*, I. iv.) also bound chap-books, etc., to the extent of several volumes, before he was ten years old.

P. 143, l. 30. **Head furnished, etc.** Cf. p. 169, line 19, note.

P. 144, l. 14. **It struck me much, etc.** Suggested, probably, by Johnson's similar remarks on small brooks; Boswell's *Life*, III. ix. And see Wordsworth's "Duddon Sonnets," No. 34.

P. 144, note 6. **Siloa.**

"Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God."  
*Paradise Lost*, i. 11.

P. 146, l. 5. **Stricken hart.** Cf. Cowper's phrase about himself, "a stricken deer that left the herd" (*The Task*, iii. 108); and *Hamlet*, III. ii. 282.

P. 146, note 2. **Greek and Latin.** The *Carlyle's House Catalogue* (Lond. 1897), p. 54, contains an entry of a Greek and Latin Grammar "used by Carlyle," though whether by the Thomas Carlyle or his namesake seems uncertain.

P. 148, l. 19. **But as yet, though the Soldier, etc.** "Let the soldier be abroad if he will. . . . The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." Lord Brougham, Speech, 1828.

P. 148, l. 30. **The dark bottomless Abyss.**

"The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss."  
*Paradise Lost*, ii. 405.

P. 150, note 2. **I was like no other.** Cf. "I am like no brother," *III. Henry VI.*, V. vi. 80. See also *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 59.

P. 158 l. 23. **Knew nothing except Boxing and a little Grammar.** Milton (of whose prose works Carlyle had made frequent notes in his

Note-book) states, in the Preface to his *Defence of the People of England in answer to Salmasius's Defence of the King*, that "his antagonist had 'neither modesty nor understanding, but only sauciness and a little grammar.' See *infra*, p. 210, line 5, note.

P. 159, l. 22. **Hospital of Incurables.** See Swift's humorous "Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables," with a computation of expenses.

P. 160, l. 1. **Herr Towgood, etc.** The Bullers, though friendly, were, in Carlyle's opinion, frivolous and lacking true affection. See Froude's *Carlyle's Early Life*, vol. i. chap. xiii.

P. 160, l. 6. **Soul is . . . Stomach.** Cf. pp. 202, 231, where the phrase recurs. A Finnish scholar informs me that there is nothing in the Finnish language to support Carlyle's allusion.

P. 164, l. 4. **Ditcher and Delver, etc.** "Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind . . . than the whole race of politicians put together." Swift, *Voyage to Brobdingnag*, chap. vii. (MacMechan.)

P. 165, l. 18. **Small speculation, etc.**

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with."

*Macbeth*, III. iv. 95-96.

P. 165, l. 19. **Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, etc.** In his Note-book Carlyle quotes Goethe's saying (*Autobiography*, bk. vi.): "Happy limitedness of youth! nay, of men in general, that . . . they can look upon themselves as complete; and ask neither for the True nor the False, the High nor the Deep, but simply what is suitable to them."

P. 165, l. 29. **Swims apart, etc.** See p. 123, Entepfuhl, note.

P. 166, l. 8. **With Work alone, and not also with Folly and Sin, etc.** The remark is quoted from Goethe, though with opposite meaning; but I am unable to recollect the exact reference.

P. 167, l. 27. **Solid pudding.** Pope's phrase, *Dunciad*, l. 54.

P. 169, l. 3. **Outrooting of Journalism, etc.** Probably on account of its opposition to private property. See p. 241.

P. 169, l. 19. **Too-unfurnished Thought.** This metaphor, frequently used by Carlyle (See pp. 143, 239), is from *Hudibras*, I. i. 162:—

"Such as take lodgings in a head  
That's to be let unfurnished."

P. 172, l. 28. **An ironic young man.** Carlyle reports of himself, c. 1816: "Not sanguine and diffusive, he; but biliary and intense;—'far too sarcastic for a young man,' said several." *Reminiscences* (Norton), ii. 24.

P. 176, l. 9. **Like and Unlike.** MacMechan quotes from Goethe, *Gott, Gemüth u. Welt* :—

"Warum tanzen Bübchen mit Mädchen so gern?  
Ungleich dem Gleichen bleibt nicht fern."

That, doubtless, is Carlyle's source; but Milton, in his *Tetrachordon*, speaks of "the different sex in most resembling unlikeness, and most unlike resemblance."

P. 176, l. 22. **Blooms a certain prospective Paradise, etc.** "In the closed heart of the maiden, there lay near to him, behind a little wall of separation (as near to the Righteous man behind the thin wall of Life) an outstretched blooming Paradise." Jean Paul (*Translations*, ii. 121).

P. 178, l. 1. **Promethean glance.** "Women's eyes . . . from whence doth spring the true Promethean fire." *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 304.

P. 178, l. 2. **Firework, etc.** The whole figure is from *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 62.

P. 183, l. 9. **His whole soul is roused, etc.** So also with Wilhelm, in similar circumstances: "All that till now had slumbered, in the most secret corners of his soul, at length awoke." *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 25.

P. 183, l. 22. **Show thyself now, . . . or be forever hid.** Cf. "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" *Paradise Lost*, i. 330.

P. 185, l. 7. **And yet as the light, etc.** In his Note-book (c. 1823) Carlyle quotes with admiration from Herder's *Nemesis*: "Beautiful allegory which the Former of our nature, by the alternation of light and darkness, . . . has placed in the feelings of the most unthinking man! It seems as if He had wanted to give us a daily emblem of the circuit of our destiny," etc.

P. 185, l. 29. **Love . . . a Delirium.** "Love is merely a madness": *As You Like It*, III. ii. 420.

P. 187, l. 13. **Airs from Heaven.** "Bring with thee airs from heaven": *Hamlet*, I. iv. 41.

P. 187, l. 16. **Lapped him into . . . Rest.**

"Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
And lap it in Elysium."

*Comus*, 257.

P. 188, l. 8. **Meagre, hunger-bitten.** Jean Paul's phrase, *Translations*, ii. 136.

P. 189, l. 26. **She looked in his face, etc.** Probably a recollection of:—

"Her eyes met mine . . .  
;—I clasp'd her wildly in my arms,  
My lips were join'd with hers."

SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*; quoted in Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 124.

P. 189, note 3. Jean Paul (*op. cit.*) has: "Their two souls, like two tears, melted into one." Coleridge's poem, "On a Late Connubial Rupture," has:—

"Then bid your souls inseparably blend  
Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower."

P. 189, l. 29. **For the first time, and for the last!** A phrase from *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 42.

P. 191, l. 11. **Strange casket, etc.** Lady Ginevra concealed herself in a trunk with a spring-lock, and was not found till only her skeleton remained. See Samuel Rogers's *Italy*.

P. 194, l. 23. **The mountain-ranges are . . . folded together.** See *infra*, p. 228, line 17, note.

P. 196, l. 14. **Foolish were it, etc.** The "confusion" of the

narrative, here and elsewhere, is deliberate, and, apparently, imitated from Goethe. Cf. *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. pp. 102, 118, 133.

P. 197, l. 3. **Little light-islets in the world of haze!** This phrase, which is Carlyle's usual way of describing Coleridge's conversation (e.g. in his *Life of Sterling*, p. 49), was perhaps learned from Edward Irving, who visited Coleridge in Carlyle's company: "Scotchmen," said Irving, "would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist." See Hanna's *Memoirs of Chalmers* (Edinburgh, 1851), vol. iii. p. 160.

P. 198, l. 5. **Canopy of grim fire.** "Vaulted with fire." *Paradise Lost*, i. 298.

P. 198, l. 6. **The ground burnt under me; . . . no rest for the sole of my foot.** So also Milton's Satan (*Paradise Lost*, i. 228, 237) lights on "land that ever burned":—

"Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet."

P. 199, l. 7. **Her darling, man.** *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 63.

P. 200, note 2. In a letter to Miss Welsh, dated 20th January 1825, and given by Froude, Carlyle speaks of himself as "bearing the fire of hell in an unguilty bosom."

P. 201, l. 10. **The Eagle, . . . to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks.** MacMechan refers to St. Augustine, who, in his comment on the words "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's" (Psalm ciii. 5), states that the eagle, when "over-powered with bodily age," and "incapable of taking food from the immoderate length of its beak," is said to "dash and strike against a rock the upper lip of its beak, by the too great increase of which the opening for eating is closed": after this operation the eagle "cometh to its food, and every thing is restored." St. Augustine's *Expositions on the Psalms* ("Library of the Fathers," Oxford, 1853), vol. v. pp. 45-48.

P. 202, l. 6. **Place of Hope.** This expression was formerly common in sermons and prayers; cf. the xvth Scottish Paraphrase:—

"As long as life its term extends,  
Hope's blest dominion never ends," etc.

P. 202, l. 22. **Soul is not synonymous with Stomach.** See p. 160.

P. 203, l. 8. **Emanations from the Gallows.** See p. 276, line 19, note.

P. 203, note 2. **Celestial-Bed.** The expression occurs in *Hamlet*, I. v. 56.

P. 209, note 4. Froude gives 1821 as the date of the incident; but the tone of Carlyle's contemporary letters makes 1822 seem the more probable.

P. 210, l. 5. **Despicable biped!** Curiously enough, this phrase ("Bipedum nequissime") is apparently taken from Milton's *Defence of the People of England in Answer to Salmasius's Defence of the King* (see *ante*, p. 158, note), and was entered by Carlyle in his Note-book, while he was studying that work.

P. 210, l. 10. **A Child of Freedom, though outcast.** This indicates the meaning of the name *Diogenes Teufelsdröckh*. See p. 10

P. 210, l. 12. **I will meet it and defy it!** Carlyle's account of the "crisis in his own case" is "coloured by his subsequent reading"; e.g. Schiller (*The Robbers*, IV. vi.; quoted in *Essays*, iii. 103) writes: "Shall I give wretchedness the victory over me? -No, I will endure it. Let misery blunt itself on my pride! I will go through with it."

P. 211. **Centre of Indifference.** The phrase is from Musaeus (*Translations*, i. 56), and is explained on p. 227, *infra*.

P. 211, l. 16. **That great moment.** So also the "Fair Saint" alludes to her conversion. *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 101.

P. 213, l. 2. **Judgment-Halls and . . . Churches, etc.** See p. 276, line 19, *note*.

P. 214, l. 22. **City-builder.** Henry the Fowler (*ante*, p. 150), says Carlyle elsewhere, has been named by historians *Städte-Erbauer*, "city-builder."

P. 214, l. 23. **Conqueror, etc.** "Think then with horror of the Conqueror," etc. *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. 204.

P. 214, l. 27. **City of the Mind.** This phrase is quoted also in *Wotton Reinfred*; perhaps for "temple of the mind" (Milton, *Comus*, 461).

P. 214, l. 28. **Prophetic Mount.** Isa. ii. 2-3.

P. 216, l. 7. **The kind seed-field, etc.** Apparently a recollection of—

"The tents are struck, the host has marched away;  
Dead as a churchyard lies the trampled seed-field,  
And wasted is the harvest of the year."

SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*, I. iv.; quoted in the *Life of Schiller*, p. 122.

P. 216, *note 3*. The epithet "Natural Enemies" was frequently used of the French. Thus the author of the *Gentleman's Guide . . . through France* (1772) recommends his readers "not to spend more money in the country of our natural Enemy, than is requisite to support with decency the character of an Englishman"!

P. 219, l. 4. **Berlin-and-Milan Custom-house Officers.** MacMechan notes that this refers to the Berlin and Milan decrees of 1806 and 1807, in which Napoleon ordered the various sovereigns to exclude English commerce from the continent.

P. 219, *note 3*. **Treisnitz.** Properly Triesnitz.

P. 220, l. 13. **Pinched on the ear.** Lord Rosebery (*Napoleon*, Lond. 1900, p. 52) alludes to Napoleon's habit of pinching the ear as "the well-known sign of his affection and good-humour."

P. 220, *note 4*. **Ideologist.** MacMechan quotes from Mignet's *History of the French Revolution* (Bohn), p. 401: "He [Napoleon] had no longer for adversaries the few who remained faithful to the political object of the revolution, and whom he styled ideologists."

P. 220, l. 17. **In the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, etc.** "Napoleon der ganz in der Idee lebte, konnte sie doch im Bewusstsein nicht erfassen." Goethe, *Maximen u. Reflexionen*. (MacMechan.)

P. 221, l. 16. **As if he too were slumbering.** So also Jean Paul, *Siebenkäse* (trans. Ewing, Lond. 1892), p. 186.

P. 221, *note 1*. Perhaps the germ of this whole passage about the "Monster" at the North Cape is to be found in Jean Paul, who (speaking of the thought of Death, which suddenly confronted Fixlein at the close of a happy day) says: "Here, in the bright smooth sea, . . . starts

snorting, from the bottomless abyss, the sea-monster Death." *Translations*, vol. ii. p. 208.

P. 223, l. 8. **Experience, etc.** "Fate . . . is an excellent but most expensive schoolmaster." *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 103.

P. 223, l. 25. **Shadow-hunter.** Cf. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Burke, *Speech at Bristol*.

P. 224, l. 9. **Dog-cage of an Earth.** Cf. Swift's phrase, "Wretched, dirty dog-hole and prison."

P. 225, l. 7. **Leaves us no rest, etc.** "Deep within us lies the creative force, which out of these [*i.e.* all things without us] can produce what they were meant to be; and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till . . . that same have been produced." *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 110.

P. 226, l. 19. **Shadow-hunting.** See p. 223, note.

P. 228, l. 17. **Folded-up in the valley-folds** (cf. p. 194). Jean Paul's pretty metaphor: the "stately Spring, whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens, and whose blush is a vernal evening, and who, when she arises, shall be—Summer." *Translations*, ii. 190.

P. 228, l. 27. **Blue pillar . . . saying, etc.** So Scott, *Old Mortality*, chap. xxxvi. ("Centenary Edition," p. 348).

P. 228, *last line*. **Deducing inferences.** See p. 311, note.

P. 229, l. 16. **Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla.** MacMechan refers to the expedition of Barents, which sailed from Amsterdam in 1596 to seek a north-east passage towards China. Barents had to leave his vessel ice-bound at Nova Zembla, where he and his party then wintered. Gerrit De Veer, who was one of the number, describes, in his *True . . . Description of Three Voyages* (Hakluyt Society, Lond. 1853, pp. 139-151), their joy at seeing the sun in January, after it had been invisible since the 3rd of November: "We all went forth and saw the sunne in his full roundnesse a litle aboue the horrison, . . . and we gaue God hearty thankes . . . that that glorious light appeared vnto vs againe."

P. 229, l. 21. **But godlike, and my Father's!** "I look up to the starry sky; . . . and all is Life, and Warmth, and Light, and all is god-like or God." Jean Paul (*Translations*, ii. 220).

P. 231, l. 7. **Soul . . . Stomach.** See p. 160.

P. 232, l. 9. **What I then said.** For a similar remark is entered in Carlyle's Note-book, March 1827.

P. 234, l. 8. **Sacred Lamp perennially burning.** Lev. xxiv. 1-4; Isa. l. 10; John viii. 12.

P. 235, l. 12. **The God present, felt in my own heart.** Cf. "It is the heart which is conscious of God, not the reason." Pascal, *Thoughts* (trans. by Kegan Paul, Lond. 1888), p. 307.

P. 235, l. 26. **Picture-Writing.** An allusion to hieroglyphic writing, or, possibly, to the *Biblia Pauperum* (Picture Bibles) of the Middle Ages.

P. 235, l. 36. **Fellow, see! . . . enough for thee!** In his Note-book Carlyle states that these remarks occurred to him one evening on the Trailrow Moss, near Ecclesechan, in 1825.

P. 237, l. 10. **The impediment too is in thyself, etc.** "Not in thy condition, but in thyself lies the mean impediment over which thou canst not gain the mastery." *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. i. p. 43.

P. 239, l. 18. **A Brain, furnished, furnishable.** See p. 169, line 19, note.

P. 241, l. 17. **Altar fire and Gallows-ropes.** See p. 276, line 19, note.

P. 243, l. 23. **Facts are engraved Hierograms, for which the fewest have the key.** "The Hand of Providence writes often by Abbreviations, Hieroglyphicks, or short Characters, which . . . are not to be made out but by a Hint or Key from that Spirit which indited them." Browne's *Christian Morals*, i. xxv.

P. 247, l. 15. **Wardrobe of the Universe.** See the somewhat similar use of this word in Milton's *At a Vacation Exercise*, 18 ff.

P. 251, l. 9. **Suit of Leather.** Fox himself (*Journal*, under date 1651) states that he was called "the man in leathern breeches." Gerard Croese (*Hist. of the Quakers*, Lond. 1696, i. 24) reports of him that, "as if either he could not, or would not forget his *Ancient Trade of working in Leather*, for a long time he cloathed himself altogether with Leather; and in this Garment he went about Preaching and Teaching, which gave ground to the Name given him, viz. The *Leathern Man*." And Sewel (*Hist. of the Quakers*, Lond. 1811, i. 20) writes that "it is indeed true what a certain author, viz. Gerard Croes, relates of him [Fox], that he was clothed with leather; but not, as the said author adds, because he could not, nor would not, forget his former leather work; but it was partly for the simplicity of that dress, and also because such a cloathing was strong, and needed but little mending," etc. Dr. Thomas Hodgkin (*George Fox*, Lond. 1896, pp. 33-34) quotes Sewel, but throws no further light on the question.

Such is the ground for Carlyle's assertion that Fox wore a suit of leather, though Fox himself speaks only of leathern breeches (an unusual, though convenient dress—otherwise Fox would hardly have been called "the man in leathern breeches"). Carlyle's further assertion, that Fox himself stitched the suit, whether during or after the period of his employment as shoemaker's apprentice, is without precise warrant, but by no means improbable.

The *Dict. of Nat. Biography* (s.v. Fox) appears to overstate the opinion of Sewel, when it refers to him as denying that Fox's dress of leather "had any connection with his 'former leather-work.'"

P. 255, l. 11. **Gaze thou, etc.** Carlyle (*Essays*, ii. 217) quotes Novalis, who asks "whether any one, that recollects the first kind glance of her he loved, can doubt the possibility of *Magic*."

P. 256, l. 30. **Hollow Shapes, or Masks, etc.** *Translations*, ii. 208.

P. 260, l. 21. **Fantastic tricks.**

"His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep."

*Measure for Measure*, II. ii. 120-122.

P. 262, l. 19. **Clouted Shoe.** See Belfort Bax, *The Peasants' War in Germany* (Lond. 1899), p. 116.

P. 266, l. 16. **Pisces.** The Poor, in their dwellings, are "crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel" (p. 66); hence the account of them belongs to the Bag *Pisces* (Fishes).

P. 271, l. 2. **Fire-pillars.** A common metaphor with Jean Paul (e.g. *Translations*, ii. pt. 178, 210); and Milton's Satan.

"Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse."

*Paradise Lost*, ii. 1013.

P. 271, l. 3. **Living Valour.** "Mass of living valour." Byron's *Childe Harold*, III. xxvii.

P. 275, l. 6. **Job's-news.** So in *Translations*, i. 57.

P. 275, l. 8. **Clutch into the wheelspokes of Destiny.** A similar phrase occurs in Schiller's *Don Carlos*, III. x. (trans. in the *Life of Schiller*, p. 64). "Clutch blindfold into" occurs in *Translations*, ii. 115.

P. 276, l. 19. **The Pulpit . . . and the Gallows.** This passage explains the allusions on pp. 203 ("emanations from the Gallows"), 213 ("Judgment-Halls and . . . Churches"), 241 ("Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes"), 282 ("church-bells and gallows-ropes"); the source may be *Translations*, ii. 84, note.

P. 276, last line. Sir Francis Drake spoke of his burning the shipping in Cadiz harbour (1587), as the "singeing of the Spanish King's beard."

P. 281. The Biblical imagery of this passage ("from the four winds," and "trumpet," Matt. xxiv. 31; "with fire and with water"; "trodden under foot") should be noted. The "similitude of wings" refers to the bags containing old clothes, carried by the clothes-seller.

P. 282, l. 7. **Church-bells and gallows-ropes.** See p. 276, line 19, note.

P. 283, l. 12. **Ink-sea.** That is, the clothes-rubbish and rags of Monmouth Street are likened to the raw materials of paper and thus of literature. Cf. p. 87.

P. 284, l. 26. **Glass-bell.** This may have been suggested by *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 87; quoted in *Essays*, ii. 251. Perhaps "little Brotherkin" alludes to De Quincey; see the *Reminiscences* (Norton), ii. 152.

P. 295, l. 3. **That Dutch King of Siam.** "A Dutch ambassador, who, entertaining the King of Siam with the particularities of Holland, . . . told him, that the water in his country would sometimes, in cold weather, be so hard, that men walked upon it," etc. Locke's *Essay*, IV. xv. 5.

P. 297, l. 8. **System of Nature!** Holbach's *Système de la Nature* (1770); it was on the fly-leaf of this Work that Voltaire wrote his famous apologetic, "Si Dieu n'existe pas—il faudrait l'inventer" (Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Diary* for May 1874).

P. 297, l. 15. **Cycle . . . Epicycle.** See *Paradise Lost*, viii. 84, and Masson's note thereon.

P. 297, l. 27. **Volume of Nature.** Sir Thomas Browne thus quaintly describes it: "There are two Books from whence I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of GOD, another of His servant Nature, that universal and publick Manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the Eyes of all" (*Religio Med. I. xvi.*). Raymund of Sabunde (otherwise Raimond de Sebond), whose *Natural Theology* (first published at Deventer, 1487) Montaigne translated, was the first Christian author who placed the Book of Nature on an equality with Holy Writ. See Allen's *Continuity of Christian Thought* (Lond. 1895), p. 344; Montaigne's *Essays*, bk. ii.

ch. xii. ; and especially Owen's *Evenings with the Skeptics* (Lond. 1881), vol. ii. p. 423 ff. Carlyle alludes to the *Natural Theology*, in the Article on Montaigne which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia* in 1820 ; and the title of his own *thesis* of 1815, *Num datur Prodigio Naturae?* bears witness to his early interest in the subject.

P. 298, l. 16. **Spirits of the Universe . . . as ministering servants.** *Heb.* i. 14.

P. 298, *note* 3. "This [the Book of Nature] was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens : the natural motion of the Sun made *them* more admire Him than its supernatural station did the Children of Israel ; the ordinary effects of Nature wrought more admiration in *them* than in the other all His Miracles." Browne's *Religio Med.* I. xvi.

P. 301, l. 4. **The curtains.** See p. 127, *note*.

P. 303, l. 4. **Green-mantled pools.** "The green mantle of the standing pool." *King Lear*, III. iv. 139.

P. 303, l. 23. **The stroke that came, etc.** "And thus I call the effects of Nature the works of GOD, Whose hand and instrument she only is ; and therefore to ascribe His actions unto her, is to devolve the honour of the principal agent upon the instrument ; which, if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings." Browne's *Religio Med.* I. xvi.

P. 304, *note* 3. Johnson's account of the Cock Lane Ghost, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is quoted in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

P. 307, l. 6. **Haste stormfully . . . Earth.** "We storm'd across the war-convulsed earth." Schiller's *Wallenstein* ; quoted in Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 113.

P. 309, l. 20. **Replenishing thy purse.** "With us, however, as a nation of shopkeepers, they [the pursuits of mankind] may be all said to centre in this one, *Put money in thy purse!*" *Essays*, v. 93 ; quoting *Othello*, I. iii. 345 ff.

P. 310, l. 14. **Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting, etc.** The story is related in the *Curiosities of Literature*, s.v. "Recovery of Manuscripts." (MacMechan.)

P. 311, l. 3. **Innumerable inferences . . . may be drawn therefrom.** Here (as on pp. 228 and 327 ; and *Essays*, ii. 213) Carlyle imitates Jean Paul (*Translations*, ii. 115), whose Quintus Fixlein humorously observes of some elaborate conceit, that important inferences are to be drawn from it—and advises the reader to draw them !

P. 314, l. 21. **Monstrosities.** Like the "sooterkin." See Grey's edition of Butler's  *Hudibras*, III. ii. 146, *note*.

P. 321, l. 28. **And burn men . . . in wicker idols, etc.** MacMechan notes that Cæsar mentions this Druidical practice (*De Bello Gall.* vi. 16) ; and the burning of a reputed witch, Bridget Cleary, in Tipperary, 15th March 1895, may be recollected.

P. 322, l. 21. **John Bernard.** See p. 323, *note*.

P. 323, l. 1. **Poor-Slave Household.** This sketch, as MacMechan notes, is taken almost *verbatim* from *Retrospections of the Stage*, by the late John Bernard (Lond. 1830), I. xi. p. 349. With this account of a cottage in Sligo, compare one of a cottage in Scotland in Boswell's *Journal of a Tour*, 30th August.

P. 325, l. 25. **Or better, I might call them, etc.** The destruction of the world by two "boundless Electric Machines" may have been suggested by Jean Paul's remarks: "At a future period, our Chemists may light on some means of suddenly decomposing the Atmosphere by a sort of Ferment. In this way the world may be destroyed," etc. *Translations*, ii. 92.

P. 327, l. 1. **Practical Inference . . . drawn.** See p. 311, line 3, note.

P. 330, l. 28. **It was in this high moment . . . that I first conceived this Work, etc.** Cf. pp. 98 and 283. Really it was at Templand. See the *Reminiscences* (Norton), ii. 191.

P. 332, l. 3. **Piebald.** "Patch'd and piebald languages." *Hudibras*, I. i. 96.

P. 333, l. 8. **Dashes his sponge . . . to try whether it will paint Foam.** Carlyle actually so describes his writing of *Sartor*, in a letter to Goethe (*Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, ed. Norton, p. 285). The phrase occurs also in the *French Revolution*, vol. iii. p. 240. The allusion is to the story about Apelles, who, when trying to paint the foam of Alexander's horse, threw his brush at the picture and thus secured the desired effect.

P. 335, l. 7. **Es geht an.** A rendering (though *es wird gehen* would be more literal) of *Ça ira*, the catchword of the song that was popular during the French Revolution (see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 29). Lafayette had heard Franklin give utterance to the words during the American Revolution.

**Note.**—I am indebted to the excellent edition of *Sartor*, edited with notes by Professor Archibald MacMechan (Boston, 1896), for part of the following notes in the Addenda: p. 47, l. 12; p. 92, l. 7; p. 161, l. 4; p. 167, l. 27; p. 176, l. 9; p. 198, l. 6; p. 201, l. 10; p. 219, l. 4; p. 220, l. 17 and n. 4; p. 229, l. 16; p. 271, l. 3; p. 275, l. 8; p. 284, l. 26; p. 310, l. 14; p. 321, l. 28; p. 323; p. 333, l. 8: also to D. L. Maulsby's *Essay, "The Growth of Sartor"* (publ. by the Trustees of Tufts College, U.S.A., 1899), for the note to p. 95, l. 21. The "Note-book," occasionally referred to above, is a volume recently issued by "The Grolier Club," *Two Note Books of Thomas Carlyle* (1822-32), edited by C. E. Norton, New York, 1898.

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THE END









